AN APPROACH TO ENGLISH LITERATURE
BOOK I

I. SUMMARIES

1. RUSTUM AND ZOHRAB

Rustum was a great warrior of Persia. He had a war-horse named Rukesh. He rode it and wandered about the world. He was very kind-hearted. Whenever he saw a man in distress he was always there to help him. Wherever a person was wronged, he hurried to that place and punished the wrong-doer. For such deeds he was very much liked by his countrymen.

Whenever Persia was invaded by the Tartars of Turan, Rustum was called away from his wanderings. And he always came to the rescue of the Persian king. He drove back the Tartars and defeated them.

Once, as usual, Rustum lay asleep in an open field on the borders of Turan. In the morning he was surprised to find the king of Kurdistan by his side. The king invited Rustum to his palace. The latter accepted his invitation and accompanied him to his capital. The king ordered a grand feast to be prepared in his honour. At night, as Rustum lay asleep in his bed, he was suddenly awakened by the beautiful daughter of the king. As soon as Rustum saw her, he fell in love with her and sought her hand in marriage.

Rustum's nature, however, did not allow him, even after marriage, to stay at home. He set out again in search of adventures. During his absence a son was born to him. The mother called him Zohrab. But she did not like to inform Rustum that the child was a boy. She feared lest Rustum should take him away from her and train him as a warrior. Hence, she sent news to him that the child was a daughter. Rustum sent a ring to be fastened round her neck.

Zohrab grew up into a handsome youth. He w stout and brave. He heard of his father's deeds of bravery. He desired to see his father. But the mother would not allow him to do so. At length, a day came when he set out in search of his father. His mother tried to prevent him, but all in vain.

Zohrab's fame soon spread throughout the world. Even Rustum heard of his courage. Zohrab joined the army of king Afrasiab. He marched to Persia at the head of a big army. He defeated one army after another that came to meet him. But all the time the desire of seeing his father kept him restless. At last, in the hope of meeting his father, he challenged the Persian warriors to a single fight.

This time, too, as always, Rustum was persuaded to defend their honour and country. He accepted the challenge. But he made it a condition that he would fight unknown. The combat began. Rustum felt pity for Zohrab. Zohrab, too, was inclined towards Rustum. Zohrab enquired if he was Rustum, but the latter denied the fact cf his being Rustum. The fight, however, commenced. They fought for hours together, till both of them became exhausted. At length, Rustum raised the shout of 'Rustum', and attacked the other with his spear. But the very utterance of the word of Rustum had unnerved Zohrab. He let fall his shield and stood undefended. Rustum's spear went into his heart. Zohrab lay down in the agony of death. He spoke that his father Rustum would avenge his death. Rustum replied that he had had no son, but a daughter. Zohrab said that he was the son of Rustum, and if the latter wanted a proof he should unfasten the armour round Zohrab's neck. As soon as Rustum learnt that it was his own son that he had killed, he burst into a cry of despair. He thought of committing suicide but Zohrab prevented him from doing so. Rustum embraced his son. Tears flowed down from his eyes. Zohrab made two requests to his father. First, he should allow his army to go in peace. Second, that he should be buried in the sand and a pillar be raised on his grave. Zohrab smiled, and quietly passed away.

ight set in ; but the father and the dead son were still en in the midst of the lonely waste of sand.

2. JOAN OF ARC

Joan of Arc lived in a village in the north-east of France. She took out her sheep and cattle to graze among wild hills. She also spent a good deal of her time in the church. She said that she could see supernatural figures—nay, she even heard their voices. These voices and visions called upon her to help the Dauphin who was a heir to the throne of France, but was not crowned. She made up her mind to help the Dauphin. She could meet him through a certain lord named Baudricourt. Accompanied by her uncle, therefore, she reached the house of this lord.

At first, the lord did not believe in what the girl said. But when later he interrogated her, he allowed her to see the Dauphin. He supplied her with a horse and a sword and gave two officers to guide her. After a few days' journey she, at last, came in the presence of the Dauphin. She told him that she was commanded by Heaven to fight on his behalf. The Dauphin consulted the priests and bishops who were of the opinion that she was really inspired from God.

Joan was provided with a war-horse and necessary weapons. At the head of a great army she marched on to Orleans which was besieged by the English army. She saved the town, and asked the Englishmen to go away from the town. But they still held some towers of the bridge. Joan set up a ladder and climbed up the wall. No doubt, she was struck down, and fell into a trench. But she soon got up and again took part in the fight. She drove back Lord Suffolk, and later arrested him. She was struck upon the head with a stone, but still she held on. She conquered many places and forts. She inflicted a crushing defeat on the English army.

She now compelled the Dauphin to proceed to Rheims, there to he crowned king of France. The Dauphin hesitated ; but she persisted. However, they set out with

an army of ten thousand soldiers. They overcame every opposition, and at last, reached Rheims. The Dauphin was crowned Charles VII. It was at this moment that Joan begged leave to retire to her village. She said that her work was done. But the king did not allow her to leave him. This indeed was the beginning of the great misfortune that awaited the girl.

There was again an uprising against Charles in France. The king expected the maid again to help him as she did before. But by now she was reduced to a simple girl. Her inspiration was gone. The king marched on Paris. In the fight that followed, the maid fell into a ditch. All her people had left her. She came out of it again to the help of those who had deserted her. But, at last, in the siege of Compiegne she was finally left behind. She fell into the hands of the enemies. They decided to try her for witchcraft and punish her. But the Bishop of Beauvais purchased her who confined her in a small room. He examined her again and again. She was removed to Rouen, where she was to be executed. On that occasion, however, she gave an undertaking that she would never wear a man's dress in future. She was sentenced to imprisonment for life. But, most unfortunately for her, the visions and voices returned, and she again put on a man's dress. For this she was condemned to death. She was brought in the market place of Rouen, there to be burned alive. She was thrown in the midst of a huge fire where soon she was reduced to ashes.

3. THE HISPANIOLA

Jim Hawkins rowed out into the sea in a little boat. He had cut the anchor-rope of the *Hispaniola*, and thus let the ship float out in its own way. The ship came near his boat and struck against it. Jim sprang on board the ship just in time.

He looked into every side. But he could see nothing. The boards had become very dirty. Suddenly the sails blew away, and he could see two watchmen. One was O'Brien who was lying dead. The other was Israel

Hands who, though alive, was lying sorely wounded. Jim informed him about his arrival. Hands asked for brandy. Jim gave him a bottle of brandy, that he found in the cellar. Hands drank it and looked much better. Jim asked him to consider him as the captain of the ship. Afterwards Jim pulled down the flags of the pirates. Jim agreed to provide Hands with food and drink. Hands, in return, would give instructions towards sailing of the ship. It was decided that the ship be taken into North Inlet.

Jim dressed the bleeding wounds of Hands. The ship was sailing smoothly under the bright weather. Jim was very happy over his new command. But he felt disturbed, when he saw 'a grain of mockery' in the smile of Hands. It appeared, however, that Hands was thinking to deceive him. Shortly after, Hands asked Jim to step down into the cabin and get him a bottle of wine. Jim grew suspicious. He understood his motive. He silently ran below to a place from where he could see what Hands was doing. Hands crawled across the deck and picked a long knife. He hid it in his coat.

Jim returned with a bottle of wine. Hands took a good drink of wine. The ship sailed on for about two miles till it came near the land. Hands directed Jim how to beach the ship safely in. While Jim was busy watching the ship to touch the land, he suddenly looked round. He saw Hands coming towards him with the knife in his right hand. He attacked Jim, but the latter jumped sideways towards the bows. Jim drew out his pistol ; but it could not fire because its powder had become useless. He took out another pistol. Meanwhile, the ship struck the shore. Both of them fell down and rolled towards the port bulworks. Jim stood on his guard, and climbed up into the shrouds as quickly as he could. Then he re-loaded his pistols. Hands was at his wits' ends. Utterly confused, he too began to drag himself into the shrouds. He threw his knife at Jim. Jim's pistols went off. Hands was struck dead and fell into the water.

Jim was now all alone in the ship. The sun was about to set. Finding the ship settled on her side, Jim left it. He came to the shore, and eagerly bent his steps homeward. He was happy to find himself again in the company of his friends.

4. THE WAYSIDE INN

Denys, a French soldier, and Gerard, a painter were travelling together. At night they put up at an inn. The inn-girl informed them that some robbers who were downstairs in the kitchen, intended to plunder them. They sent the girl to bring help, and began to think about their own defence.

They gave their bed an appearance of someone sleeping in it. They put their shoes beside their beds, and hid in the room. Gerard came behind the cupboard door. Denys instructed him that as soon as anyone moved to the bed, he should strike at him with the sword. Then he drew the short curtains and put out the candle. Time passed, but no robber entered. At last, Denys snored to give the impression that they were fast asleep.

Presently a man crept silently into the room. He had hardly bent down to have a look round the room when Denys drove his dagger fiercely through his neck. He delivered many more blows and the robber lay dead on the floor. Then both the friends placed him on a chair and tied his head to the chair. Gerard applied some phosphorus upon the dead man's face, so that it began to glow in the dark. They placed the chair in front of the door and bolted it from inside. After a while the robbers sent another man to see what the first was doing. He saw the door closed. He looked through the opening. He raised a cry of fear and ran back into the kitchen. He told his fellowmen all what he had seen. But they did not believe him, and called him mad or a coward. At last, another robber went upstairs to examine the spot. He was trying to open the door from within. His fingres were on the bolt, when Denys aimed at him with his cross-bow. The wounded man ran back downstairs.

Now the kitchen door was opened roughly. It was the Abbot, the bravest amongst then, who came out and sprang up the stairs. He opened the door of the room. There was their dead companion glowing in various colours. Fear-stricken, he started back ; but Denys struck him at his jaws. Surely wounded, the man ran into the kitchen. Denys had exhausted his arrows. He feared that the Abbot would return to take revenge.

Shortly after, the Abbot came again into the room with his two men. But, meanwhile, help had came from the city. There were men with torches and armour. Seeing them, the Abbot's companions fled ; but the Abbot rushed in. A bloody fight followed. Denys got injured. Gerard drove his sword into the Abbot's breast. Denys, too, struck him. At last the Abbot sprang and fell down on the door below.

Both the companions were preparing to fight with their swords against the soldiers. But as soon as they saw the body of the Abbot fall down with a tremendous crash as if it were thrown down by some supernatural power, they were seized with fear. They fell on their knees. The soldiers handcuffed them.

5. THE FEAR OF MAD DOGS

A Chinese had come to England. He wrote many letters to his friend in China, in which he described English life from an amusing point of view. This letter is one of them. In this letter, the writer tells us how the English people suffer from one terror or another after every short period. It is immaterial whether the object of terror is weak or strong. If they have no particular thing to fear from, they would create one for this purpose. This terror spreads like epidemic, from one man to another, until the whole population is infected with it.

In the days when the writer wrote this letter, England suffered from the fear of mad dogs. Every man feared that he might not be bitten by mad dogs. All those who desired to come out would arm themselves with boots and thick gloves in order to face the evil.

The English people had quite a peculiar method of ascertaining whether a dog was mad or not. They surrounded and teased any dog that they suspected for madness. If it attempted to defend itself and bite anyone, it was declared mad because mad dogs bite ; if it fled, then again it was found guilty, because mad dogs always run straightforward before them. Thus, in one way or the other, they would prove every dog mad about which they had decided as such.

Besides, the fear increased with every fresh story which generally had no foundation, or, at least, had little foundation. A very ordinary happening soon developed into a story. For example, a dog passed through a village. This news would travel from person to person till it grew into a story that a great hound ran through a certain town and had bitten five geese, which immediately became mad and died soon after. Similarly, if a lady was frightened by the barking of a dog, the story was soon improved. The details would grow terrible, and more terrible still, till they reached London. Here the lady, known to be bitten by a mad hound, was described totally insane, with wild eyes and foaming mouth. The dog was still at large seeking its next victim. Numerous were the examples of this kind, in which the writer shows how epidemic fear travelled from one part to another and how such rumours spread as had no origin whatsoever.

The result of such false accounts was that when people who were bitten by ordinary dogs, and not by mad dogs, were so much struck with panic that they themselves ran mad. In conclusion, the writer reminds the Englishmen of the great services that this animal has rendered to them. Even if three or four deaths take place every year as a result of dog-biting, it is nothing as compared to the spirit of devotion with which it protects its master. It is the only creature who has left the forest and its fellows just to become a friend of man. It is ungrateful on his part, therefore, to ill-treat this faithful animal.

6. THE ROAD TO ANDORRA

Andorra is a small republic. It lies on the borders

of France and Spain, and on the southern slope of the Pyrenees (a mountain). It is a backward and less civilized country. It is free from those ills that are found in most of the civilized countries. It has some attractions of its own that draw people to this country. For instance, you need no passport to enter it. There are no customs duties, no taxes, no army, no unemployment and no beggary. Besides these negative qualities, the natural scenes here are so charming and fascinating that it almost looks like a heaven on earth.

As regards the entry into this country, one can reach here through a road from France. But by far going through the road one loses the entire charm that marks the country. In fact, its beauty lies in its untouched civilization; whereas the road which is the product of modern civilsation impairs it altogether. Therefore, if one wants to obtain full pleasure, one must leave the road and go on foot over the slopes of the mountain.

The writer then proceeds to give an account of his travel. He writes that he and his friend went to the border village called L'Hospitalet in France. From there they set out on foot in the direction of Andorra. They got no trouble on the border, because there were no restrictions of customs. But even then they had to stay in the French customs office. However, they set off and began to look out for a lodging-place for the night. Now the writer's friend had already visited the place. He knew of a deserted hut a little way up the mountains. When they reached there, they found the place almost shelterless. Even then they decided to stay there during the night. The wind was already blowing cold. They made tea and began to gather firewood to protect themselves against cold. Meanwhile a young man suddenly appeared from somewhere. He looked at them with astonishment. Then he told them that it would grow terribly cold. If they stayed there they would die of cold. Thereupon he offered to take them to a hut higher up the mountains. They accepted the offer and accompanied him.

After a walk of three hours they reached a hut to which the grandfather of that youth welcomed them.

Fire was burning there. The writer and his friend cooked their meals, which they shared with their host. After a while some more shepherds and a number of cows gathered there. The place was small, still no awkward position arose. The men made their supper and indulged in innocent gossip. At length they went to bed. In spite of the limited space the writer and his friend slept well.

The next morning, after breakfast, they set out again. The grandfather pointed out the way. But he was not very helpful. He only instructed to go straight ahead. The path was mountanous and the journey difficult. There appeared to be no path ; and Andorra lay just the other side of the mountain. They continued for many hours. They had heard that people often lost the way in those wild tracts. This made them worried. There was no one from whom they could enquire about the way. At length, they found themselves at the foot of the main ridge. But they could see nothing except a waste of huge stones. They were not sure whether they were on the right path, or entering into some other country.

There was, however, no alternative except going onward. They descended the hill and kept up the journey. Later they came across a fisherman. He told them that they were on their way to Andorra. It took them a few hours' walk before they reached Salden. They were safely in Andorra. It was growing dark. They were tired and hungry. But Salden was a small town. There was no inn or shop from where they could get anything to eat, or where they could pass their night. The people looked at them with suspicious eyes. For when they passed along the road, the inhabitants called their children and stood by them fearing lest these two men might do them harm.

At last, they met a woman who took them to her house. She offered them coffee, and cooked them some eggs. But when they desired to pass the night there, she shook her head. It was bitter cold. They put on all their clothes and got into their sleeping bags. In the morning it became so cold that they could not sleep any

more, and waited for the sun to rise. When the sun rose, it suddenly became warm. They came out of their bags and took bath. Then they lighted fire and made their first breakfast in Andorra.

7. THE BENDING OF THE BOW

Grom lived in a cave. He had a wife named A-ya. They had a son who was between four and five years of age. A-ya was sitting by the fireside and playing with her son. Behind her was rolling about a baby of some fourteen or fifteen months.

Both A-ya and the boy were interested in a new toy. It was a whip which the boy had made by tying a thin piece of hide to one end of the stick. He was applying it to his mother's shoulders. A-ya got annoyed with the pain caused by the whip. She snatched it from her son and began to play herself. By chance the end of the hide was split. She bent the stick and tied the split end of the hide to its other side. Unknowingly she had made the bow.

The child, however, did not like this new toy. He wanted to have his whip back from his mother. But she pushed him away. Presently she pulled the hide, and let it go again. She heard a pleasant twanging sound. She repeated it. Meanwhile Grom silently came from behind her and took the thing from his wife. He fastened the hide more securely at both ends. He twanged it as A-ya had done. He pulled it and eased it back again. He found a great force imprisoned in it. He began to make experiments. In the beginning he took a piece of stone and held it upon the string. He then pulled it and let it go. The small stone struck against his face. But he continued the experiment. He was fully aware of the force hidden in that instrument. He was, however, dissatisfied with the direction in which the stone flew. He tried and tried. At length, he lifted the bow again and placed the stone on the other side of the string. He held it in the middle by his left fist. He then drew the string to his nose. The stone shot off in the direction he desired, but this time it hit him in his left thumb.

The blow was severe indeed. He dropped the bow for some time. Then he picked it up again and went over to the bushes where some canes grew. He broke himself half a dozen hard stems, from two to three feet in length. He selected one of the canes and applied the bigger end of it to the bow-string. Then he pulled the string and let it go. The arrow shot straight up to the air and fell down again on the earth. He was extremely delighted over the success of his efforts. He was progressing. Again and again he drew the string, strongly and even more strongly, and shot the arrow into the air.

While Grom was busy in these experiments he took no notice of the direction of the arrow. As chance would have it, the arrow went towards the caves. There was a fat woman who was searching something from amidst the heap of sticks and bones. It struck and pierced into her body. She started back with a scream. She tore it out and ran into the nearest cave. The onlookers broke into a sudden cry. But they were all afraid. They held their breath and went into their caves.

Grom was sorry to have hurt the old woman. But now he was proud over his new discovery. He looked at it with a sense of victory. He did not like to let the people know that he had killed the woman by accident. Afterwards, however, Grom set out from the caves alone. He kept experimenting all the afternoon. He broke one of his arrows by driving it against a rock, while he lost two more by shooting them over the mountain-top.

After that, Grom directed his efforts towards the correctness of aim. He chose a tree and shot at it from different ranges. He prolonged his experiment till the evening.

The next morning he set out again with his arrows. He tried to make the points of his arrows as sharp as he could. But since the arrows were out of the hollow canes, the arrow did not fly in the right manner. Then he hardened the ends in the fire, but the result again was far from being satisfactory. Hence, he decided to use solid branches. He happened to gather a large number of such stems and began to shape them in fire. The result was

more than he expected. Perfect arrows they were! He shaped himself half a dozen more of these excellent arrows and started out for pactice on living creatures.

8. HOW A CANDLE BURNS

There is a great difference between a candle and a lamp. With a lamp you take some oil, fill your cup, put in some cotton, and then light the top of the wick. In the case of the candle, however, you have to use a solid substance like wax. There is no bowl to contain it. How does the solid substance get up to the place where the flame is?

When a candle burns, a beautiful cup is formed just under the flame. As the air comes to the candle, it moves upwards by the force of the current which the heat of the candle produces. The wax within the cup is melted but its edge remains cooler than its inner parts. The candle burns very well if the liquid in the cup is in a horizontal (level) position. Only that fuel serves for a candle which can form this cup.

Let us now consider how the liquid rises upwards and reaches the burning point, or how a flame obtains the fuel. Its answer is that this is all due to *capillary attraction*. This attraction carries the fuel to the flame. It is because of this attraction that all those things that dissolve in each other also hold together. Below are a few examples of capillary attraction :–

(1) If a pillar of salt is placed in a thick solution of salt, the latter rises and reaches its top slowly and gradually.

(2) If you wash your hands, and wipe them off with a towel, the towel becomes wet. It is by this kind of wetting or attraction that the wick is made wet with the wax.

(3) Take a bowl of wire gauze. If you pour water into it, it will go in and run out of the small holes. It is because the holes are small that the water is quickly attracted from the one side to the other.

(4) Some boys take a piece of cane. They burn it at one end and smoke it from the other like a cigar. Since there is a hole in it, and the hole is narrow, the smoke easily passes through the other end.

The candle does not burn all down the side of the wick because the melted wax puts out the flame. Moreover, the candle burns because of the vaporous condition of the fuel. If you put out the candle carefully, you will see that vapours emit out of it. If you hold a lighted match two or three inches from the wick, you will see a line of fire passing through the wind till it reaches the candle.

9. CHEVY CHASE

Earl Percy of England vowed that he would cross the border and hunt in the woods belonging to the Earl of Douglas of Scotland. When Douglas heard of it, he sent a message to Percy and warned him against such an undertaking. But Percy paid no heed to it, and set out to the Scottish woods along with fifteen hundred bowmen and his greyhounds. They commenced their hunting on Monday morning and killed about a hundred fat bucks (male deer) long before noon. After dinner, they again went out for hunting. At this very hour, Douglas was seen coming with two thousand spearmen. Percy asked his men to be ready. Douglas asked the English archers who they were and why they had been killing his deer without his permission. Percy answered that they would not disclose whose men they were. He added that they would sacrifice even their lives to kill the harts there. Douglas recognised him and asked him to come for a single combat. But the Englishmen disliked it. They bent their bows, and at the first flight of arrows killed eighty Scots.

Soon after it, the Scottish spearmen rushed on them. The Englishmen threw away their bows and took to fighting with their swords. In the fierce encounter that followed, men from either side were killed in a large number.

At length, both the brave earls came face to face.

They fought fiercely with their swords. They got wounded till they bled profusely. Douglas asked Percy to surrender but the latter refused to do so. At this very hour an English archer threw an arrow upon Douglas and struck him dead. Seeing this a Scottish knight named Sir Hugh Montgomery, ran on his horse. He passed fearlessly through all the English archers and pierced his spear through Percy's body. In this way both the earls died. Then an English bowman aimed an arrow at Sir Hugh Montgomery and wounded him. The fight lasted till sunset. Those who survived were only few—fifty-five from amongst the two thousand scots, and fifty three from amongst fifteen nundred Englishmen. The news soon reached the kings of both the countries. The English King Henry vowed to take revenge. He truly fulfilled the pledge. For at Hambledon, fifty knights of great renown, besides numerous others of low rank, were killed in one day. Such was the end of the Chevy Chase.

10. SPANISH WATERS

An old pirate remembers his past when his fellow-pirates attacked merchant ships and robbed them of their treasures. He feels the Spanish waters (seas around South America) still ring in his ears. These waters remind him of an island, called Los Muertos, on the shores of which he and his companions once anchored their ship in the evening. It was with great difficulty that they carried through the marshes ten chests (boxes) full of treasure. They often sank in the marshes and gasped for breath.

The treasure consisted of copper charms, silver trinkets, coins, ear-rings, precious stones and jewels. It was in the ghostly light of the moon that they buried the treasure in the ground and then levelled the place with their axes. They made a mark on a tree so that they could find the place again. This done, they returned to their ships and sailed back to their country.

All the companions of this pirate are dead now. He is the only survivor. He is old, poor and nearly blind,

and earns his living by singing and wandering from place to place. Would that he could go to that island! He dreams of the beach and a tall ship sailing past Nigger Head He desires to go there with pick-axes and take away that silver and gold that has been rotting there for years.

11. THE GOLDEN JOURNEY TO SAMARKAND

A caravan is about to start on a journey from Baghdad to Samarkand. The various types of people who form the caravan sing joyously, and interpret the journey according to their own point of view. The merchants sing together that they are ready, and with the master of the caravan to lead them on quickly. The chief draper sings that they carry Indian carpets, turbans, gowns, embroideries and the like. The chief grocer says that they carry for sale scents, spices, jams, etc. The Jews say that they have beautiful manuscripts, swords engraved with figures, and heavy necklaces. The master of the caravan asks a party in ragged clothes what the purpose of their journey is. They reply that they are pilgrims and are going out in search of a prophet who knows the mysteries of life.

The chief merchant calls upon the leader to make haste. One of the women and an old man persuade him to stay at home; but the merchants delight in travel. Then a pilgrim sings melodiously how charming it is to pass along the golden road to Samarkand. Then the leader asks the watchman to open the gate. The gate is opened and the caravan passes through it. The women are seen behind, and the watchman is left to console them. The caravan is gone. Fading voices come from afar singing about the golden journey to Samarkand.

II. QUESTIONS WITH ANSWERS

Q. 1. Describe in your own words the character of Rustum.

Ans. Rustum was a great warrior of Persia. He loved the life of adventure and enterprise. He took delight in wandering from place to place. Kind-hearted by nature as he was, he could not see any person in dis-

tress. If he found any person being oppressed by another, he would quickly go to the place and punish the wrong-doer. He had a genuine sympathy for the poor and the needy. He was obedient and respectful to the king as well. For whenever he called him out from his lonely journeys, Rustum would instantly come up to his call to defend the borders of his country against foreign invaders.

It is on the battlefield, however, that Rustum's character shines out most prominently. A veteran soldier as he is, he is not afraid of fighting against any person, however mighty and brave he may be. He has a tremendous strength in his muscles. He is bold and fearless. Although he had heard of the widespread fame of Zohrab as a great warrior in King Afrasiab's army, yet at the king's request he again came out to meet the challenge of Zohrab. Rustum is an embodiment of noble virtues and dauntless spirit. He is kind, magnanimous, sympathetic, daring, courageous, and, above all, well experienced in the feats of warfare.

Q. 2. Give a brief account of the battle between Zohrab and Rustum.

Ans. When Zohrab and Rustum came face to face Rustum was filled with pity for his opponent's blooming youth. He advised him to give up the idea of battle, and desired him to live with him like his son to comfort him in his old age. Zohrab understood him to be none other than Rustum. He instantly enquired of his name. But Rustum refused to disclose his real person. As a consequence, the fight began between the two.

Rustum attacked him with his spear. Zohrab sprang aside and avoided it. Zohrab returned his spear, but it struck against Rustum's shield. Rustum then took hold of his huge club and delivered a mighty blow at his opponent. But Zohrab again sprang aside, and Rustum nearly fell on his knees. Then Zohrab offered to make peace with the Persian warrior. But the latter declined the offer. The fight recommenced. The two warriors attacked each other until their armour was pierced. Their strength was nearly gone. At length, Zohrab struck Rustum's helmet

with his sword and pierced so deeply into it, that the blade of his sword broke there and then. Zohrab stood undefended with the hilt in his hand. Rustum took advantage at this moment. He shouted the word Rustum. This unnerved Zohrab altogether. He was so much taken aback by the utterance of this name that he even let fall his shield. Unprotected as he stood, Rustum rushed upon him with his sword and wounded him to death.

Q. 3. Give an account of the services that Joan of Arc rendered to the Dauphin, and show how the latter betrayed her.

Ans. Joan was an ordinary girl. She was deeply devoted to religious prayers. She felt like seeing some figures and appearances in the church. Not only this, she even heard their voices. They told her that she must go and help the Dauphin. She learnt from the voices and the visions that she was directed from Heaven to support the cause of the Dauphin. She resolved to go to him and see him crowned at Rheims. She was told that she should travel to a lord named Baudricourt who would recommend her to the Dauphin's presence.

Much against the persuasions of her father, however, she set out to the place where the lord lived. When she reached there, she was examined and re-examined, until the lord was satisfied. He thought it worthwhile to send her to the Dauphin. When she was admitted into the Dauphin's presence, she revealed to him such secrets as were known only to himself. She also spoke of an old sword which lay in the Cathedral of Saint Catherine, and which she was ordered to wear. The Dauphin, after consultations with priests and bishops, accepted her services. He provided her with a white war-horse and the old sword that she had spoken about. At the head of an army of soldiers, she proceeded to save the city of Orleans. Her arrival at Orleans put a new strength into the hearts of the depressed French. The English line of forces was soon broken, and the city was delivered. Joan bacame the Maid of Orleans. She ordered Lord Suffolk and his Englishmen to vacate the town. They vacated it but continued to besiege the bridge. The Maid

of Orleans came there to attack them. She climbed up the tower wall with the help of a ladder, but was struck by an arrow and fell into a trench. The arrow was pulled out. After a while she again came in the front of the fight. The Englishmen were forced to leave the bridge, but Lord Suffolk retired to another town, just a few miles away. The Maid held on until the English army was completely defeated.

She then compelled the Dauphin to proceed to Rheims, there to be crowned king. The Dauphin was unwilling in the beginning; but, when pressed, he set out and came to Rheims. Here he was actually crowned Charles VII.

The services that the Maid rendered to the Dauphin can by no means be minimised. But, unfortunately, the manner in which the Dauphin deserted her is painful. When after doing her duty, she desired to go back, the king forced her to stay. He wanted to make her an instrument of his designs. But her powers were gone. The visions and voices were no more. When the king enquired about the trouble that had begun afresh in the town, she could not answer properly. The Duke of Burgundy besieged the very town where she had rendered meritorious services. But this time she was no longer the inspired Maid. She was left behind in a cowardly manner, with the result that the enemies captured her. They examined her and cross-examined her, again and again. They interrogated her and worried her to death. They tried her for witchcraft and condemned her to be burnt alive at Rouen. It is very touching to know that even in her last moments she spoke courageously for the Dauphin, but the latter, unfortunatley, did nothing to save her life. She was publicly disgraced and burnt alive in the market-place of Rouen.

Q. 4. Describe how Jim Hawkins recaptured "The Hispaniola" and drew it on to the beach.

Ans. While the captain and his party defended themselves from the rebels in a little fortification in the island, Jim stole out to the shore. There he found a

small boat. He took hold of it and rowed out to the *Hispaniola* that was anchored far away from the shore. There were two men in the ship. They were Israel Hands and O'Brien who were engaged in a fierce fight with each other. Jim cut the anchor-rope of the ship. The ship began to sail more freely till it struck into his boat. But Jim was quick enough to spring aboard.

When Jim entered the deck, he found O'Brien lying dead on his back. Hands, too, was almost half dead. He looked pale and sick. He leaned against the bulwarks. Suddenly he made a groaning sound, and asked for some brandy. Jim went into the cellars to bring him some wine. He found a large number of empty bottles knocking about. The barrels, too, were empty. He searched the whole place. At last, he found a bottle which he gave to Hands.

He then informed Hands that he (Jim) would henceforth be the captain of the ship. His next business was to pull down the black flag of the mutineers. It was, however, agreed upon between the two that Jim would sail and Hands would guide him. Hands had his wounds dressed up and now he looked better.

The ship sailed on. Jim was proud of his new conquest, the recapture of *The Hispaniola*. But even now he found something in the face of Hands that quite alarmed him. His fears soon came out to be true. For now Hands wanted Jim to go down into the cabin to bring him some wine. Jim understood his motive quite clearly. On one excuse or the other, Hands wanted Jim to leave the deck. But Jim made no show of his suspicions. He silently obeyed and ran quietly below. He looked up on the deck again. He saw Hands dragging himself to a place from where he picked up a knife.

Hands' intentions became clear upon Jim. Jim became very careful indeed. But he yet needed the guidance of Hands till the ship was safely beached. Hence, he returned with a bottle of wine. After some time, the land closed around them. Hands instructed Jim how to sail in. Jim put the tiller over, and *The Hispaniola* swung round on the shore.

As Jim was thus occupied in his task, Hands moved towards him with the knife in his right hand. Just in time Jim looked at his enemy. He instantly left hold of the tiller. The tiller sprang back and hit Hands. Jim ran out to the deck and took out his pistol ; but it did not fire because the powder was wet. Meanwhile the ship struck the shore. Both Jim and Hands fell down, and rolled against the bulwarks. But soon Jim climbed up the shroud and reloaded his pistols. Hands too had come quite near it. Jim fired his pistols and Hands lay dead, and fell into the sea.

Jim was now the sole master of *The Hispaniola.* He had not only captured it back from the mutineers but had also anchored it on the beach.

Q. 5. Describe what methods Gerard and Denys adopted to defend themselves against the robbers.

Ans. When Gerard and Denys learnt about the intended attack of the robbers, they first sent the inn-girl to the city for the police. Then they began to make preparations for defence. They showed no sign that might arouse any suspicion. They did not even bolt the door. Denys gave his bed the appearance of a man asleep in it. Gerard hid himself behind the cupboard which was on the same side as the door, so that when the robbers moved to the bed he might strike at their back. Denys put out the candle and with a cross-bow took his position behind the door.

Presently there came a sound of movement in the staircase. One of the robbers had actually come behind the door with his candle. Seeing them asleep, he crept silently in the bedroom. But no sooner had he entered than he was stabbed to death. They placed the dead body on a chair. While Denys stood ready with his cross-bow, Gerard was busy about the seated body. He spread phosphorous over its face.

Meanwhile another robber came there to know what had happened to the first. But as soon as he looked at the dead figure, he was so much seized with fear that he ran back and cried in terror.

Gerard was a painter. It was his time to show his art. So he came forth with a brush, with which he painted the face of the dead man with such colours as might terrify any person. Then he wrote the word "death" on his forehead.

Shortly after, the leader of the robbers, known as the Abbot, sent another man. But when he too came there, he was wounded by Denys, and ran back to the kitchen. Now was the turn of the Abbot to come forth He was their leader—stout, gigantic and fearless. He started upstairs with the axe in his hands. When he looked at the figure he too ran back with a cry of fear. Denys shot him through his jaws. The Abbot sprang and in one bound reached the kitchen.

Denys and Gerard again got ready. Abbot returned with two men. They attacked Denys fiercely but Gerard drove his sword into the Abbot's body. They pulled out their swords, but before they could kill him, the Abbot sprang and fell down against the door below. His fellow-robbers fell on their knees, utterly confused. Meanwhile the police force arrived, and finally rescued Denys and Gerard from the remaining thieves.

Q. 6. Discuss how the fear of mad dogs develops into an epidemic terror among the English nation ?

Ans. The Englishmen are a superstitious people. They are ready to believe in any story that is likely to seize them with fear. Almost every year they suffer from such epidemic fear in one shape or in another.

Once they suffered from the fear of mad dogs. The fear soon developed into an epidemic terror. Small incidents—nay, sometimes even rumours, contributed to the growth of this national disease. For instance, an ordinary dog happened to pass through a village. The news of this simple fact could travel from village to village till it became a story. It would be described that a mad hound ran through a certain town and bit five geese. The geese ran mad, foamed and died soon after. Then another news would come that a man died as a result of a bite that he had received a few years ago.

What is interesting is that a simple fact, or even rumour continues to be improved, as it passes from place to place. For example, an ordinary lady was frightened by the barking of a dog. The story is soon improved. She is described as a lady of importance, and the dog as a mad hound. At every stage, it gathers new strength, till the lady is described with wild eyes, foaming mouth, running mad, barking and biting like a dog, while the mad hound was still alive seeking for its next victim.

There is Another example of rumour. The writer was once told by his hostess that a mad dog had bitten a farmer who soon ran mad. The farmer came to his yard and bit a cow. The cow likewise became mad. Not only this, she was walking on her hind legs, sometimes barking and sometimes talking like the farmer. The writer enquired into the origin of the story. He was told that the hostess had it from her neighbour, who had it from another, who had it from good authority. It is in this manner that the rumour increases, and so does the epidemic fear among the English men.

Q. 7. Describe Drake's experiences that he met with in the course of his travelling to Andorra.

Ans. Drake met with strange experiences when he was travelling to Andorra in the company of his friend. He was impressed by both the negative and positive attractions of the country. A few negative attractions can be named as follows. No passport is needed to enter it. There are no customs duties, no taxes, no army, no paid public servants, no class distinctions, no unemployment, no crime, and no beggary. As regards the positive attractions, there are such beautiful scenes that the place looks like a heaven on earth.

Andorra lies on the other side of the Pyrenees. Drake and his companion set on foot and began to climb the mountain. They came to the village of L'Hospitalet and then passed the French customs office. They moved on. It was evening and they looked up for a lodging for the night. They came to a deserted hut. But it offered no shelter. Happily, a youth passed by who informed

them that if they stayed there during the night, they would find themselves frozen in the morning. Hence he took them to another hut. Here his grandfather welcomed them. They cooked their meals and shared it with their host. As the night advanced, they were surprised to see a number of cows and cowherds gathering there. It was a small hut, nevertheless, they passed the night well.

The next morning they bade farewell to the old man and resumed their journey. They were asked to go straight. Hence they went ahead, climbed higher and higher up, but always straight. At last, they reached the top. They had the Soldeu valley just lying below them. But the descent was steep and difficult. However, they did not despair. They continued their journey. They pressed on till they came to the valley. Now they were told that they had come to Soldeu ; and Soldeu, they knew, was the gateway to Andorra.

But here at Soldeu, too, they had a peculiar experience. People looked at them with suspicious eyes. They were unsympathetic and unfriendly. However, a lady met them who took them to her home. She entertained them ; but when they desired to sleep there, she shook her head and grew suspicious. So they had to pass the night in the open by the riverside. They put on their clothes. They curled into their sleeping bags and fell asleep. In the morning, when the sun rose, they got out of their bags. They prepared tea. It was, in fact, the first breakfast that they made in Andorra.

Q. 8. Give an account of the origin of the bow. Also discuss its gradual development at the hands of Grom.

Ans. It is interesting to trace the origin of the bow. What led to its discovery was an ordinary whip. There was a small boy who had made it by tying a thin strip of raw hide to one end of a stick. The mother snatched it from her son, because the latter was applying it to his mother. It so happened that the hide got split almost to the tip. There was a knot at the other side of the stick. She fixed the split end of the hide on the knot of the stick.

Her face glowed with delight when she saw the new toy. It was the first bow. She pulled the hide and eased it. It produced a twanging sound and she got keenly interested in that peculiar sound.

Her husband Grom got hold of the new thing. He examined it closely. He bent it and let go again. It twanged. He studied the force imprisoned therein. He took a stone and placed it upon the string. He pulled it and let go. The stone flew and hit his face. But he continued his experiment. He got aware of the force hidden in it, but was not satisfied with the direction in which it acted. At length, something struck him. He held the stone correctly in the centre of the string. The stone went straight in the direction he desired. But this time it hit his left thumb with which he was holding the bow.

But Grom held on. A new idea flashed up in his brain. He went over to the bushes where some young cane grew. He broke a few stems. He applied the little arrow to the bow-string. He saw the gradual progress of his task. He then formed the curve of the fore-finger of his left hand and pulled it. Now he found that with the guide of his finger he could control the arrow. He was very glad over his achievement.

After Grom had fully studied the range of his arrow, he then turned to the problem of aim. He chose a plant and shot at it from different ranges. He found in his experiment that the point of the cane did not become fine. Hence he went to the forest in search of solid stems. Luckily, there lay the trunk of a nut-tree that had been split by lightning. He plucked stems of various sizes and shaped them in fire. Then he shot with them and found them fly farther and straighter. The results were simply surprising. This is the story of the instrument that Grom had invented and developed to perfection by slow and gradual degrees.

Q. 9. (Discuss the process of how a candle burns.) Also explain and illustrate, with examples, the system of the capillary attraction.

Ans. The process of the burning of a candle differs widely from that of a lamp. In the latter case, you have to use a bowl and a little oil, whereas in the case of the candle, you have to use neither the bowl nor the oil. What is used here is a solid substance. It may be wax or other similar matter. Now the first condition necessary for the burning of the candle is that with the heat of the flame the solid should melt into a liquid and then get up to the place of combustion.

You would have observed that when you burn a candle, a beautiful cup is formed just beneath the place. When the air reaches the candle it moves upwards by the force of the current which the heat of the candle produces. The outer side of the candle remains cooler than the part within. Now it is necessary that the cup should remain in an even position. What keeps it in a horizontal (even or level) position is that the current should play upon all sides. If it blows in one direction, the cup would become uneven and the liquid would run away.

How does the liquid get up to the wick and then to the place where the flame is ? Its answer is that it is due to capillary attraction which carries the wax to the part where combustion goes on. Capillary attraction means pulling power like that of a hair. A hair is just like a tube if a fine tube is placed in water, the water will run up inside it. It is drawn up and attracted. In other words, capillary attraction is an action by which two things that do not dissolve in each other still hold together. For example, if you put your finger into a little warm water, the water would creep a little way up through small pores. Take another instance. Take a small pillar of salt. The substance is full of pores. Now place this pillar on a plate. Pour into it a liquid—say, a solution of salt. You would observe that the liquid rises and gradually creeps up the salt higher and higher till it reaches the top. If this liquid that you have poured on the plate were combustible and if you place a wick at the top of the salt, it would burn.

Let me illustrate from a piece of cane. You must have seen that boys burn it from one side and smoke it from the other. The smoke passes through the other end.

Why ? Because the cane is hollow from inside. Now if you place it on a plate full of some liquid, you would see that the liquid passes through the hole and reaches the top. Why does it reach there ? It does so by the method of capillary attraction.

Similarly, the liquid of the wax passes through small pores of the cotton and rises to the wick. You just light it, and there it burns and holds together.

Q. 10. "Chevy Chase" is an old English ballad. Discuss the statement and describe the various characteristics of a ballad.

Ans. A ballad is a simple spirited poem in short stanzas. It tells a story, in a short, simple and straightforward manner. Unless the poem containing a story is also a song, it is not a ballad, because ballads were written originally to be sung in market-places, inns, or during feasts. Generally the authorship of old ballads was unknown.

As regards the various ingredients of a ballad, it should be borne in mind that it is always simple in language and its subject-matter is a story of love, or war or of adventure. It is characterised by a suddenness of beginning, long or short. The poet at once plunges into the story. It has a dancing rhythm and a singing tone. It is full of liveliness and vitality. That is, its language is stirring, full of force and energy. It is always rhymed. It has also half-rhymes, that is rhymes occurring in the middle of one line.

Chevy Chase is a typical specimen of a perfect ballad. It is as simple in its theme as in its language and treatment. It tells the story of two popular lords and of the fierce battle that took place between them, and in which both were killed. Whether it is historically true or not is immaterial. But it is certainly true to the spirit of the fifteenth century, in which it is supposed to have been written.

Q. 11. Narrate in your words the story of "Chevy Chase."

Ans. *Chevy Chase* relates the story of the battle

between two lords. One of them belonged to Scotland and the other to England. It depicts the background of the fifteenth century when England and Scotland were separate, and were ruled by Henry VI and James respectively. The two countries were often at war. The powerful families of the two barons—Percy of England nnd Douglas of Scotland—were deputed to guard the borders.

Once it so happened that Earl Percy of England took an oath to enter the Scottish woods beloning to Douglas. He intended to hunt there for three days. Douglas sent word against such an undertaking and warned him of the consequences. But Percy crossed the border with his hounds and fifteen hundred bowmen. They commenced their hunt on Monday morning. Before midday they had killed one hundred male deer. After dinner they set out again. The beaters drove the deer and their hounds ran out to chase them. The programme of hunt being over, Percy declared that he would no longer stay to meet Douglas and made up his mind to return. Just at this moment Douglas came in sight in the company of two thousand spearmen. He was coming foremost with a white horse and glittering armour. He enquired why they were hunting there without his permission. Percy stepped forth and refused to disclose who they were. He declared to carry on his hunt irrespective of the consequences.

Douglas recognised him to be Earl Percy. He invited him to a single combat. To this the Englishmen would not agree. They aimed at them with their arrows and killed eighty Scots. The Scottish army divided itself into three parts and attacked the English archery from all sides. The fight continued for a long time, till the two earls came face to face. Douglas asked Percy to surrender and promised him a high status in the court of James. But Percy rejected the offer. Presently, an English bowman struck at Douglas with his arrow. The Scottish earl fell dead on the ground. Percy sympathised with him. But soon a Scottish knight, Sir Hugh Montgomery, sprang forth on his horse and drove his spear into the body of Percy. In this way both the earls died. The fight con-

tinued. It grew more terrible and fierce. A large number of men from either side lay slain on the field.

When, however, Henry VI of England heard of Percy's death in Chevy Chase, he vowed to take vengeance. And lo ! at Hambledown, in one day alone, fifty renowned lords and numerous others of low rank were killed. This was the conclusion of *Chevy Chase.*

Q. 12. Write a critical appreciation of "Chevy Chase."

Ans. *Chevy Chase* is a typical English ballad. The ballad is one of the oldest forms of poetry. It generally treats of love or honour, and gives us the adventures of a brave man. It is as simple in its theme as in its language and treatment. Moreover, its authorship is usually unknown.

Chevy Chase deals with a simple incident that took place in the middle of the fifteenth century. That the incident is true in fact is doubtful, but it is certainly true to the times in which it is supposed to have taken place. England and Scotland in those days were separate kingdoms and their borders were guarded by Earl Percy and Earl Douglas respectively. The ballad under study tells the story of how Earl Percy once resolved to cross the Scottish borders, there to hunt for three days in the woods belonging to the Earl of Douglas. As soon as the latter heard of it, he presently sent a message to Percy preventing him from carrying out his intended design. But the English baron paid no heed to this warning.

He set out with fifteen hundred archers and greyhounds. He stayed in the woods for three days and slaughtered countless deer and bucks (male deer). He reviewed with pleasure and pride the large number of animals killed by him. Then he spoke to his men that he would no longer stay there for Douglas to meet him. The programme being over, he should now return to his country. But as he spoke, his men saw Douglas coming in bright armour, along with two thousand spearmen. Douglas enquired why they had been hunting there without his permission. Percy came forward and made

known his intention to hunt there even at the risk of their lives. Douglas recognised him as Percy. He challenged the latter to a single combat. But the English archers disapproved of it. Hence a deadly battle ensued between the two parties. Brave kinghts and gallant gentlemen from both sides were slain. At last, the two earls came face to face. They fought like lions for hours on end, till they became utterly exhausted. Douglas asked Percy to yield and offered respectable forms worthy of his dignity. But the latter refused to agree. Presently, an English bowman shot at Douglas with his arrow. Douglas lay dead there and then. Seeing this a Scottish knight pressed forth and drove his spear into the body of Earl Percy. Now both the earls were slain. But the battle continued and resulted in huge casualties on both sides. The news of this tragic incident soon reached the kings of both the countries. The English King vowed to avenge the death of Earl Percy. He fulfilled his vow at Humbledown where in one day "fifty knights were slain with lords of great renown", along with numeruos others of low rank. In this way the hunting of Chevy Chase came to a close.

Besides being a piece of narrative, the poem has another important feature. It throws a flood of light on the general character of the people living in the fifteenth century. They had a high sense of honour. They were men of words. If once they undertook a pledge, they would fulfil it even at the cost of their lives. They were true to each other. They served their lords with unfailing loyalty and devotion. Another quality of the poem is its touching theme. How pathetic is the scene of bloodshed !

"The cries of men lying in their blood,
And scattered here and there......"

The tragic element becomes still more pronounced when next the widows assemble on the scene of bloodshed :

"Next day did many widows come
Their husbands to bewail,
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not avail.

Their bodies bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them
They kissed them dead a thousand times
Ere they were clad in clay."

The poem is thus a true example of ballad proper. It is forceful, simple, straightforward and touching.

Q. 13. Write a critical appreciation of the poem "Spanish Waters."

Ans. The author of *Spanish Waters* is John Masefield, a living poet-laureate. He is known for his extraordinary zeal for the sea-life. Even as a boy he had run away to satisfy his longing for this life. That is why the memories of this period have taken a strong hold of his soul. In one way or the other he gives expression to his deep-laid love for the life and adventures connected with the sea.

Here in this poem he depicts the past memories of an old pirate who is a beggar and fiddler and wanders from place to place to earn his living. He recalls his youthful exploits as a sea-robber. In particular, he remembers one incident, the memory of which haunts him day and night. Once he and his fellow-pirates had robbed a merchant-ship of all its treasure. Having kept the huge treasure in ten big boxes, they started with them to the coast of the island called Los Muertos. It was with great hardship and difficulty that they carried them across the marshes in the evening. It was in the ghostly light of the moon that they buried them in a particular spot. They marked a tree so that when they returned to the place for the treasure, they could easily locate it. But the day never dawned when they could go again to that island. All his companions were dead. He is the only survivor. Was it not a great tragedy and an irony of fate that he knew where the treasure was hidden and yet could not go to the place ? On the contrary, he had to pass a hard life, begging and fiddling as he did, and wandering from place to place.

The poem has an atmosphere of sea about it. It brings back to our vision the Spanish Waters and the sea-robbers bearing the treasures and

"Sinking, in the sucking quagmires to the sunburn on our breast,
Heaving over tree-trunks, gasping, cursing at the flies and heat..."

Describing the scene when the pirates buried the treasure in the moonlight, the poet says:

"The moon came white and ghostly as we laid the treasure down,
There was gear, there'd make a beggarman as rich as Lima Town.

But the main characteristic of the poem lies in the tragic strain that runs throughout the poem. The pirate is old and nearly blind, but this incident never escapes his mind. He feels the Spanish waters ring in his ears. He sees the "tall ship swaying in past Nigger Head". But never can he go back to the coveted island in spite of his earnest wish !

Q. 14. Write a critical appreciation of The Golden Journey to Samarkand".

The Golden Journey to Samarkand, written by James Flecker, depicts a typical oriental character of the past when people travelled only in caravans, or in large companies or parties. They did this for the purpose of being better protected against highwaymen or beasts. The poem under study shows a caravan about to start from Baghdad to Samarkand in Central Asia. Different kinds of people are actuated to journey by different hopes and motives. They all give vent to their respective feelings through their speeches. Their very speeches describe their characters quite vividly. We easily understand that the merchants undertake that journey mainly from motives of material profit and satisfaction. They delight in their journey and rejoice at the prospect of plenty of wealth which their various commodities promise them to fetch. But besides them, there travels another party of people who are "in rags and rotten shoes" and "dirty-bearded, stell' "blocking the way". This is the party of pilgrims. To them journey means something more than silver and gold. To them it symbolises the satisfaction of

their spiritual thirst. It realises their inner longing and enriches their life of imagination and dreams. They know that the mission of life does not consist in the accumulation of money but in something else. It is to know the mysteries of life that they are going to meet a prophet. How emphatically and happily they lay down the purpose when they say :

"We are Pilgrims, master ; we shall go
Always a little further : it may be
Beyond that last blue mountain barred with snow,
Across that angry or that glimmering sea,
White on a throne or guarded in a cave
There lives a prophet who can understand
Why men were born.........".

The class of merchants, however, is consumed by motives of money. They leave their children and set out on the journey and a woman is left to appeal to their heart, though to no avail—

" O turn your eyes to where your children stand."

An old man, too, is seen dissuading them from the so-called 'Golden Journey':

" Seek not excess : God hateth him who roams!"

Thus as we go through the various aims and purposes for which the various travellers are undertaking journey, we find their characters drawn in sharp contrast with one another, although the cause is common. Nevertheless, they are all glad and sing harmoniously about the Golden Road to Samarkand.

III. EXPLANATION WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

1. He spent his days wandering about the world in search of adventure......would be punished for his misdeeds.

(Page 1.)

Expl. This paragraph has been taken from ' Rustum and Zohrab' written by Lewis Marsh. Describing the character of Rustum, he says that he loved the life of

adventures and exploits. He used to pass his time in wandering from place to place in search of new enterprises. He was always accompanied by his faithful horse named Rukesh. It was the most trusted and loyal friend to him. Rustum had a genuine sense of·justice and sympathy. Whenever he heard of any person oppressing the other, he would soon reach the place and punish the cruel person for the wrongs he had done. He was in fact a friend of the innocent and the weak, and he always hastened to help them whenever the need arose.

2. The people in that part of France were very ignorant and they had......many fanciful tales and spirits talked to her. (Page 16.)

Expl This passage occurs in 'Joan of Arc' written by Charles Dickens. The writer gives us a picture of the place where Joan of Arc was born and brought up. She was an ordinary girl of twenty years. She led a lonely life in the wild hills of Lorraine, a district in North East of France. Here she would take care of sheep and cattle. But she was a girl deeply devoted to religion. She often knelt for hours together in the little village church. She would look up at the altar and at the dim lamp burning before it. She felt very often that she saw some spirits and heard their voices. The people of Lorraine were ignorant and superstitious. They had a number of tales to tell about their dreams and about the shadows in the midst of the lonely hills. Hence when they learnt that Joan saw strange figures, they easily believed in her. They even said among themselves that Joan had the power to address heavenly spirits and angels as well.

3. Picking him out immediately from all his court, she told him that she came commanded by Heaven......which Saint Catherine had ordered her to wear. (Page 19.)

Expl. Refernce same as above. Joan was a simple girl. Her duty was to look after her sheep and cattle in the far off hills of Lorraine. She felt inspired by supernatural visitations. She felt that she was being commanded from God to help the Dauphin. With this object in view, she travelled a long way to a certain Lord named Bandricourt who, after examination, recommended her into the

Dauphin's presence. From here, however, she was led to the town of Chinon where the Dauphin lived. As soon as she came in the presence of the Dauphin, she immediately singled him out of all his nobles. She told him all that the visions and voices had told her. She said that she would help him and remain with him until he should be crowned at Rheims. She also disclosed to him certain secrets which, the Dauphin said, were known to himself alone. She spoke to him about an old sword that lay in the church of Saint Catherine. It was marked with five old crosses on the blade. Joan told him that St. Catherine had commanded her to wear that sword until she helped the Dauphin to be crowned at Rheims.

4. *When the English, who had seen her fall and supposed her dead, saw this, they were troubled with the strangest fears, ...and next day they set their line of forts on fire, and left the place.* (Page 21.)

Expl. Reference same as above. When the Dauphin was satisfied that Joan was not a pretender, but really an inspired Maid, he sent her at the head of a big army to save the besieged city of Orleans. When she reached there, the people on the walls hailed her as the Maid of the prophecy. Her appearence and participation in the warfare made the French bold. They fought bravely till the English line of protection was broken. The city of Orleans was delivered. But the Englishmen continued to besiege the bridge. As Joan was mounting a tower wall, she was struck by an arrow. She fell into a trench. The arrow was pulled out and she again came in the front to fight. This frightened the Englishmen. They had taken her as dead. They were filled with supernatural fears. Some of them even cried that they saw St. Michael on a white horse. As a result of the panic, the Englishmen lost the bridge and the towers. They retreated in disgrace.

5. *Ah! happy had it been for the Maid of Orleans...... and had heard no stranger voices than the voices of little children!* (Page 23.)

Expl. Reference same as above. After Joan of Arc had achieved her object, she desired to go back to her

country house. She had sufficiently helped the Dauphin. She had delivered the city of Orleans. She had saved the bridge and the tower and conquered many cities. Her greatest aim was to see the Dauphin crowned as king Charles VII at Rheims. Her mis-ion being over, she begged leave to return to her distant home. But the king did not permit her to do so. This was the beginning of the great misfortune that lay in store for her. It would have been much better if she had no longer put on that dress with which she had been fighting. It would have been better still if she had returned to the wild hills of Lorraine from which she had come and had taken to a married life. However, as ill-luck would have it, she was kept in the service of the Dauphin even when her object was achieved.

6. *Oh, the uproar that was made, and the thanksgivings that were sung, she was bought at last by the Bishop of Beauvais for ten thousand......plain Joan of Arc again, and maid of Orleans no more.* (Page 25.)

Expl. Reference same as above. When Joan of Arc achieved her mission of seeing the Dauphin crowned as king, she desired to go back, but was detained against her will. The truth was that now she was no longer the inspired Maid that she was before. As a consequence, when the trouble rose again in France and Charles asked her what the voices said about it, she could not answer properly. She lost her repute. At the seige of Compiegne held by the Duke of Burgundy, she was deserted in a treacherous manner by the French. She was captured by her enemies. The joy of the Englishmen knew no bounds. They were filled with delight and rejoicing, so much so that they offered thanks giving prayers. It was here that she was exposed to shameful insults. She was publicly disgraced. People demanded that she must be prosecuted for her evil practices and anti-Catholic beliefs. They demanded her to be examined by the Inquisitor-General of France, whose duty it was to judge whether she really believed in the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church, or whether she was a heretic. She was examined and cross-examined. At last, she was bought by the Bishop of Beauvais for ten thousand francs. She was imprisoned in a narrow cell.

All her inspiration was gone. She was reduced to the status of an ordinary girl. She was no longer the Maid of Orleans wno had earned a great name as a pious lady.

7. *It is no defence of them that they may have never really believed in her......should turn in ingratitude from a helpless village girl.* (Page 26.)

Expl. Reference same as above. When Joan of Arc was fighting for the Dauphin at the siege of Compeigne, she was deserted at the time when the French army retreated. She fell into the hands of the enemies who tried her for witchcraft. They condemned her to be burnt to death in the market-place of Rouen. But how painful and sad it is to realise that the maid who had devoted herself so truly to the Dauphin was not at all helped by him ! He did nothing to save her. The French defended themselves on the ground that they did not believe in her and that they had conquered all those places by their cleverness and bravery. They say that they merely pretended to believe in her. But even that pretence encouraged her all the more. All through she remained faithful to them ; whereas they betrayed her in the last. However, we should not be surprised at the behaviour of the French. Their entire history is replete with such conduct of faithlessness. They have been true to none—neither to themselves, nor to their country, nor to Heaven, nor to earth. Little wonder, therefore, that they repaid the girl with such ingratitude.

8. *It was such a scene of confusion as you can hardly fancy............knocked together in corners to the rolling of the ship.* (Page 33.)

Expl. This paragraph occurs in *The Hispaniola* written by Stevenson. The scene is the Treasure Island. While Jim Hawkins' companions were busy defending themselves against the mutineers in a little fortification there in the island, Jim silently slipped away at night. He came to the shore and managed to find his way to the ship called *The Hispaniola*. Of the two watchmen there, he found O'Brien dead, and Hands almost on the verge of death. Hands looked sickly. He muttered the word

'brandy'. Jim went to the cabin. The entire place presented a scene of utter confusion. The mutineers had broken open all the places in search of the map which could give them a clue to the spot where the treasure lay buried. The whole of the deck was unclean, and particularly the place where the rebels discussed their plans and programmes was unsightly and muddy. Everything looked in disorder and chaos. Empty bottles were rolling and striking against one another.

9. *Well, he's dead now, he is ; and who's to sail the ship and that's about square all round, I take it.* (Page 35.)

Expl. Reference same as above. Hands looked improved and much better as a result of the strong drink. Jim took control of the ship and asked Hands to call him Captain Jim, because now he intended to sail the ship himself. Hands told him that since O'Brien was dead, how could Jim succeed in beaching the ship without any proper training and guidance. Hence, he offered to direct him as far as he could. He promised to help him on the condition that Jim would give him food and drink, and Hands would give him necessary instructions. Hands added that it was a just bargain and desired him to agree to it.

10. *I was very proud of my new command, and pleased with the bright, sunshiny weather......was quieted by the great conquest I had made.* (Page 35.)

Expl. Reference same as above. When it was agreed upon that Jim would give food and drink to Hands and Hands in return would give proper direction as to how to sail and beach the ship, Jim became very proud of his new command. He looked very happy because the weather was bright and favourable and the coast presented a charming sight. He found good things to eat there. True, occasionally he suffered from the prick of conscience because he had deserted his companions without informing them. But he felt more than consoled over the capture of the ship.

11. *It was a smile that had in it something both of pain and weakness......and watched me at my work.* (P.36.)

Expl. Reference same as above. No doubt, Hands had consented to recognise the command of Jim, but in reality, he did not like him to take hold of the ship. Nevertheless, he kept up appearances. He watched Jim's movement in a curious manner. This aroused suspicion. Jim understood what the smile of Hands meant. It showed no satisfaction. It was an expression of pain, weakness and frustration. It was mixed up with hypocrisy and deceitfulness. It was an eye-wash, a cover to conceal his evil motives which became abundantly clear in the way he behaved and watched Jim at his work.

12. I was drinking in his words and smiling away, as proud as a cock...pinned by the shoulder to the mast.

(Page 42.)

Expl. Reference same as above. In the scuffle that followed in *The Hispaniola* between Jim and Hands, Jim had the good luck of escaping the attack of Hands. He sprang into the shrouds. He loaded his pistols. Hands too tried to climb up, but was prevented on pain of death. Hands was at his wits' ends. He stood confounded and disappointed. He told Jim that if the ship had not struck, he would have killed him. But Jim simply smiled at Hands. He was safely seated on the cross-trees, far beyond the access of Hands. Jim was secure and proud, like a cock on the wall. He saw Hands make a quick movement of the right hand over his shoulder. He had hurled something that flew across him through the air. In fact, it was the knife that Hands had thrown at Jim. It struck Jim and produced a sharp pain, but it did not hurt him seriously. Hands had almost missed the aim, for Jim was safely pinned to the mast.

13. He ventured no farther, but put the candle on the floor and bent down to look under the chair......and the murderer was laid noiselessly on the floor. (Page 52.)

Expl. This passage occurs in *The Wayside Inn*. written by Charles Reade. He relates the incident that happened with Gerard and Denys. They were staying at a little inn when they learnt about the intended attack

of the robbers. They set out to prepare a defence for themselves. Gerard concealed himself behind a cupboard, while Denys stood with his cross-bow. Presently they saw a man creeping silently into the room. He got a little confused over the position of the cupboard and chair. He stopped there, and began to look under the chair. But no sooner had he bent than he was attacked by Gerard who drove his dagger through his neck. The robber lay dead without any struggle. He did not even raise a cry. Then many more blows were delivered on him till the man lay stretched on the floor.

14. *But before a blow was struck on either side, the staircase door behind them was driven into their midst...... and trembled, but breathed no more.* (Page 60.)

Expl. Reference same as above. Now there was panic in the kitchen. The robbers thought that the bedroom was haunted by an evil spirit. But their leader known as the Abbot did not feel frightened. He rushed into the room. A fierce fight followed between him and the other two. Suddenly the Abbot jumped and fell down and struck against the staircase below. Meanwhile, the policemen had arrived. The thieves got utterly perplexed. They had seen the body of the Abbot flying down with a crash. They were sure of some supernatural power at work there. They saw a stream of blood flowing from the Abbot's body. They also noticed how he trembled with a gasping cry before he breathed his last.

15. *The old woman suspected was tied hand and foot and thrown into the water......but drowned in the experiment.* (Page 65.)

Expl. This passage has been taken from *The Fear of Mad Dogs* written by Oliver Goldsmith. It is a letter written by a Chinese writer to London to a fellow-Chinaman, giving a dercription of how the English people once suffered from the fear of mad dogs, which made them almost panicky. Their method of knowing whether a dog was mad or not was similar to that of the ancient Egyptians in trying witches. The custom of the Egyptians was that when they suspected a woman of evil practices,

they would bind her hand and foot and throw her into a river. If she remained afloat on the water, she was pronounced to be guilty and hence was condemned to be burnt. If she sank they declared her to be innocent but the woman died again as a result of that experiment. Hence, in one way or the other, the life of the woman was taken.

16. 'A dog,' says one of the English poets, 'is an honest creature, and I am a friend to dogs......who has left the forest to claim the protection of man ; how ungrateful a return to the trusty animal for all its services' ! (Page 69.)

Expl. Reference same as above. The attitude of the English nation towards the dog is far from being reasonable, particularly during the days of panic. An English poet rightly describes the dog as an honest and faithful creature worthy of man's friendship. He adds that of all the animals he is the only one who left the forest and his fellows just to become a friend to man. He renders invaluable services to him with rare zeal and unfailing devotion. His loyalty is proverbial. But how thankless, how cruel, and how unworthy does man turn towards the dog is indeed sad and painful.

17. We soon found that we had nothing to fear from the speed of our new friend's progress......but at a steady even footing you can walk all day (Page 76.)

Expl. This paragraph has been extracted from the article *The Road to Andorra* written by Drake. The writer describes his adventures while he was travelling to Andorra in the company of his friend. He says that when they passed the French customs office, they came to a deserted hut. Their intention was to pass the night there. Meanwhile a youth passed that way. He was astonished to see them in such an unsheltered place. He told them that if they stayed there, they would freeze to death. He asked them, therefore, to accompany him to another hut. The two travellers hesitated a little, because they feared they would be unable to keep pace with the youth who was a born mountaineer. But they soon learnt that their fear was false. Nay, the youth, on the contrary, prevented them from walking quickly. To

speak the truth, the real mountaineer is one who knows how to climb a mountain without getting exhausted. Hence the first thing that he warns us against is to move with a quick pace. If one travels in the mountain slowly and steadily, one can walk all day long without feeling tired.

18. *The black pot hanging in the flames, and the rough-bearded figures around cutting lumps of bread from huge round loaves......adding regretfully that now that was all over.* (Page 77.)

Expl. Reference same as above. After Drake and his companion had stayed a little while in the hut, they found seven cowherds gathering there along with their cows. There was, however, no suggestion that Drake and his friend were unwanted or were like unwelcome guests. The cowherds were simple fellows. They sat round a fire in the corner of the hut. They cooked their meals and cut big pieces of bread. As the glow of fire fell on their faces, they looked like a band of robbers. But they were simple persons. They talked chiefly about their cows and fields. There was, however, one old man who narrated to Drake one or two stories about his smuggling adventures. He told them how in his youth he passed various commodities across the borders. But the good old days were gone. He regretted how all such things were over.

19. *He had never done such a thing to her, however, though all the other cavemen, including Bawr the Chief, used to beat their women on accasions......was promptly dismissed.* (Page 92.)

Expl. These lines have been taken from "The Bending of the Bow" written by Charles Roberts.

In this article the writer shows Grom making experiments with a bow. It was just a plaything that his wife had chanced to make. He fully realised the great force hidden in the instrument. He took a small stone and held it on the string. He bent the bow and eased it. The stone flew up and hit him in the mouth. Then he placed the stone correctly in the centre of the string. The stone went perfectly straight but hit him in the thumb. Looking behind towards his wife, he

suspected her to be laughing.

It is in this situation that the thought of beating his wife came to him. To speak the truth, corporal punishment for women, in those backward times, was quite common. Even such chieftains as Bawr the chief too gave his women an occasional beating. But Grom had never done such a thing. He revolted against the very idea of hurting. And beating without hurting was of no use. Hence he instantly dropped the idea of beating his wife.

20. He walked proudly up to the cave-mouth to recover his arrow......the cave where the unlucky victim of his experiments had taken shelter. (Page 95).

Expl. Reference same as above. As Grom was experimenting with his bow, he happened to wound an old woman. She ran to her cave with a scream of pain and fear. The onlookers too raised cries, but like the woman, they also silently retired to their cave. They were afraid of Grom's new weapon. They did nothing lest they shoold offend Grom. Grom moved quietly but proudly to the cave-mouth to bring back his arrow. At this time even the bravest of cavemen looked worried and frightened. But Grom remained indifferent. He did not want to give them the impression that he had hit the woman by accident. Hence, when he picked up the arrow with blood in its point, he looked quite angry. He gazed at the cave into which the old wounded woman had slipped for protection.

21. *And long before high noon they had*
A hundred fat bucks slain.
Then having dined, the drovers
To rouse the deer again. (Page 115.)

Expl. This stanza has been extracted from the ballad entitled *Chevy Chase.* The name of its author is unknown. It tells the story of Earl Percy who entered the Scottish woods guarded by the Earl of Douglas. Percy had gone there for hunting, along with his bowmen and greyhounds. They all started hunting animals early in the morning. Before midday they had slaughtered one

hundred male deer. They took their meals, and set out again for hunting. The beaters started driving out the animals into the open for the hunters to shoot.

22. *Oh God ! it was a grief to see,*
And likewise for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their blood,
And scattered here and there. (Page 119.)

Expl. Reference same as above. While Percy had hunted for three days in the Scottish woods there appeared Douglas on the spot along with two thousand spearmen. A deadly battle ensued between the two earls. It presented a scene of ruin and bloodshed. Gallant men from either side lay slain and smothered in blood. Terrible were the cries of the wounded and the dying. And to see them in such a plight of agony and distress was as painful as to hear their groaning sounds.

23. *Next day did many widows come*
Their husbands to bewail.
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not avail.
Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away.
They kissed them dead a thousand times
Ere they were clad in clay. (Page 122.)

Expl. Reference same as above. As a result of the fierce battle between the two barons, a large number of gallant gentlemen lay slain in a pool of blood. The following day the wives of the dead came to the scene of slaughter and bloodshed to grieve over the death of their husbands. They wept there so long that their tears of sorrow almost washed the wounds of their husbands. But neither their lamentations nor their tears could bring back the life that was gone. At length, they carried with them the dead bodies of their husbands that were all covered and smothered up in blood. They kissed them a thousand times before they buried them in graves.

24. *We bore it through the marshes in a half score*
battered, chests

Sinking, in the sucking quagmires to the sunburn on our breasts,
Heaving over tree-trunks, gasping, cursing at the flies and heat,
Longing for a drink, out of silver, in the ship's cool lazareet.
(Page 128.)

Expl. This stanza occurs in the poem entitled "Spanish Waters" written by John Masefield. The poet describes the past memories of an old pirate. Of the various exploits the sea-robber remembers one particular incident. He recalls how he and his companions attacked a merchant ship and got possession of a large treasure and how they carried it to an island called Los Muertos.

These lines describe with what toil and difficulty they carried the treasure. It was contained in ten old huge boxes. They had to wade through marshes. As they pulled the boxes, they often sank breast-deep into the marshes, and fell on the trunks of the dead trees. They got tired and out of breath. They were troubled by the oppressive heat and flies. Exhausted and thirsty, they wished to drink cool water in silver cups lying in the store-room of their ship.

25. *It's not the way to end it all. I 'mold' and nearly blind,*
And an old man's past's a strange thing, for it never leaves his mind,
And I see in dreams, awhiles, the beach, the sun's disc dipping red,
And the tall ship, under topsails; swaying in past Nigger Head.
(Page 129.)

Expl. Reference same as above. The pirate is grieved over his sad plight. He is now old and blind. The past still lives in his mind as a painful memory. He cannot forget, in spite of himself, the gold that he and his fellows had buried in the island. It haunts him so much that often in dreams he sees the shore of Los Muertos and its sunset scene. He

also dreams about the tall ship in which they sailed and how their ship went in past the Nigger Head till they came to the coast of the island.

26. *We are the Pilgrims, master; we shall go*
Always a little further ; it may be
Beyond that last blue mountain barred with snow,
Across that angry or that glimmering sea
White on a throne or guarded in a cave
There lives a prophet who can understand
Why men were born ; but surely we are brave,
Who make the Golden Journey to Samarkand.

(Page 133.)

Exp. These lines occur in the poem entitled *The Golden Journey to Samarkand* written by Flecker. In the poem he describes a caravan about to set out from Baghdad to Samarkand. He represents the various objects for which the different members of the caravan are travelling. Businessmen embark on this journey from motives of trade and profit. There is another party of travellers who are in ragged clothes and broken shoes. When they are asked who they are and what the aim of their journey is, they reply that they are pilgrims. They have to go a little farther. They are out in search of the prophet who lives beyond the snow-covered mountains or across the stormy or shining sea. Wherever he be, either sitting in white garment or the throne like a king or living enclosed in a cave, to him they are bound. They must reach him because he would tell them the purpose of man's creation on the earth. Though dressed in rags, they have brave hearts to undertake the journey to Samarkand.

27. *Have you not girls and garlands in your homes,*
Eunuchs and Syrian boys at your command ?
Seek not excess : God hateth him who roams !

(Page 134.)

Expl. Reference same as above. The merchants rejoice over their journey in view of the prospective profit. They are, at first, dissuaded from it by a woman, and then by an old man. He asks them

whether they have not all the pleasures that life can give. They have slave-girls, eunuchs and beautiful Syrian boys to serve their pleasure. It is simply their greed and desire for more that goads them on. He asks them not to hanker after more. God, too, disapproves of such useless wanderings.

IV. EXERCISES FOR REVISION

A. Go through the vocabularies and put the words, where possible, to the following tests :—

1. Find other words of similar meaning.

Generous : kind, sympathetic, charitable, liberal, magnanimous.

Grand : splendid, dignified, sublime, stately, majestic, imposing.

Calm : silent, peaceful, tranquil, still, quiet.

Awful : terrible, horrible, dreadful, appalling, frightening.

2. Find other words of opposite meaning.

Forget : remember, recollect, recall.

Reveal : hide, conceal, disguise.

Avenge : forgive, excuse, pardon.

Solidify : melt, dissolve.

3. Find other words of the same root but different parts of speech.

Suspect : suspicious, suspicion, suspecting, suspiciously.

Serve : serving, servant, service, servile.

Cultivate : cultivator, cultivable, cultivation.

Conquer : conquering, conqueror, conquest.

Mock : mocking, mockery, mocker.

Possess : possessing, possessive, possessor, possession.

Evade : evasive, evasion, evasively.

Deliver : delivering, delivery, deliverance, deliverer.

4. Use as different parts of speech, but keeping the same form.

Wrong : I do not want to *wrong* him (*v.*)

In spite of of the *wrongs* that you did him, he stayed in your house (*n.*)

You have drawn a *wrong* conclusion (*adj.*)
Point : He did not *point* out my mistake (*v.*)
He discussed this *point* in his conversation (*n.*)
Badminton is a fifteen *point* game (*adj.*)
Single : Aslam leads a *single* life (*adj.*)
He could easily *single* me out of the whole group (*v.*)
A *single* is one who leads an unmarried life (*n.*)

Chance : There is a *chance* likeness between the two boys (*adj.*)
You have a good *chance* of success (*n.*)
It *chanced* that I was not here when I was called (*v.*)
Call : Please push the *call* bell (*adj.*)
He *called* at me the other day (*v.*)
He did not return my *call* (*n.*)

5. Find completely different meanings.

Issue : He died without an *issue.*
You cannot solve the *issue* by such discussions.

Pick : Farmers use *picks* in their fields. He *picked* him out from all his court.

Treat : the poet *treats* of love affair. It was a *treat* to go there and be in their midst.

Blind : He became *blind* in his old age. As you are ill, you should draw *blinds* to prevent the sun.

Light. The book makes a *light* reading. When I reached there, there was no *light* in his room.

B. Find the words in the vocabularies which are the names of the people and describe their work.

A *wanderer* is a person who roams from place to place. A *bishop* is a church official who is the incharge of priests. An *executioner* is one who puts people to death. A *murderer* is a person who kills unjustly. A *soldier* is a man who fights. A *sailor* is a man who works on a ship. A *cowherd* is a man who looks after animals. A *robber* is a person who robs people of their possessions. A *thief* is a man who steals. An *intruder* is one who comes in where he is not wanted. A *bandit* is a thief or outlaw who lives in mountains. A *smuggler* is one who takes goods into a country unlawfully. A *mountaineer* is one who travels in mountains. A *conqueror* is one who defeats his enemies. An *archer* is one who fights with a bow and arrows.

C. Name as many examples as you can of the following :—

1. **Good qualities :** generosity, courage, nobility, charity, truthfulness, courtesy, hospitality, politeness, etc.

2. **Bad qualities :** deceitfulness, untruthfulness, cowardice, treachery, hypocrisy, cruelty, injustice, etc.,

3. **Happy feelings :** rejoicing, cheerfulness, laughter, satisfaction, contentment, love, friendship, etc.

4. **Unhappy feelings :** fear, anger, disappointment, ill-temper, jealousy, hatred, contempt, enmity, etc.

5. **Thought :** imaginative thought, divine thought, tragic thought, pious thought, material thought, unholy thought, etc.

6. **Will :** strong will, weak will, iron will, no will.

7. **Strength :** physical strength, intellectual strength, spiritual strength, muscular strength, moral strength, financial strength, political strength, etc.

8. **Weakness :** Physical weakness, mental weakness, muscular weakness, financial weakness, etc.

9. **Actions :** rising, walking, running, swimming, riding, hunting, playing, climbing, travelling, rowing, working, etc.

10. **Bodily feelings :** pain, pleasure, itching, scratching, sensation, etc.

D. 1. The body : We look with our eyes. We hear with our ears. We work with our hands. We walk on our feet. The beard grows on the chin. Nails grow on the ends of fingers. Hair grow on the head. We chew with our teeth. We talk with the help of lips and tongue. Food passes through our throat. Our shoulders shake when we laugh. We smell with our nose. Eyelids are for the protection of eyes. In prayer we bend on our knees. We catch with our thumbs. We tie the watch round our wrist.

2. **Clothes :** We wear the vest under the shirt. We put on the shirt on the upper part of the body. In summer we put on shorts. We put on the short coat in ordinary weather and the long coat in winter. We use breeches when riding. Sometimes to keep ourselves from

exposure, we put on a jersey or waistcoat. Some people like to come in *achkan* and trousers, while others dress themselves in coat, pantaloon and necktie.

3. **Armour** : Breast plate is an armour of protection worn on the breast. Helmet is a steel cap worn on the head. Shield is used for the protection against the attack of sword. Spear is a long weapon the end of which is made of steel. Spurs are used by horsemen to goad their horses on. Sword is a weapon made of steel with sharp edge. Pistol is a modern weapon which can kill people at a short range.

4. **Tools** : Hammer is a tool that is used by blacksmiths for beating iron. Pick-axe is a tool for digging the ground. Mattock is a tool for levelling the ground. Axe is a tool which woodcutters use while cutting wood.

5. **Buildings** : Mosques, churches, theatres, colleges, temples, mausoleums, etc.

6. **Ships :** Merchant ships are those which carry commercial and trading commodities. Passenger ships are those which carry passengers. Warships are those that are equipped with weapons and ammunition and are meant for warfare. Steam ships are vessels that are driven with the help of steam.

7. **Food** : Vegetables, wheat, milk, fruit, maize, barley, cheese, butter, pudding, mutton, beef, etc.

8. **Animals** : Cow, buffalo, goat, sheep, deer, hart, buck, horse, donkey, ass, dog, rabbit, elephant, camel, fox, lion, tiger, etc.

9. **Travel** : Travel in mountains, travel on land, travel on sea, travel in deserts, travel in forests, travel in marshy ground, travel in snow-clad mountains, etc.

10. **Land and sea** : Land is that part of the earth which is solid and on which we can move freely. We can gallop our horses, drive our carts, and leave our sheep and cattle to graze wherever they like. We build our houses on it and carry on all our worldly occupations and operations on it.

Sea is full of water. It has waves and ripples that

strike and move. It is not solid. Man cannot walk over it. Ships and vessels sail over it. If the sea is not stormy, boats, too, can be rowed. Its depth is different at different places in which sea-creatures like fishes and crocodiles live.

E. Using the vocabularies, notes and earlier exercises, replace as many of the words as you can by expression of two or more words. Use present, past and perfect tense.

Mount : Get on to.

If we want to ride, we should *get on to our* horses.
He *got on to* his horse and rode out to take command of the army.
When the king called, he had already *got on to* the horse and gone to fight.

Perform : Carry out.

Dutiful men *carry out* the orders of their officers.
He *carried out* his work in a most admirable manner.

When I went to his house, he had already *carried out* the task entrusted to him.

Challenge. Offer to fight.

He is so strong that he *offers* to fight the bravest of our warriors.

He *offered* to fight the most experienced of soldiers, but nobody came forth.

He has already *offered to fight* a single combat, but nobody dare accept his challenge.

Pick : Point out.

Point out the mistakes in my composition.
He *pointed out* so many errors.
Starve : Suffer from hunger.

Since he *suffered from hunger*, he became ill.
Poor people in our country generally *suffer from hunger*.
He has *suffered from hunger* for such a long time that at last he surrendered.

Mock : Make fun of.

Good boys never *make fun of* their elders.

Since he *made fun of* me, I never thought of going to him again.

He silently returned after he *had made fun of* all the people.

Express : Put into words.

I cannot *put into words* the feelings that arise in me when I see you.

He *put* his anger *into words* before all his friends.

The poet has already *put into words* our attitude to life.

F. Give the past and perfect tenses of all-irregular verbs not used in E.

Present	*Past*	*Past participle*
Bind	bound	bound
Bend	bent	bent
Hide	hid	hidden
Catch	caught	caught
Grow	grew	grown
Fall	fell	fallen
Grind	ground	ground
Sink	sank	sunk
Shine	shone	shone
Shake	shook	shaken
Sleep	slept	slept
Write	wrote	written
Weep	wept	wept
Wear	wore	worn
Mean	meant	meant
Draw	drew	drawn
Drink	drank	drunk
Flee	fled	fled
Fling	flung	flung
Freeze	froze	frozen

G. What are the plural forms of the following ?

Ans.

victory	thief	witch	handkerchief	mystery
mouse	loaf	goose	calf	foot
sheep	deer	tooth	half	
Victories	thieves	witches	handkerchiefs	
Mice	loaves	geese	calves	mysteries
Sheep	deer	teeth	halves	feet

AN APPROACH TO ENGLISH LITERATURE—BOOK II

I. SUMMARIES

1. The Flaming Tinman

George Borrow loved the life of travel and adventure. Once during his wanderings through Wales he happened to meet a tinker named Slingsby. The latter told Borrow that he wanted to leave his business for fear of another tinker whom he called the Flaming Tinman who had recently taken his residence in that district. Since he wanted all trade for himself, he had beaten Slingsby and warned him never to work in the same neighbourhood again. Vigorous and adventurous as Borrow was, he purchased from Slings by all the tinker's material including his horse and cart. He then put up his tent in a little valley in the middle of the Flaming Tinman's district and set himself up as a tinker.

One day as he was preparing to go to the city in his cart, he suddenly heard the sound of wheels. He stayed there to see what was passing that way. Presently he saw the Flaming Tinman appearing there along with his two wives Belle and Moll. The Flaming Tinman stood puzzled and astonished. He was almost in a fix. George Borrow welcomed him and asked him not to be afraid. The Flaming Tinman advanced a few steps farther down in the valley and began to unfasten his horse. He was, in fact, in bitter anger over the word 'afraid' that Borrow had used for him. Belle asked what the matter was. Her husband ironically replied that he was afraid. Belle, who was a young lady of eighteen, said that he should not be afraid of that lad, pointing to Borrow, whom she could beat with one hand only. Borrow started jokes with her. This offended her so much that she moved on to beat him; but was prevented by her husband who said that he himself would settle with him.

But Borrow, nevertheless, continued his jests. The Flaming Tinman stood in fury, hesitating whether to strike

or not. Belle could no longer control herself. She stepped forward and administered such a blow on Borrow's face that he fell on the ground. He wiped his face and inquired into their cause of fight.

The Flaming Tinman replied that they were angry with him because, first, he used the word 'afraid' and, secondly, he had pitched his tent in his ground. Borrow instantly recognized who he was. He greeted him and offered to stay there as a friend. The Flaming Tinman did not look satisfied. His anger rose all the more. Belle spoke to her husband that since the man had sufficiently become polite, there might be no more fight between them. Meanwhile his eyes fell on Borrow's horse. He recognized it to be Slingsby's, whom he had told that if he found the horse there again he would seize it and also beat its master He took permission for the horse. Slingsby tried to explain things But the Flaming Tinman paid no heed to it. He attacked Borrow. But no sooner did he set on him than the latter struck a sharp blow in his eye He again went in but stopped short on receiving a left-handed blow on the nose. But the third time when he rushed at him like a bull, he paid no attention to Borrow's hits. Borrow was thrown down on the floor and the Flaming Tinman set his knee on his breast. He would have finished Borrow but Belle interfered. She demanded to have a fair fight ; but ber husband took no notice of it. Then she grasped the handkerchief round his neck and pulled it so strongly that it nearly choked him. He left Borrow and turned furiously at Belle, but the latter managed to escape.

Now Belle took the role of Borrow's assistant, so that in the event of Borrow's fall she might help him. Moll likewise had to assist her busband. The fight recommenced. Borrow fell down six times at each blow and Belle had to lift him. He had almost lost all hope for success when Belle told him that if he wanted to win he must strike with his right hand. However, when the quarrel re-opened, Borrow receded farther and farther till he came near the trees. The Flaming Tinman deilvered a

furious blow, but just at this moment he slipped and it struck againt a tree. His hand got wounded. He had hardly recovered from the shock of the stroke when Borrow dealt such a blow at the back of his ear that it sent the Flaming Tinman on the ground. Belle sprang with delight because it was exactly what she wanted.

Moll looked at him with grave concern. She took him to be dead. But Borrow found him only unconscious. In order to restore his senses he desired him to be blooded, but Moll suspected and stopped him forthwith. He went to the tank nearby to fetch some water to sprinkle on him. On his return he overheard the two women talk between them. Moll was asking Belle to stab Borrow with the knife when he returned. But Belle refused point-blank. She was for a fair game.

Borrow threw some water on the Flaming Tinman. The latter soon came to his senses and stood up. Moll had a knife in her hand. She advised her hushand to take the knife and attack Borrow with it. But he refused. Belle asked him to bury the hatchet and shake hands; and gave her opinion to camp there But the fellow made no reply and went to his horse. He began to harness it to the cart and thought it better to leave the place after defeat.

2. UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

Shakespeare invites all those people who love nature to come and lie under the greenwood tree. There they can sing like birds. There they shall have to fear nothing except roughness of weather. But that place is meant only for those who are above worldly ambition and have an attraction for nature. Only those persons need come there who love sunlight and open air and are contented with whatever they get to eat.

3. MOUNTAINS AND MEN

A party of explorers under the leadership of Shackleton set out in an expedition to the South Pole.

The men sailed in a ship named the *Endurance*. In the course of the voyage some of the crew got separated from the party. In order to save them Shackleton travelled with five men in a small boat over 850 miles. Later he had to cross South Georgia which is a mountainous country in the Antarctic. Since they had no map of the place, they had to face great dangers and difficulties during that journey which they had to undertake for the sake of their crew.

The sun rose at about eight in the morning. All the men of the party were delighted at it, since they needed fine weather. They passed through a deep rocky valley and started a long ascent. They travelled over snowy slopes. There was a line of hills before them. It had fine tops with gaps or openings between them. They set out to the gap to their right, since it was the lowest of them all. With great difficulty, however, they succeeded in reaching it. But they were soon disappointed to find that the descent on the other side was nearly impossible. Hence they came down and moved to the second gap. Here, too, they found the descent as impossible as before. They got down again and reached the third gap. This too was not to their satisfaction. Worsley wanted to try but Shackleton did not agree. The men had become depressed in spirits. Now as they returned, they arrived at a slant in the hope of a possible way. But they soon learnt that the way lay in a deep valley. The valley was covered with snow and ice swept down there by stormy winds. On reaching its edge, they found it very deep. They were so much terrified that they came down and arrived at the fourth gap. By this time night had set in. With darkness before and mist behind, they could not properly survey whether the descent was possible or not. From the third gap it had appeared that there could be a way down there. After due deliberation, however, Shackleton decided to try it. They cut their steps with the help of axe, and began to climb down. They descended about 200 yards. There they stopped and sat down on the little steps. Shackleton now proposed to try slipping. Hence each man tied

the rope beneath him. They all sat behind one another, all chained together in a rcpe They started downwards. The speed was tremendous. Theirs was a great risk. They did not know whether the slope would end in a steep or a level. Luckily enough, however, the slope eased out to the level. They had shot down a mile in two or three minutes.

Now they all stood up quite cheerfully and shook hands. Their trousers, no doubt, were torn out, but they were very pleased with themselves, and they set out to cook their meals.

4. FROM RUGBY CHAPEL

The poet addresses his father, Dr. Arnold, and pays glowing tributes to his worthy qualities. He says that most of the men wander aimlessly. They eat, drink and talk. They love and hate. They earn and waste. They rise to some greatness but fall down and thus achieve nothing. When they die, nothing remains of them and no one cares how they rose and fell.

There is, however, another type of men. They are urged by a strong and burning desire not to waste their evergy in tiring themselves by wandering aimlessly and doing nothing great. There is still another type of men. They try to be useful and great so that people may remember their death Such persons are those as follow the difficult, slippery and dangerous path of progress They come across many dangers. Most of them lose courage and are lost on the way. Their companions have hardly strength enough to save such fellows and march determined to reach the goal. They reach their goal—the city of God *all alone*, tired and grown old. But the poet's father did not let his companions get lost on the way. He helped them and gave heart to those who lost courage. He did this cheerfully even though he had to face difficulties and disappointments. He led others to the city of God and did not reach there all alone. Nor did he wish his soul to be saved if others fell on the way, *i e.*, if the souls of others could not be saved. How selfless he was !

5. THE FLOOD

Tom and Maggie were brother and sister. Their home was a mill that was situated on the river Floss. Maggie was a passionate girl. She was full of imagination and romance. She fell in love with Stephen Guest who was already betrothed to her cousin Lucy Deane. But Stephen Guest was attracted more to Maggie than to Lucy. Hence he wanted Maggie to marry him.

Once they went alone on a boating expedition. During this time Stephen persuaded her to run away with him. But she refused because that would hurt Lucy. Driven to despair Stephen boarded a ship and sailed away. Maggie returned home alone. Her brother Tom was proud of his family's honour. He was so much enraged at Maggie's conduct that he disallowed her to enter the house. She was homeless, but dared not go to any of her relations for shelter. She had, however, a friend in Bob Jakin since her school days who admitted her to her family.

It was here that Maggie received a letter from Stephen Guest, inviting her and proposing her again to marry him. Maggie at first yielded to the temptation, but when she remembered Lucy she again refused to marry him. What a great sacrifice! Heart-broken, she fell on her knees. Suddenly, she felt a sensation of cold about her feet. It was the water of the flood which she had already anticipated. She hurriedly went upstairs and informed Bob about the flood. She lighted a candle and came down again. The water of the flood was constantly on the rise. Then came a sudden crash of boats against the window. The wooden frame of the window was broken, and the water poured in.

Maggie went out fearlessly and courageously, and took hold of a boat. Bob too got into another boat and cut the rope with which the two boats were fastened. Meanwhile, a wild wave suddenly rose up and separated the two boats. Maggie's boat was driven out on to the wide water. But she remained undisturbed. The storm in her feelings had subsided and the water provided her

with additional calmness after a long period of mental unrest.

The boat floated on the water, and Maggie thought of her house, of her brother and her mother. She knew that they would be in great danger, and helpless to save themselves. Looking all around her, she saw where the river was flowing, and turned her boat in that direction. She threw herself into the dangers of the way and crossed the river. At last, after a struggle of many hours she succeeded in reaching her home. She called mother and brother. Tom came down and told her that their mother had gone to some other place. Then he got into the boat and, taking hold of the oar, began to move back to the city. It was now that he realised the great sacrifice that his sister had made for him. It was now that he became aware of another world, that of feelings and emotions. Maggie told him that they should first go to the house of Lucy and then proceed to the help of others.

But as soon as they reached the middle of the river, there appeared big fragments of some wooden machinery floating on water. They were coming swiftly in a huge mass. A party in a boat saw into their danger and warned them to get out of the ripple. But before Tom could do anything, it had already become too late. Conscious of the danger, he loosened the oar and stood to embrace his sister. In an instant, the masses struck down the boat and hurried on through it. After a while, the boat re-appeared, but brother and sister were gone, never to be seen again.

6. CROSSING THE BAR

The poet feels that his life is coming to an end. He is ready for his last journey and prays for smooth sailing. He wishes that when the ship of his life returns to the spiritual world, the tide may be full and noiseless. The evening of his life has come. But let the people not be sad at his final departure. For as soon as the ship of his life has left the harbour of the world, he hopes to stand face to face with God.

7. THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT

Oliver Goldsmith was returning home for the last time from Edgeworthstown. He secured a horse for the journey and a friend gave him a guinea for travelling expenses. He was a young man of sixteen. But with a horse under him and a guinea in his pocket, he determined to travel like a grown-up man. Hence instead of continuing the journey he broke it at the town of Ardagh. He wanted some good inn to stay at for the night. Hence he inquired from the first man he came across about the best house in the place. The man pointed to the house of one Mr. Featherstone. Taking it to be an inn, Goldsmith proceeded to it. He walked into it and placed an order for a meal. Featherstone soon realised his mistake, but said nothing. He wanted to enjoy himself of his behaviour. Goldsmith invited all the members of the house to the evening meals. In addition to it he ordered a bottle of wine as well.

The next morning made Goldsmith aware of his mistake and the joke that was played upon him. He felt embarrassed and ashamed. But after some years he made use of this incident in his drama entitled *She Stoops to Conquer*.

8. FROM SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

Marlow and Hastings were two friends. Marlow wanted to marry the daughter of Hardcastle. For this purpose he set out to his house, there to stay for a few days. Hastings also accompanied him because his beloved too was staying there. On their way they were befooled into believing Hardcastle's house to be an inn. As a consequence, when they reached there, they began to behave in quite a free manner. They mistook Hardcastle to be the landlord. In his very presence they began to discuss the kind of dress they should put on with due regard to the various colours that appeal to young girls.

Hardcastle was not mistaken. He had recognised them. He had heard much of Marlow's modesty. But

now he felt that the gentlemen did not show even ordinary respect due to him. Hence in order to impress them of his importance he began to talk about his relations with great personalities. He began to dwell on their achievements. But the young men paid no attention to him. They were interested in their own topic. When, however, he again interfered in their talk, Marlow asked him, rather impolitely, to bring them a glass of punch. What a strange thing! For punch was a very strong liquor that gentle and sober persons always abstain from. Hardcastle was perplexed over this peculiar 'modesty' of Marlow. Rather, on the contrary, he was quite an impudent man. However, instead of offering punch, he gave them some milder drink.

For some time Marlow tried to humour Hardcastle with his jokes and remarks. Both the friends in their own place were puzzled at Hardcastle's attitude of equality and friendliness. They were even annoyed to see that the landlord did not realise his position. Hardcastle was about to begin another story when Marlow asked him to bring the list for evening meals. Hardcastle got up enraged and sent for the bill of fare (list of food). It was a long list. Both the friends found fault with it, and badly criticised it. Hastings went to the length of saying that he preferred plain dishes to his artificial ones. Hardcastle requested them to change whatever pleased them. But they made no changes. Hardcastle enquired of their likes and preferences, but they described none.

Then Marlow asked Hardcastle to see that their beds were properly dried and aired. This was too much for Hardcastle to bear. Whatever it might be, it never sounded like modesty. They were positively impudent and troublesome, and Hardcastle formed a poor opinion about them.

9. THE ACADEMY OF LAGADO

Gulliver is the chief character in Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*. Once Gulliver happened to reach the island of

Laputa. When he was in the capital Lagado, he was taken to the university. Here in this academy he saw many inventors who were engaged in various experiments and researches. The first figure that Gulliver was introduced to was a thin person working in a dirty room. He was busy in drawing sunbeams out of vegetables. He told Gulliver that if he succeeded in his task he would put sunbeams into closed bottles. He would release them only to warm the air in damp weather. He was confident that he would be able to provide the Governor's garden with sunshine at a reasonable price. But his only setback was that he was short of funds. Hence he demanded money from every visitor who came to see the academy.

The next man that Gulliver met was a clever designer of buildings. He had invented a new method of building houses. He began construction at the top and moved downward to the foundation. He had borrowed this idea from the bee and the spider which always begin from the roof.

Next, Gulliver met a blind man with several blind pupils around him. He was teaching them how to distinguish colours by feeling and smelling. But unfortunately the colours were every time mixed wrongly. Even then the blind professor was highly encouraged and respected.

There was another inventor who had discovered the method for ploughing the ground with pigs. But the method was many times difficult, toilsome and expensive as compared with the common method. Even then he continued his researches.

The next man was one who invented a new device for weaving and spinning cloth. It was with the help of spiders' webs. He was of opinion that the cloth thus made would be much better than the silken one. Here, there was no need of dyeing. Cobweb would supply its tint to the cloth. And in order to make more colourful cobwebs he was feeding his spiders with flies of manifold hues. He added that he was in search of certain gums and oils which would give strength to the threads.

Then Gulliver was taken to the other part of the academy where professors imparted instruction in abstract learning. He saw a professor with forty students working on a mechanical device. By his experiment, he hoped, even the most ignorant people would be able to write on any abstract topic without any ability or study. The idea was foolish indeed ; yet the man pursued the experiment with unusual zeal and devotion and with enormous waste of money.

Then he went to the school of language. Three professors were seen discussing the best way of improving the language of their country. Their first proposal was to drop out verbs and adjectives, because in realtiy all things imaginable are nouns. That would make their language short and simple. Their second plan was to dispense altogether with the language. Words wear out our lungs. Hence every man should carry about him such things as were necessary to express the particular business at hand. This would inprove the health of the people. Moreover, people of other countries who do not know one another's language would be able to understand one another with the help of those articles which are generally of the same kind in all civilized nations. But for the hue and cry raised by women and uneducated people, this scheme would have worked well as a universal language.

10. US TWO

I and my toy Pooh always live together. He agrees with me in everything that I do or say. Wherever I go he is there with me and insists upon our going together. When I told Pooh that twice eleven make twenty-two, he readily agreed with me. When I asked Pooh to go out and look for dragons, he again showed his readiness for the same. Hence we crossed the river and chanced upon a few dragons. I suggested to Pooh to frighten them. He saw eye to eye with me and shouted at them, and they flew away It is because of this companionship that I and Pooh live together. Life can be much happier when there are two of the same mind than when there is one alone.

11. THE OLD SAILOR

There was an old sailor who always wanted to do many things at the same time. But he could not do any because he did not know which one to begin first. Once, as a result of shipwreck, he happened to live in an island. There he had a desire for many things like a hat, breeches, nets, hooks, etc. He wanted to make all these things but could not begin at any. He had scarcely conceived of making a fish-hook when he felt hot and took to making a hat. But before he had done anything he felt thirsty. So he decided to find out the spring first. Presently, however, he thought of his loneliness and made up his mind to find some chickens or goats. He had just seen a goat when he thought of having a boat first. But a boat required a sail which meant needle and thread. Hence he started making a needle. Shortly he remembered of savages hiding in that island , so he resolved to make a hut first. The result of all this was that he could begin at nothing. He sat on the rocks and kept sitting in the sun until he was rescued by a passing ship.

12. THE HERRING FLEET

The harbour presents a charming sight. The reason is that both the sea and the ship have something mysterious about them. That is why men stand for hours on end and gaze at the water and the ship It would appear, however, that the boats are not so romantic as the ships, but this is not correct. How charming these boats look when they stand in water like so many camps ! As the tide rises, the fishermen get out of their houses and make for the water. They come dressed in gaudy and colourful clothes.

When the tide is full, they sit in rowing-boats and reach their fishing boats. If the water is not deep, they generally walk up to their boats through water.

The boats are rowed with the help of oars to the mouth of the harbour. The procession of boats leaving the harbour makes a charming scene to look at. The boats overtake one another in competition. They gallop in rivalry. But they always keep together. At night when lamps are light-

ed in the boats, they look like a company of stars dancing in water. And as the boats move on, they make various patterns (figures) on the surface.

People gather on the harbour quite early in the morning to see the results of the previous day's fishing. The harbour is lively with the noises and movements of fishermen. They are busy taking out fish from their nets and throwing them in a heap into the bottom of the boat. From there the fish are packed in great blue boxes. When full, the boxes are brought to the auction-place, where they are sold to the highest bidder. Thenceforward the fish are carried to a place at a little distance where women are standing. They pour the fish into big barrels. In case the fish are caught in a large number, many carts come down to the harbour to take them to the railway station. Every cartman tries to drive his cart as fast as he can in the hope of having a second round.

The harbour reflects the excitement of the people and the romance of the sea life. But it is a symbol of man's hunger and greed. It was the hungry man who first made the harbour. It was later that man discovered a romance in it. The ship suggests a sense of freedom and adventure. Since it expresses our craving for liberty, we stand for hours on the harbour and gaze at the coming and going of ships.

13. A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

The poet longs to set sail in a ship at a time when the wind is strong and the sea rough and stormy. That would make his vessel fly at a great speed. A lady may like smooth sailing. But he is for battling against the dangers of the sea and sky. The sea is his very home. He delights in storms raging high and the lightning flashing free. To speak the truth, he finds a note of music in the very fury and blast of wind.

14. THE GRIFFIN

Once a specialist told Belloc that in Fenland (a marshy district in England) there was a wonderful inn called The

Griffin. He advised the writer to go there on foot and without a guide. Thereupon Belloc set out towards that district and reached a ditch. He wandered hither and thither for a long time along its banks, but could not find a way to cross it. He went still farther. But the ditch lay stretched before him. The dykes are a great curse. They stand in the way of man, and in the way of lovers and friends.

However, after a long walk he reached a place called Oxlade. He asked a boatman how to cross the ditch. He sent Belloc to a place where two houses were standing. But again he found water between him and the two houses, and no bridge. He enquired again and again about the marsh, or the Griffin ; but nobody gave him proper guidance. However, a man came out of one of the houses and ferried him across. But when asked about the Griffin, he simply laughed and directed him to the village of Monea. He walked up to this village where an old man advised him to go to the Marsh by the cross-road and then to ask again. The old man himself was not very sure. So Belloc proceeded on. Here again was the same silence and the same dullness. There were small deep trenches, and a regular row of trees at a distance. As he was passing, he saw a baker's cart running at a great speed. The cartman looked worried, pale and poor. Belloc gave him some money and got on his cart. By this time he had become fully conscious that the Griffin was a mystery and should not be mentioned carelessly. Hence he started talking with the baker about various things. He asked about the marshes and the draining. After he had thus prepared the ground, he asked him about the Griffin. He replied that he knew little of it, but promised to hand him over to another man who would be going to the Marsh. The baker did what he had said. The writer boarded the other cart. Although the horse of the cart was twenty-three years old, yet it ran so fast that the town of Marsh was soon left behind. It was only when the horse had taken him long ahead that he knew that he had missed for ever the opportunity of seeing the Griffin.

In the end, however, the writer consoles himself by

saying that believing is better than actual seeing. Though he had not really visited the Griffin, yet he still cherished the comforting belief that it was the best inn all the world over. Imagination helped him to form the best opinion about it. He thought of it as an old inn with low rooms, old beams, dreamy and hospitable fires, chimney-corners, and wooden beds with curtains around them. And then candles, bread, butter and milk ! Oh how pleasantly he was enjoying it ! The Griffin of the dreamland was much better than the Griffin of reality. But alas ! he yet pined for reality, and yet desired to have seen it and stayed in it.

15. THE VAGABOND

The vagabond loves to lead a life in the open. What he longs for is the sky above, and the road below him. At night he would lie in bushes and watch the stars. He has no desire for wealth, and none either for hope and friendship. He is for a care-free life of a wanderer. There may be harships and dangers. There may be the rigours of autumn and winter. But he shall be unafraid of them as long as he moves about on the road.

16. ADVENTURES OF A SHILLING

A shilling relates the story of its adventure. It says that it was born on the side of a hill near Peru. While still a lump of silver, it set sail on a voyage to England under the command of Francis Drake. Here it was purified. It was given the shape of a shilling with the face of Queen Elizabeth on one side. It was now that the period of its journey began.

It had been hardly out for six years when, to its great misfortune, it felt into the hands for a miser. He kept it locked in an iron box, along with others of the same kind. It remained imprisoned for a number of years. Luckily, as the miser lay on his death-bed, his heir came to its rescue. It broke open the box and took out all the shillings. He spent them all that very day. As for that Shilling, it was given to a wine-dealer in exchange of a bottle

of wine. It was in this way that it resumed its journey.

The shilling changed many hands, till an old woman shut it up in a dirty purse. She said that it would bring good luck if she kept Queen Elizabeth with her. It remained there for many months till it was exchanged for forty-eight farthings. Being thus at large, it travelled from pocket to pocket, till during the civil war it was used in raising an army against the king. After many adventures, it was sent to a youth along with a will which disinherited him of his father's property. No sooner did he read the will than he got into a fury and threw the shilling far away It fell into an unused place where it lay during the entire reign of Cromwell.

During the restoration of Charles II to the throne, a poor gentleman chanced to see it. He picked it and sent it again in the world. Being an old coin, it was held in great esteem. It served the purpose more of a medal than a coin. For this reason a gambler got hold of it and made it the mark of money. It was realised from its master's possession only when he lost the whole game and had nothing left with him.

Afterwards, it fell into the hands of another person who cut down its edges and disfigured its shape. It was rubbed and thrown into the fire. It was minted into a new coin, a shilling of Charles II. It again entered into a new life. Of many numerous adventures it remembers two incidents of particular interest. The first was that it came into a poet's pocket. who was so taken in by its brightness that he composed a poem entitled as *The Splendid Shilling*. The second incident was when it was given away in charity to a blind beggar. That was strange because people do not usually offer so much in alms !

17. THE VOYAGE OF MAELDUNE

Maeldune was the chief of the isle of Finn. He set out to avenge the death of his father who was killed by the chief of another island. He collected a number of followers

who were the noblest and bravest of the whole tribe. It was on Friday morning that they set sail towards the island of the enemy. But before they reached the shore, their ship was driven far away into the sea by a sudden blast of wind.

It drifted to another island called the Silent Isle. There was complete calm. Even the brooks made no sound as they flowed on. The waterfalls poured noiselessly to the foot of the mountain. The birds and the animals were silent. They went round the island but did not hear even murmuring sound. Even their own voices were low and thin. Such was the charm of the island. They got so angry that they wanted to kill one another. But they sailed away.

Then they came to the Isle of Shouting. Here some wild birds were crying like human beings. They shouted once in an hour. But whenever they shouted, the bulls fell down, the men dropped dead and the roofs quaked and broke down. The followers of Maeldune were so affected that they too took to shouting and slaying one another. They left the dead behind and sailed away.

They next came to the Isle of Flowers. The whole place was filled with fragrance. There were flowers of every variety blooming everywhere. The men rolled on flower-beds and sang of the glories of their past heroes. But, to their surprise, there were flowers and blossoms only and no fruit. They felt thirsty, but had nothing to drink. They were so disgusted with the island that they plucked its flowers in millions and threw them far into the water. Then they left it and sailed away.

They came to the Isle of Fruits. There were all sorts of fruits hanging in huge abundance. There were grapes, melons, figs, plums, pears, berries and what not? They ate them greedily. The fruits had an intoxicating property. As a result, they lost their senses and began to kill one another. At last, that too they left, and sailed away.

They came to the Isle of Fire. They were drawn towards it by the alluring light of fire. The effect of in-

toxication was still there, so much so that some leaped into the fire. They sailed away and passed over a an island under the sea. As they looked down, they saw a beautiful garden full of silent palaces and quiet fields. It had such an attraction that three of his best followers jumped into it and perished.

From there they came to the Beauteous Isle. The people of this island had not to labour for their living. Quite early in the morning a bright hand dropped food at the side of each man. Maeldune's men wandered about it, and sang of the heroic deeds of their forefathers and fairy kings. But, at length, they got tired of this island. They played at ball, and then the game of battle. They slew one another, and sailed away again.

Then they came to the Isle of the Double Towers. One was a plain tower of stone and the other ornamented with carved flowers. But every now and then the towers were shaken by an earthquake. As a result, they struck against each other and caused the bells to ring. The sound of the bells aroused the spirits of Maeldune's followers. They started taking sides with the towers. Some supported the plain towers, while others stood for carved flowers. They fought and slew one another. Then they sailed away.

Thence they came to the Island of a Saint. He was three hundred years old. His voice was low and his eyes were sweet. He asked Maeldune to abandon the thought of revenge, for it rests with God alone to take vengeance. His forefathers had already done much bloodshed, and taken life for life. For how long they shall continue their murder and revenge ? He asked Maeldune to go back to his island and forget past grievances. This advice had the desired effect upon the men. They kissed his beard and begged forgiveness for their sins.

They sailed back and came to the island from which they had been blown away by the blast of wind. Maeldune saw his enemy there on the shore ; but he

silently passed by him. At last, after much suffering and tiresome journey, and with only a few men left alive, he returned to his native island.

II. QUESTIONS WITH ANSWERS

Q. 1. Why did the Flaming Tinman come to the place where Borrow had encamped? Also describe the fight between the two.

Ans. The Flaming Tinman was a tinker He wanted all business for himself alone. Hence he could not tolerate that any other tinker should carry on his trade in his district. It was for this reason that he had given a beating to Slingsby. So when he came to know of Borrow's establishing himself as a tinker in his very neighbourhood, he, as usual, got displeased and decided to beat him. He set out in a cart along with his two wives Belle and Moll.

Borrow was just preparing to go to the city. He was calling his horse to be fastened to the cart. Suddenly, he heard the sound of wheels at some distance. Shortly after, there stood before him a savage-looking man. It was the Flaming Tinman. He advanced a little, but stopped at seeing something unnatural about the place. Borrow asked him not to be afraid. The word 'afraid' came to the Tinman like an insult. He was not the kind of man to be afraid of anything in the world. He got very much annoyed at this word and determined to lay on him. But he hesitated. Meanwhile, his eyes fell on Slingsby's horse. He seized the animal. Borrow allowed him to take it provided the matter should end there. But the Tinman was not to be satisfied with it. He moved onward to attack Borrow. The latter soon delivered a left-handed blow in the eye. The Tinman staggered behind but went in again. This time he received another sharp blow on his nose. The Tinman got desperate. He took off his clothes and rushed at him like a wild bull. He brought down Borrow and set his knee firmly on his breast. Borrow's life was almost in danger. Suddenly, to his good luck, Belle

came to his rescue. She demanded fair-play; but the Tinman paid no heed to her warning. She grasped at the handkerchief that her husband was wearing round his neck. She pulled it so powerfully that the man was nearly choked. Her husband got up in fury. But Belle again told him that she could not permit foul play Then she declared to become Borrow's assistant in the fight. Moll was to attend the Tinman. The battle recommenced. It raged furiously for the next ten minutes. During this time, the Tinman had dealt six knock-down blows at Borrow. The latter spat blood and wished to surrender. But Belle encouraged him again, and asked him to use his right hand. At the renewal of the fight, the Tinman again struck him blow after blow. Borrow was at his wits' ends. The Tinman again aimed a powerful blow at him. It fortunately missed Borrow, and struck against a tree. Before the Tinman could recover himself, Borrow collected all his vigour and delivered a severe blow with his right hand. The Tinman fell down and lay unconscious. Moll took him for dead. She spoke alarmingly. Borrow rushed to the pool close by, and brought some water to throw on his face. The Tinman regained his senses. But since he was a defeated fellow, he thought it better to retire from the place as soon as possible.

Q 2. Write a critical appreciation of the poem *Under the Greenwood Tree.*

Ans. The poet invites all the lovers of nature to come and lie with him under the greenwood tree. The poet himself delights in nature. He assures that there is nothing to fear from nature except rough weather and the cold winter. But only such men need come to nature as are above worldly hopes and ambitions. They should be self-contented, and ready to feed on whatever they get. Only such persons can benefit by nature. There they can find no enemy except rough weather.

The poet contrasts nature with our own world. Nature is an ideal place for plain living. It allows no rivalry. It is free from worldly cares and temptations.

There is a pleasure both under the shade of the greenwood tree, and in the open sunlight. Nature has still another blessing to offer. It is that, in nature you are free from the ill-will of the people. Of course, there is the rough weather and the cold wind, but they are not so unkind as man's unkindness to man.

Q. 3. Describe with what hardships and difficulties Shackleton and his men found the way to cross South Georgia.

Ans. Shackleton was a British explorer. He conducted a number of expeditions to the Polar region. Once he was going on his third expedition to the South Pole in a ship named *The Endurance.* It so happened that some of its crew got separated and Shakleton proceeded with five men to rescue them. There stood a huge and long line of mountains called South Georgia. It was in the morning that Shakleton set out to find a way through the ridge. Five rocky crags were rising up like the fingers of a giant. Between each crag there was a gap that looked like a pass. Now the problem was how, and through which gap, they should find their way out. They turned to the right hand one, which appeared to be the lowest. They wanted to try it. There was nothing certain about it. Sheets of snow lay all around. Even then they began their ascent. The way became steeper and steeper. They soon found themselves exhausted. Their bodies sweated. Their feet were cold and wet on account of the snow. At noon, however, they reached the gap. But on looking over, they saw that the descent was impossible.

Now they made for the second gap. The way was steepy. It meant struggle and fatigue. Yet they succeeded in reaching it. But here again, they found the descent as impossible as before. They went on to the third gap. As the sun came behind the mountain, they felt colder. They were about four thousand feet above sea-level. The gap lay covered with snow. The descent here again appeared impossible. Hence they

proceeded to the fourth gap. It was all covered with snow. The top of the snow was edged sharp as a knife. By this time darkness had come. A thick mist also arose behind them. Due to darkness and fog, they could not see whether the descent was possible or not. But from the third gap, it had looked as if there might be a possible way. They made up their mind to try it. They cut every step with the help of an axe. They sat behind one another. They locked themselves together in a rope. There lay a slope before them, and their intention was to slip down through it. They let go, and shot forth at a tremendous speed. Fortunately for them, their slope eased out into a level. They had come down about one mile in two or three minutes. Their clothes were all torn out. But their delight was great over the success of their effort. They stood cheerfully, and shook hands with one another. Their sufferings had at last come to an end, for now they found a way through the mountain.

Q. 4. Write a critical appreciation of the poem *Rugby Chapel*.

Ans. The subject-matter of the poem is the poet's father Dr. Arnold, the great headmaster of the Rugby school. His force of character, intelligence and faith are clearly brought out before us in this poem. Dr. Arnold lived more for guiding and taking others to the city of God than reaching this city alone. That is, he saved not only his soul but also helped others in doing so. The poem mourns the loss of this great man.

The poet describes human beings as travellers to the city of God—Heaven. He describes three kinds of these travellers ; first, those who wander aimlessly and then die unremembered by any one. Secondly, those who have more enthusiasm and do not die without doing something great after their death. And lastly, those who are determined and march on the path of progress towards the city of God but have hardly strength enough to reach it *themselves* and cannot help their weaker companions who are lost on the way. But on the contrary, Dr. Arnold had strength enough to carry

others along with him and not reach the city of God alone (*i.e.*, not to save only his soul but also help others in doing so).

The poem is an elegy. As in early poems, the poem is full of sadness. The poem begins with the poet's sadness which reigns throughout. The poet *mourns the loss* of his father and, as such, the poem is an elegy. As is always the case with Mathew Arnold, while writing verses in memory of someone, he is at his best in this poem.

Q. 5. What philosophy of life can we gather from this poem ?

Ans. A majority of persons live an aimless life. They have no goal in life. They leave no name behind them. They are like dumb, driven cattle. But the poet's father was one of the great men, who leave footprints on the sands of time. His father may have died, but his name will live for ever. He was a hero in the battle of life.

The second idea is that most men are selfish. They only work for their personal good. But the poet's father, who was a headmaster, tried not only to save his own soul, but also to save others. Service of others is better than service of one's own self. Who are remembered by the world ? Certainly not millionaires or others who only work for their own benefit. The world remembers those, who lived for others and sacrificed their all for the service of others.

Q 6. Describe in brief the characters of Maggie and Tom, and draw a contrast between the two.

Ans. Tom and Maggie are brother and sister ; but they have little in common. Their characters form a striking contrast. Tom is a matter-of-fact businessman, whereas Maggie is a passionate and romantic girl. One is steady and self-controlled ; the other is wild and rebellious. Tom lives in the world of reality. He prides in his family honour. He attaches importance to public opinion. He does nothing against the moral code of society. He has no feelings—none either of love or sympathy. He is a man of

will. He is not fickle-minded. He is cold, methodical and regular. To speak the truth, he is a successful mill-owner. His is the world of silver and gold, and he is incapable of looking beyond it.

Maggie, on the contrary, is a dreamy girl. She is full of emotion. She is imaginative, and has a restless soul. Dissatisfied with the world of reality, she seeks escape in the world of dreams. She has no control over her feelings. She is loving and tender-hearted. But her great quality is her spirit of sacrifice. She sacrifices her love for the sake of Lucy Deane, and sacrifices her life for the sake of her brother Tom.

It would appear, however, that she has no control over herself. But this is not the entire truth. If she knows how to be loving, she also knows how to control herself. When she is driven out of the house, she is left without a relation and without shelter. At this time, she receives a letter from her lover, Stephen Guest. We know she has a great attraction for him. We know that she is even tempted into accepting the proposal of marriage. But when she remembers her cousin Lucy, how heroically she overcomes the temptation. She is too loyal and sympathetic to wrong any person, much less her cousin.

But Tom has no such tenderness of feelings. He is heartless and cruel. Just because of rumours, he expels Maggie from the house. So unkind to such a loving sister! But there certainly comes a time when he becomes aware of the world of love. It is when his sister risks her life and brings a boat to save his life. He sits face to face with his sister. The passion of love and tender feeling wells out from his heart. How inferior is his world of reality! How superior is his sister's world! He cherishes for this new world. Presently the time comes when, on the eve of their death, brother and sister stand locked together in an eternal embrace never to part again.

Q. 7. Relate the story of *The Flood* and show "how reconciliation came through suffering and death."

Ans. Tom was the owner of a mill that was situated at the river Floss. He was quite capable in his business. He was very particular about his family's honour. He had a sister named Maggie. She was an imaginative and romantic girl. Although she was devoted to her brother with a passion of love, yet Tom treated her unjustly and unkindly. She happened to fall in love with Stephen Guest who was already betrothed to her cousin Lucy Deane. But Stephen was attracted to Maggie and wanted her to marry him. But Maggie would not agree, because she did not want to wrong Lucy.

Once it so happened that she went out alone with Stephen on a boating expedition. Unfortunately, as they were going away, the boat was carried down by the current, and it was after some time that Maggie returned home. But even during this time, Stephen persuaded Maggie to consent to the proposal of marriage. Maggie again refused. Stephen Guest in despair sailed away to some other place.

Because of the mishap that occurred to their boat, Maggie had to keep away from the house for some time. This aroused various suspicions about her. Tom could not endure such a disgrace. He disallowed her to enter the house. Being thus ill-treated at the hands of her brother for whom she had such a passionate love, she felt herself lonely, friendless and homeless. Fortunately, she had a friend in Bob Jakin whom she had known since her school days. He was the only man who still believed in her innocence, and admitted her to his house.

It was during this time that she again received a letter from her lover Stephen Guest. Depressed as she was, she at first felt tempted to run away to him. But soon she remembered Lucy. She gathered all courage and resisted the temptation. She sat down to write the reply of refusal. As she thought of the final parting with her lover, she cried in grief and wept in despair. In her heart of hearts there still lay deep-seated the cherished love for Stephen. In bitter anguish and disappointment, she fell

on her knees far prayer. She looked for divine comfort. Soon she felt a sudden sensation of cold about her feet and knees. She started up with sudden consciousness. I was the water of the flood that she had already anticipated. The water was risi minute by minute. Then she heard a loud crash. The boats had struck against the window. The inner frame of the window was shattered into pieces, and the water rushed in. Maggie ran upstairs and informed Bob about the flood. Then she hurried downstairs and went out of the house. She got into a boat. Meanwhile, Bob came and and got into another. He cut the rope with which the two boats were fastened. Suddenly there arose a wild wave, and the two boats got separated. Maggie driven far out, floated on the wide water. She looked around to see the current of the river. She soon turned to the current and proceeded in the direction of her house. Fearing no danger and with singular courage—nay, with even undisturbed and cheerful spirit, she set out to her brother's house. She struggled with her oar with renewed vigour and energy. The morning twilight was dimly visible. Her clothes were wet. Her hair were blowing about. But she was conscious of no physical sensation. She was conscious of one thought, that of rescuing her brother. She remembered how the floods were disastrous. The thought of her brother's danger inspired her, and she rowed on and on. She forgot her brother's cruel treatment. She looked forward to the possibility of reconciliation with her brother. The hope of a re-union with her brother filled her spirit with undaunted courage. With the help of these hopes, coupled with memories of the past, she succeeded, at last, in reaching her house. She called out her brother and mother. Tom instantly came down. He stood astonished for a second, then got into the boat. When asked about the mother, he replied that she had gone to Garum. Then in silence he took hold of the oars and began to row in the direction of the city. He kept quiet and sat face to face with his sister. He must have thought of his own treatment and his sister's sacrifice. What thoughts might not have come to him in his moments of silent astonishment? Maggie suggested

that they should first go to the house of Lucy, and then proceed to somewhere else.

All of a sudden there came floating huge masses of wooden machinery. A party of men warned Tom to get out of the ripple because of the impending danger. But before Tom could do anything for them the danger had already come. Tom loosed the oars and took his sister in his embrace. The boat turned turtle and the masses passed hurriedly over it. After a while the boat re-appeared ; but brother and sister were no more to be seen. They were gone down into the depths of water in an embrace never to part from each other. Reconciliation had indeed come ; but it came through so much suffering and death.

Q. 8. Write a critical appreciation of the poem *Crossing the Bar.*

Ans. The poet feels the approach of death. He is waiting for the final call. Now he prays to God that there might be no mental suffering in his last moments of life. Moreover, he wishes that the journey to the other world should be calm and peaceful. He has had enough of disbeliefs and doubts. He now longs for a calm tide of faith. A belief in God is bound to make an easy and smooth sailing.

The poet then sees clearly that the end of his life has almost come. He wishes that the people should not be sad over his departure. He is confident that God Himself would come to guide his ship when it had crosssed the bar and entered the spirtual world.

The poet conveys his philosophy with the help of a metaphor. He compares life to a ship. He feels that the ship of his life is leaving the harbour of the world and is sailing to its original home. Calm tide denotes his beliefs and conviction. Sound and foam imply doubts and misgivings about God. Now the question is, after he has crossed the bar who shall pilot his ship ? His answer is that God Himself would come to guide his ship. The idea is that when death has come and life is left behind, he shall soon find himself in the presence of God.

Q. 8. Narrate in your own words the amusing incident that Goldsmith describes *in The Mistakes of a Night*.

Ans. Once Goldsmith was travelling to his home from his school at Edgeworthstown. He was sixteen at that time. He rode on horseback and had money in his pocket. He desired to look like an independent traveller. He was on the lookout for an inn where he could stay at night. He met a man named Kelby who was amused by his behaviour and wanted to play jokes at him. He pointed to the house of a gentleman named Featherstone. Goldsmith mistook it for an inn and went in. He took Featherstone for the landlord. Featherstone too did not try to remove his mistake. He wanted to enjoy the latter's behaviour.

Goldsmith ordered a supper to be served to him. When the meal was ready, he invited the landlord and his family to the table. Then when he was retiring to bed, he placed a special order for a hot cake at breakfast. In the morning, however, he discovered his mistake. Featherstone happened to be an old friend of Goldsmith's father. An awkward situation arose for Goldsmith, and he simply felt ashamed over his behaviour.

Q. 9. Why is Hardcastle at a loss to account for Marlow's reputation for modesty ? Was Marlow's behaviour justifiable ? Discuss.

Ans. Marlow and Hastings were two young men. They were going to the house of Mr. Hardcastle who was an old friend of Mr. Marlow's father. The purpose of Mr. Marlow's journey was to propose marriage with Hardcastle's daughter. Hastings accompanied him because his beloved, too, happened to stay there. They had never seen Hardcastle before, nor had the latter ever seen them. But Hardcastle had heard much of Marlow's modesty. He was very glad over the proposal of marriage between Marlow and his daughter. He already knew of his intended visit. Hence when the guests arrived, he welcomed them at the gate.

But, as chance would have it, Marlow and his friend mistook Hardcastle's house to be an inn. They had brought with them many changes of clothes of attractive colours, and cut according to the latest fashion. Since they were on a campaign of love, they began to discuss as to what colours would make their attack effective, and enable them to achieve their object. Hearing the word 'campaign" Hardcastle started relating the stories of military campaigns. But the young man paid no heed to his narrative. Hardcastle got puzzled over Marlow's behaviour. He did not know of the mistake which the fellow had committed. Hence he took offence at his misconduct. Marlow's behaviour was far from being modest. It was positively impertinent and insulting. He had proved contrary to Hardcastle's expectations.

Meanwhile, Marlow ordered a glass of punch. Punch was a strong liquor, which sober gentlemen were not expected to take. This confused Hardcasele all the more. Not only this, Marlow further asked Hardcastle about meals and Hastings called for the list of food. Both the friends criticised the dishes in one way or the other, till they disapproved of them all. Hardcastle's anger was beyond limit. However, he kept quiet, and endured calmly. Further, Marlow asked Hardcastle to see whether his beddings were aired, and demanded that he himself would look into them. That was too much for Hardcastle. He could ill pocket the insult. It was not modesty but impudence. Nevertheless, he spoke nothing, and silently attended to what Marlow ordered.

Marlow, however, was not much to blame for his misconduct or impudence. It was the result of his mistake. If he had not mistaken the house for an inn, and had known that the man was going to be his father-in-law, he would have behaved quite differently.

Q. 10. What is a satire? Discuss it with referenc: to *The Academy of Lagado*.

Ans. Satire is a form of writing that aims at ridiculing foolish persons, customs or beliefs. Its purpose is

to hold them to mockery. It thus becomes an effective weapon for social reform. Criticism is something serious but satire makes a light and amusing reading. It points out some weakness, individual or national. Its picture is neither revolting nor hateful. It is simply amusing so that the absurdity may directly come home to us, so much so that we like and laugh it away in scorn.

Gulliver's Travels, from which *The Academy of Lagado* is extracted, is the greatest satire in the English language. Here in this extract we are shown the folly and vanity of man. Man takes pride in his power of invention. He takes to artificial methods to make life more comfortable. He directs his energies towards various discoveries and researches. But the very fun is that in spite of all his labour and mechanical devices, life is not made happier. We simply laugh when we notice the foolishness of an inventor of the academy to draw out sunbeams from vegetables and keep them in bottles. It was a silly invention. Again, we are amused at the absurdity of the research on which another man was engaged. It was an architect who began at the roof and worked downwards. In the same way, we laugh at the foolish scheme that one had invented for the ploughing of fields with pigs. Another still had planned to weave and spin cloth with the help of spiders. Some others had taken to simplifying the language. But the best of the jest was that all there experiments meant more labour, more expense, and more time. Hence the absurdity and folly of the inventions, wh ch it is the aim of satire to show.

Q. 11. Give a description of the various professors that Gulliver met during his visit to the Academy of Lagado. Also discuss the futility of their researches.

Ans. When Gulliver visited the University of Lagado, he was introduced to various professors working there. They were engaged on foolish projects. For instance, the first man that he saw was a thin figure whose hands and face were black due to soot. He was trying to extract sunbeams from the vegetables, and then to put them in

closer bottles. His scheme was to release them in damp weather. What a foolish attempt !

The next man was an architect. He had invented a new method of building houses. He saw that if spiders and bees could begin their houses from the top, why could'nt he do the same ? Hence he was busy with the research of beginning the house from the roof and working downwards to the foundation.

He next came to a person who was blind from birth. He had a number of blind students around him. He was teaching them how to distinguish colours by smelling and feeling.

Another was busy with quite a new experiment of ploughing the ground with pigs. His method was to bury seeds of chestnuts at a distance of six inches, and then to drive six hundred pigs into the fields. They would root up the whole ground while searching for their food. In this way the field was to be ploughed without the help of oxen.

Then Gulliver went into another room. There was an inventor whose plan was to spin cloth with the help of spiders. Nay, he was thinking even to dye it with them. For this purpose the spiders were to be fed on coloured flies which again should be fed on gums and oils.

Gulliver walked on to another part of the academy. There was a professor who had invented a new device by which illiterate persons were able to write on philosophical subjects without the help of ability or mind.

From here Gulliver went to the school of Languages. There were three professors who were discussing ways and means to simplify the language. Their first scheme was to drop verbs and adjectives. Nouns are enough to convey sense. But their second plan was still more ridiculous. It was that since words tend to wear out our lungs, we should completely do away with the language. There was no necessity of language when we could express ourselves equally well with the help of articles which we can carry with ourselves. Its advantage was that it could serve as an international

language. Just with the show of articles men of one country can talk with those of another with no difficulty or labour. How foolish and amusing the scheme was! In short, such were the ridiculous projects and experiments that the professors here were engaged on.

Q. 12. Write a critical appreciation of the poem entitled *Us Two*.

Ans. The author of this poem is A. A. Milne. A. A. Milne is famous for writing poems and stories for children. The peculiar charm of the poem under study is that it has a special appeal to children. It expresses the innocence and simplicity of the child in a faithful manner.

There is a child who loves his toy bear. He has a liking for it, because the latter always agrees with him. Whatever he wants to say, there is Pooh (the toy bear) to agree with him and confirm his opinions. If he wants to cross the river in search of dragons, there is Pooh to accompany him. If he thinks of frightening the dragons, Pooh seems to echo his feeling and starts frightening them. If he says that he is not afraid, Pooh readily answers that it too is never afraid with him.

The main quality of the poem is that it voices the feelings of a child. The child has many childish (foolish) desires with which the grown-ups cannot agree. But here is his Pooh that offers an ideal companionship for him. It does not differ with him. It disapproves of nothing which the child does or says. It has completely identified itself with the various interests and pursuits of the child. He enjoys the air of freedom in the company of the toy. Hence his love for it.

Q. 13. Attempt a critical appreciation of the poem *The Old Sailor*.

Ans. A. A. Milne, the writer of the poem, makes a delightful study of human character. In quite an amusing way he gives a description of the inconstant

behaviour of an old sailor. There was once an old sailor whose ship had sunk in the ocean. He lived for weeks on a lonely island. There he needed many things for his living. He had a long list of requirements, but did not know which to begin first. He thought of a hat to protect him from the sun. But soon he had a desire for breeches, then for nets, then for hooks to catch turtles with, and then a host of other articles. But before he could realise any, he felt thirsty and set out in search of a spring. Soon he felt lonely and thought of a goat or some chickens and sheep to talk to. Then he thought of making a hut to be safe from savages, and a door against snakes.

The result of all this fickleness was that when he took to doing one thing, he remembered another, and then another, and then another. He concentrated on nothing. He began everything, but when he had done anything on it, he left it in consideration of another.

In the end he thought of a boat for his escape. But a boat meant a sail. Hence he started making needles and thread for a sail. But he had scarcely begun them when he remembered some other thing and left them. As a result he could do nothing and simply basked in the sun till he was rescued by some passing ship.

A. A. Milne sketches a beautiful character of a wavering mind. Inconsistency and indecisiveness are great weaknesses which the poet laughs at. The poem is an amusing and delightful reading. It aims at a moral through the description of a weak-natured man. Hence its appeal to children and grown-ups alike.

Q. 14. "The last sight of which men are likely to grow tired is a harbour." Discuss the statement in the light of Robert Lynd's description of the herring fleet.

Ans. The harbour with fishing boats floating all around presents a charming scene. Every day people come here in crowds to enjoy the fishing sight. As the fishermen hurry along and pass briskly to and fro, the whole harbour appears to have awakened into life. Boats lie side by side in long rows. With the rising of the tide, the boats start moving with bells ringing one after another. The fishermen make for their boats. They

come in sea-boats and in clothes of showy colours. They have a coat over them with a blue jersey under it.

Now if the tide is full, the fishermen reach their boats through rowing-boats. But in case the water is shallow, they walk up to their boats through splashing waves. Soon the boats begin to move one after another like pigeons fluttering in the air and following one another. Every type of boat is seen. Motor-boats, rowing-boats, sailing-boats and steamboats—all move in a procession and make a sight to look worth looking at.

As night approaches, flickering lights begin to glow in every boat. In the midst of darkness they look like so many dancing stars. The next morning people again throng the harbour to see the result of the previous night's fishing. Fishermen are seen very busy over their fish. They go on throwing fish after fish into the bottom of their boats. Then the fish are filled into great blue boxes. Thence they are carried to places where they are sold in open auction. The boxes are taken a few yards farther. Here women are busy filling the fish into barrels. These barrels are transferred to the carts that have already crowded there. When the barrels are loaded, the carts move to the railway station. The cartmen appear to be in great hurry. Their only thought is to run fast and come back for another turn. There is excitement everywhere. The fishermen are excited, the cartmen are excited—nay, even the horses seem excited.

Q. 15. Give a critical appreciation of the poem entitled *A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.*

Ans. *A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea* is a stirring sea-song written by Allan Cunningham. The poet expresses his desire to set sail in a stormy weather. He is for tides and tempests. "A soft and gentle wind" has no appeal to him. It is women's desire to have smooth sailing. As a gallant sailor he delights in

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that blows fast

And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast.

He finds great pleasure in battling against the tidal waves and weathering violent storms of the sea. Mariners (sailors) are merry men. The world of waters is their home. The hollow oak meaning the ship) is their palace. If so, then let the breezes blow furiously, white waves heave high, wind pipe loud, and the lightning flash free! The poet longs for them. When the call comes, he hastens to the ship that flies "like an eagle free".

Q. 16. Describe the various difficulties that Belloc had to face to reach the *Griffin*. Also discuss how he missed the sight and consoled himself.

Ans. Belloc was asked by a specialist to go to the city of March and see the inn, called the *Griffin*. Belloc accordingly set out to the England which is a marshy district in England. He came to a great ditch that lay in his way. He wandered hither and thither for a long time along its banks. He enquired about March and about the *Griffin*, but to no purpose. He came to a place called Oxlode. He saw a boat lying there. But who could take him across the dyke? The ferrymen were unwilling. However, a man came to his rescue, and ferried him to the other side. Belloc asked him if he know where the *Griffin* was. The fellow laughed, and pointed him to the village of Monea. Belloc walked up to this village. But there, too, no one could give him any clue to the *Griffin*. He met an old man who asked him to go to the cross-roads. Having passed them towards March, he was to ask again. Belloc acted accordingly. He moved for hours on end. At last, he saw a baker's cart. He stopped it. The cartman appeared to be very poor. Belloc gave him some money and got into the cart. By this time, he had realised that the *Griffin* was a mystery. Its name should not be mentioned straightaway. Hence with a view to putting the question indirectly, Belloc entered into a conversation about various things. At last, when the ground was paved for the direct question, he suddenly asked where the *Griffin* was. The cartman knew little of it, but undertook to hand him,

in the next village, to another man who would be going through March. At the promised place, Belloc was seated into another cart. Its horse, however, ran so fast that it was after some time that he learnt that the *Griffin* was left behind.

Belloc had missed the opportunity of seeing the *Griffin*. He felt sorry over the loss of the opportunity. Nevertheless, he comforted himself with an imaginative picture of the *Griffin*. He visualised it as an inn with low rooms, dreamy fires and chimney corners. He pictured wooden beds, curtains and candles wheat, milk and butter. True, the *Griffin* was not for him to see. But there was the vision that more than compensated for the loss. But alas ! fancy too has its own limits. Deep within his heart, there yet lay the longing for the real *Griffin*.

Q 17. Write a critical appreciation of the poem *The Vagabond*.

Ans. The poem expresses the inner urge of the vagabond's soul. The vagabond loves a care-free and wandering life. He likes to roam in the open. His only desire is to have the " jolly heaven above " and the road below him. He would love to lie in the bush and see the stars above. His being a free and unconfined life, he would like, in hunger, to soak his bread in the water of the river flowing by.

The vagabond has no worldly ambition. He seeks neither wealth, nor hope, nor love. He loves to live without a companion. None of these things have any attraction for him. His inner self calls for an out door life. True, such life is full of hardships and dangers. There may be inclemencies of weather. There may be autumn "biting the blue finger." The field may be frosty, and the cold unbearable. But he would surrender to none—not even to death, not to the misfortunes lying in wait for him. He repeats his desire and says :

All I ask, the heaven above,
And the road below me.

Q. 18. Describe the various adventures that a shilling experienced in the course of its life.

Ans. A shilling relates the story of its life. It says that it was born in a hillside near Peru. From there it was taken to England in a lump of silver under the protection of Sir Francis Drake. It was minted into a shilling with the face of Elizabeth on one of its sides. Thence began the tale of its adventures. It travelled from pocket to pocket for five years. In the beginning of the sixth year, it unfortunately fell into the hands of a miser. He locked it up in an iron chest where lay five hundred more of its kind. After an imprisonment of seven years, it was lucky enough to find its freedom. The miser was dead. His heir opened the box and spent it the same day. It was given to an innkeeper in exchange for a bottle of wine. The innkeeper gave it to a grocer, the grocer to a butcher, the butcher to a baker, and the baker to his wife, who made a present of it to a priest. In this way it changed many hands and passed through many places.

In the course of its travels, it came into the hands of a foolish old woman who shut it up in a dirty purse. After some time, it was exchanged for forty-eight farthings. During the Civil War it was used against the king. After many wanderings, however, it was sent to a young man along with a will. According to the will, the man was being dispossessed of his parental property. This offended him so much that he threw the shilling far away. It fell into some unfrequented place, where it lay undiscovered during the rule of Oliver Cromwell.

During the restoration of Charles II, it was picked up by a poor gentleman. By this time it had grown old. It was used as a counter by the gamblers. Later, to its misfortune, it fell into the hands of a man who disfigured it. It was thrown into the fire. It was re-minted. It was once given to a poet who was so charmed by its glaring beauty that he composed a poem on it. At another time it was given in charity to a blind man who received it in a hat and mingled it among a pennyworth of farthings.

Q. 19. Describe the various trials and sufferings that Maeldune passed through before he realised the significance of forgiveness.

Ans. Maeldune was the chief of the Isle of Finn. His father had been killed by the chief of another island. He took a number of brave followers and set out to avenge the death of his father. But as they came near the shore of that island, strong wind suddenly drove their ship far out into the sea.

They wandered from island to island and underwent untold miseries and hardships. They first came to the Silent Isle. There was no sound of any kind. The men of Maeldune could hardly speak. They got so angry that they began to kill one another. Then they sailed to another island. It was the Shouting Isle. Wild birds shouted so loudly that men died and the cattle went lame—nay, even the houses fell due to the shock that they received. Maeldune's men, too, started shouting and began to kill one another. Then they left the island and came to the Isle of Flowers. The whole place was covered with flowers ; but there was no fruit, nor a drop of water to drink. They sailed away and reached the Isle of Fruit. They ate the fruit greedily. But the fruit had some intoxicating property. Maeldune's followers went crazy. Again, they began to kill one another. Maeldune left the island. Now they came to the Isle of Fire. They felt giddy with the intoxication of the fruit. So some of them jumped into the fire. They sailed away from that place too. They passed over a beautiful island under the sea. There were silent fields and quiet palaces. In spite of Maeldune, however, three of his best followers jumped into the sea. They came to the Bounteous Isle. Here nature was very kind, people got their meals without work. They soon got tired and began to play the game of war, in which many men were again killed. Thence they reached the Isle of Double Towers. Every now and then there was an earthquake in the island. The towers struck together and the bells rang. This filled them with the passion for war. As a result, a number of his followers were again killed.

At last, after so many sufferings and hardships that they got in the course of their visit to various islands, they came to the Isle of a Saint. This saint reminded Maeldune of the commandment of God that it was for Him to avenge people. He was the best judge anp well knew whom to punish. The saint dwelt upon the ʌirtue of forgiveness. He told Maeldune that if revenge thus continued, there would be no end to murder and bloodl-shed. This advice worked well with him. He realised the folly and wastefulness of revenge and understood the significance of forgiveness. He repented for his sin. Wisdom dawned upon him. He found himself a better and wiser man than ever.

Q. 20 Write a critical appreciation of the poem entitied *The Voyage of Maeldune*.

Ans. The poem narrates the story of Maeldune's voyage to avenge the death of his father. Maeldune was the chief of the Isle of Finn. He collected some brave people from his island and set sail to the island where his enemy lived. But it so happened that as Maeldune and his men reached the shore there suddenly arose a strong wind that drove their ship far away into the boundless sea. They wandered from island to island. They passed through the Silent Isle, Isle of Shouting, Isle of Flowers, Isle of fruits, Isle of Fire, Bounteous Isie and Isle of the Double Towers. They had to pass through numerous trials and sufferings. In every island lay a number of hardships in store for them. They left every island in utter dissatisfaction and with a considerable loss of men. There was no island but added to their grief.

At last they came to an island where a saint lived. He asked Maeldune to stop his foolish pursuit for vengeance He had a new wisdom to offer—the revelation of forgiveness. He brought home to him not only the futility of his voyage but told him that if such revenge continued, there would be no end to murder. Vengeance was for God. He alone would judge and punish the sinful. How appealing are the words of the saint—

And he spoke to me. 'O Maeldune, let be this
purpose of thine !

Remember the words of the Lord when he told us "Vengeance is mine!"
His fathers have slain thy fathers, in war or in single strife,
Thy fathers have slain his fathers, how long shall the murder last?

These words carried conviction to Maeldune and impressed upon him the desirability of forgiveness. He repented for his folly and decided to forget the past. As a result, a deadly quarrel which had already lasted through many generations was at length peacefully settled.

The poem is thus a vigorous argument fer forgiveness. 'To err is human, to forgive divine' says a poet; and Tennyson illustrates the wastefulness of vengeance through a series of hardships that Maeldune had to encounter.

III. EXPLANATIONS WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

1. The fellow gazed at me with a look of foolish ferocity, and appeared to be hesitating whether to strike or not. Before he could make up his mind, the tall girl stepped forward, crying, "He is making fun of you! Let me at him!" and before I could put myself on my guard, she struck me a blow on the face which nearly brought me to the ground. (Page 9.)

Expl. These lines have been taken from *The Flaming Tinman* written by George Borrow.

The Tinman came to the valley where Borrow had pitched his tent and set up as a tinker. The Tinman wanted to beat him so that he might either give up his business or leave the place. While the Tinman stood there along with his two wives, Belle and Moll, George Borrow began to cut jokes with Belle. She was a young lady of eighteen. She was attractive and good-looking. She got offended at Borrow's attempt at love-making. She started to lay on Borrow, but was prevented by her husband who said that he would himself deal with the man.

The Tinman looked furiously at Borrow. He advanced towards him. There was something ghostly about the place. This caused him to hesitate. Belle could wait no further. She stepped forward and delivered such a blow on his face that Borrow almost fell down on the ground.

2. *'I'm for fairplay and Long Melford,' said the other. 'If your old man, as you call him, could have settled the boy fairly, he might, for all I should have cared; but no foul work for me! And as for setting on the boy with our knives when he comes back, as you proposed, I'm not so fond of your old man or you that I should oblige you in it to my soul's destruction.* (Page 16)

Expl. Reference same as above.

George Borrow and the Tinman fought for a long time, till the latter lay stretched unconscious on the ground. Borrow ran out to fetch water to restore him to his senses. During his absence, a hot conversation took place between Belle and Moll. Moll scolded Belle for her interference, and held her responsible for their husband's defeat. She asked Belle that when Borrow returned they must attack him with their knives and kill him. Belle replied that she was for fair play. She added that if her husband had defeated Borrow in a fair fight, she would not have cared at all for that. But she could not endure a foul game. As regards her proposal of murder, she said that she was not prepared to act upon it. She was not so fond of her husband that she should commit murder and suffer punishment in the next world, just for his sake. She, therefore, refused to accept the suggestion that Moll had given her.

3. *I remember on this occasion, although my appetite was so good as to be a joking matter, that I wanted no food except half a biscuit, two lumps of sugar, and a handful of snow. I think when men are enduring extra fatigue or doing extra hard work, the less they eat for a start, the better.*

(Page 27.)

Expl. These lines have been taken from *Mountains and Man* written by Commander Worseley. In this article

the writer gives an account of the various adventures that Shackleton and his party experienced in the course of their expedition to the Antarctic. They wanted to cross South Georgia. How to find a way through, was the problem. There stood before them five rocky crags. There were openings or gaps between each of them. They set out to the first gap in the hope of finding a way. But when they reached there, they found that the descent on the other side was impossible. Hence they retreated, and made for the next gap. Just half way up Shackleton ordered a meal. Worseley had no mind to eat anything. Here he says that in general he had a good appetite. But on that occasion he had no desire for food. He wanted half a biscuit, a little sugar and some snow. He was of opinion that when one is engaged inn some laborious task, the less one eats, the better. It was for this reason that he avoided to take full ameal.

4. *Perish! and no one asks*
Who or what they have been,
More than he asks what waves,
In the moonlit solitudes mild
Of the midmost ocean, have swelled,
Foamed for a moment, and gone.

(Page 36.)

Expl. These lines have been extracted from the poem entitled *Rugby Chapel* written by Matthew Arnold. This poem was written by him in memory of his father. Describing how men live on the earth, the poet says that most of them move hither and thither without any aim. Many rise to some greatness and fall. But they do nothing great and worth remembering. Then they die and nothing remains of them. Then, just as people do not care to know about the rise and fall of the waves which might have disturbed the innersilence of the sea; and which lived for some time and died, similarly, no one cares to know about the rise and fall of these men who die after living a short aimless life.

5. *Ah yes, some of us strive*
Not without action to die

Fruitless, but something to snatch
From dull oblivion, nor all
Glut the devouring grave !

(Page 36.)

Expl. Reference same as above. It is a matter of pleasure that some of us do not lead useless lives. They do something which saves their names from being completely forgotten by the people after their death. All persons are not eaten up by the grave when they die. Some of them are such that the grave cannot eat them. These men live even after their death by virtue of their useful actions.

6. *Roaring torrents have breached*
The track -the stream-bed descends
In the place where the wayfarer once
Planted his footsteps--the spray
Boils o'er its borders ! aloft,
The unseen snow-beds dislodge
Their hanging ruin ;—alas,
Havoc is made in our train !
Friends who set forth at our side
Falter, are lost in the storm !

(Page 37.)

Expl. Reference same as above. The poet says that the persons, whose useful actions live even after their death, are those who choose to follow the path of progress. It is a path which is as difficult and slippery as a path over snow-covered mountains. If we follow this, it leads us through so many difficulties. Suppose we begin to follow a mountain path accompanied by our friends. What happens ? We run so many risks. When we reach the top, a storm comes and we fall down. Rushing streams of water break our path and begin to flow down in the place where one of our friends stood before. Drops of water begin to fly up at the edges of the cut caused in the path as the stream strikes rocks and a rushing river is formed. Above us, the layers of snowfall invisibly remove the large hanging rocks which mean ruin for those upon whom they fall. Many of the party are killed. So dangerous is this path of progress !

7. *On—and nightfall, at last,*
Come to the end of our way,
To the lonely inn ' mid the rocks ;
Where the gaunt and taciturn host
Stands on the threshold, the wind
Shaking his thin white hairs—
Holds his lantern to scan
Our storm-beat figures, and asks :
Whom in our party we bring ?
Whom we have left in the snow ?

(Page 37.)

Expl. Reference same as above. Most of the travellers are lost on the way because they lose courage and others are too weak to help them. Only those who are determined to reach the goal march on even though they feel that they have grown weak. At nightfall they reach their goal—a lonely inn, the City of God. At this inn stands the thin host, who is used to keeping silent and who has grown old and weak—so weak that his thin white hair tremble in the winds. He lifts up his lantern to examine our weak and tired figures and asks us who our companions are and whom we have left behind. This host is of man's life who keeps on watching our actions silently but, at the end, asks us what we have done. The inn is the City of God.

8. *Therefore to thee it was given*
Many to save with thyself ;
And, at the end of the day,
Oh faithful shepherd ! to come
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand. (Page 38.)

Expl. Reference same as above. Describing the qualities of his father, Dr. Arnold, says that if he was pained while passing his life in this world, he noticed that he had to work hard. Sometimes he met disappointment. But the people saw none of these signs on his face. It was for this reason that he came to have the strength to take care of other people who needed his help. Not only this, but he even took them to their

goal along with him. He did not allow them to fall or get lost on the way, but guided them like a faithful shepherd. The idea is that he did not save his soul alone but brought salvation to others as well.

9. What quarrel, what unkindness, what unbelief in each other can endure in the presence of a great calamity, when all the artificial covering of our life is stripped away, and we are all one with each other in simple mortal needs.

(Page 49.)

Expl. This passage occurs in *The Flood* written by George Eliot. When Maggie was expelled from her house by her brother, she took shelter in the house of Bob Jakin. At night there came a flood. She took hold of a boat and set out to save her brother. As she rowed on, she thought of no danger and felt no bodily sensation. The only thing that she thought of was the rescue of her brother. Besides, she had a dim possibility of a reconciliation with her brother. She knew that when human beings are under the shadow of a great catastrophe, they can ill afford to think of petty differences. The artificial laws and restrictions of society are soon cast aside. They are all united under the necessity of mutual help. She, therefore, thought that in the event of the calamity of flood, her brother would forget past grievances. He would remember of no quarrel and of no family disgrace. She hoped, therefore, to be re-united to her brother.

10. It came with so overpowering a force—it was such a new revelation to his spirit of the depths in life that had lain beyond his vision, which he had fancied so keen and clear—that he was unable to ask a question.

(Page 53.)

Expl. Reference same as above. When Maggie came with a boat to her old house, she called out her brother Tom. Tom came down and got into her boat. He took hold of the oar and himself began to row. Tom sat face to face with his sister. It was at this time that he remembered his unkind treatment with his sister He had vowed

never to meet her again. But the irony was that he found safety at the very hands of Maggie whom he had refused to see. The new world of sympathy and sentiment lay revealed on his mind. The world of business was gone. Instead of it, there was the passion of love and the spirit of sacrifice. He was so much absorbed in the thoughts of this new world that he forgot to ask anything from Maggie.

11. *Sunset and evening star,*
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

(Page 58.)

Expl. This stanza has been taken from the poem entitled *Crossing the Bar* written by Lord Tennyson.

The poet feels that the end of his life is approaching. He says that he is waiting for the hour when the sun of his life sets for ever, and he receives the final call for the other world. Now he wishes that when he sets out on his final journey, he might not have to face the dangers of the sandbanks on the mouth of the harbour. That is to say, when he is on the point of death, he might not have to pass through mental sufferings. He wishes to die a quiet death.

12. *But such a tide as moving seems asleep,*
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

(Page 58.)

Expl. Reference same as above. The poet prays for a peaceful journey to the other world. He says that when he has set out to the sea, the tide may be calm; so that when the ship sets out on its final voyage, it may have a smooth sailing. The poet means to say that when he dies, he may have full faith in God. Let there be no disbeliefs or doubts to disturb his soul in the hour of death.

13. *Twilight and evening bell,*
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

(Page 58.)

Expl. Reference same as above. The poet awaits the hour of his death. After the sun of his life is set, he shall have the darkness of the grave. But he prays to God that when he sets sail on his last journey, the people left behind might not bewail his death. They should bear the loss in a spirit of cheerful and calm resignation.

14. *On ordinary occasions he was timid and even awkward in his manners, but here he was 'at ease in his inn', and felt called upon to show his manhood and play the experienced traveller.*

(Page 62.)

Expl. This passage occurs in *The Mistakes of a Night* written by Washington Irving.

Here the writer describes the situation when Goldsmith mistook a gentleman's house for an inn. Since he mounted on horseback and had money in his pocket, he became so vain that he forgot himself. He wanted to look like an independent traveller. He entered the house in a lordly manner. He ordered supper to be served to him. Goldsmith, by nature, was a timid man, and his manners were ridiculous. But now, on this occasion, he appeared to be self-confident. He had an air of self-importance about him. In fact, it was the very time when he thought he should behave like a grown-up gentleman and an experienced traveller.

15. *But the world would soon realise its usefulness, and he felt certain that a more noble and inspiring thought never sprang in any other man's head. Everyone knew how laborious the usual method is of mastering arts and sciences, whereas by his invention the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge and with a little bodily labour, may write in philosophy, poetry, politics, law, mathematics, and divinity, without the least assistance from ability or study.*

(Page 81.)

Expl. This passage has been taken from *The Academy of Lagado* written by Jonathan Swift. Here he gives a description of Gulliver's visit to the University of Lagado. He says that when Gulliver came to this academy, he was introduced to various inventors and professors working on their experiments. He met a professor who was employed on a new method by which one could obtain abstract knowledge through a mechanical device that he was inventing. He spoke very highly of his great invention. He said that his plan would become popular. The world would soon realise the usefulness of his method. He was confident that such an experiment could not have occurred to any other man in the whole world. The learning of arts and sciences was a laborious process. It required understanding and hard work on the part of the learner. But his method needed no ability, no intelligence and no study. Just on a little payment and with little physical labour, any illiterate man could write on philosophy, poetry, politics, religion, or any other abstract subject.

16. *He began on a needle, but thought as he worked,*
That, if this was an island where savages lurked,
Sitting safe in his hut he'd have nothing to fear,
Whereas now they might suddenly breathe in his ear!

(Page 92.)

Expl. This stanza occurs in the poem *The Old Sailor* written by A. A. Milne. The poet gives an amusing character-sketch of a fickle-minded old sailor. The sailor happened to live on an island for weeks. He was all alone there. He needed many things, but did not know which to begin first. He worked at one thing and left it for another. Now he thought he must have a boat. But a boat required a sail, and a sail meant needles and thread. Hence he began to work on a needle. But he had hardly worked on it when he thought of savages who might be hiding in that island. How to protect himself from these wild people? He thought of building a cottage, for therein he felt safe against the attacks of wild men and beasts. He wanted to be as quick as possible, for it was likely that they could come there any moment all of a sudden.

17. *These lights can no more keep still than a playground of children. They always make a pattern on the water, but they never make the same pattern. Sometimes they lengthen themselves against the sandy shore on the far side of the bay into a golden river. Sometimes they bunch together into a little procession of priests carrying candles* --
(Page 98.)

Expl. This passage has been extracted from the essay *The Herring Fleet* written by Robert Lynd. The writer draws a beautiful picture of the fishing-boats as they stand or move across the harbour. During the daytime they have quite an attractive sight to offer. But at night, too, theirs is no less a charming scene. They are seen with lamps burning in them. Because of the constant movement of the waves, these lights appear to be in constant motion. Just as on the playground, children are always seen running to and fro, so the lights of the boats move up and down the surface of the water. The light in the boats makes a shadow on water that forms itself into one design or the other. These designs are always changing. Sometimes as the light falls on a sandy shore on the far side of the gulf, it appears like a bright river of golden colour. Sometimes, the boats move together. Their lights look like a religious procession of catholic priests when they carry candles to the church.

18. *The ship was a sign of man's searching stomach before it was a sign of his searching soul. He was a hungry man, not a poet, when he built the harbour. Luckily, the harbour made a poet of him. Sails gave him wings. He learned to traffic for wonders. He became a traveller. He told tales. He discovered the romance of horizons.*
(Page 100.)

Expl. Reference same as above. The writer describes the romance of the harbour. But, says he, at first man built ships in order to catch fish and search the sea for food. It was later that he found romance in the sea. He used it in search of knowledge and for the satisfaction of his soul. He learnt to carry on his trade through the sea. He used it for purposes of discovering new lands

and new waters. He became an explorer. He went round the world and related strange stories about strange places that he visited. In short, he found a great romance in waters. From a hungry man he became a romantic poet.

19. *There's tempest in you horned moon,*
And lightning in you cloud ;
But hark the music, mariners !
The wind is piping loud ;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

(Page 104.)

Expl. This stanza has been taken from the poem *A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea* written by Allan Cunningham.

The poet has an urge for setting sail through stormy waters. He wants to set out to the sea when winds are blowing violenty and waves rising furiously. He is very fond of plunging into the perils of storm. He is very glad to see the new moon hidden in stormy clouds. These clouds are full of thunder and lightning. He asks his brother sailors to listen to the music produced by the blowing of the wind. A fearless sailor, as he is, he feels immensely delighted at the flashes of lightning. He says that as long as the ship is his palace, he would be simply happy to voyage on the high seas.

20. *These dykes of the Fens are accursed things ; they are the separation of friends and lovers. Here is a man whose friend would come and sit by his fireside at evening and drink with him, a custom perhaps of twenty years' standing, where there comes another man from another part armed with public power, and digs between a trench too wide to jump and too soft to wade. The Fens are full of such tragedies.*

(Page 108.)

Expl. This passage has been taken from *The Griffin* written by Hillaire Belloc.

Th writer had set out to the town of March in order to enjoy the sight of the *Griffin* which was an inn in Fenland. But he could not go much further, because of the great ditch lying in his way. The writer feels that these ditches are something very evil. They are a barrier between friend an l friend. The worst side of the tragedy is that these dykes (ditches) are man-made. They make a sudden appearance. For instance, a man has come to meet his friend. According to the custom of the country, he sits by the fireside and enjoys a drink. Meanwhile, some officers come and dig deep trenches. The poor fellow is taken unawares. He cannot get back. For the trenches are so wide that he cannot pass across them. They are so muddy that if he swims through them he would get stuck up in the soft earth. These places are full of such tragic accidents.

21. It is better to believe than to handle or to see. I will declare with the tongue of faith that the Griffin is, as it were, the captain and chief of these plains, and has just managed to touch perfection in all the qualities that an inn should achieve. I am speaking not of what I know by the doubtful light of physical experience, but of what I have seen with the inward eye and felt by something that excels mere taste and touch. (Page 112.)

Expl. Reference same as above. Belloc sat in a cart that was passing through the town of March. He had a desire to see the *Griffin*. But the horse of the cart ran so fast that when it stopped he learnt that the *Griffin* was left behind. The writer feels that the opportunity of seeing the *Griffiin* was gone. But he does not want to be sad, even though he had missed the sight that he had long aspired for. He still believed that he saw the *Griffin*. He saw it with his mental eye. And the imaginative picture of the inn was much more perfect than the real one. He fancied it as being an ideal inn, furnished with all the paraphernalia of luxuries. He had its experience not with the ontward eye, but with the inward eye or the eye of imagination. The fanciful picture is naturally more attractive and more perfect.

22. *Let the blow fall soon or late,*
Let what will be o'er me ;
Give the face of earth around
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me ;
All I seek, the heaven above,
And the road below me. (Page 118.)

Expl. These lines occur in the poem entitled *The Vagabond* written by R. L. Stevenson.

The poet has an urge for life. His only desire is to wander about, and lead a care-free life. He does not worry about the stroke of death. Let it come to him. It is bound to come sooner or later. Come what may, he would not think about the future. He only longs for the open surface of the earth, and a road that he may wander about. He has no worldly temptation or ambition. He cares neither for worldly fortune, nor for hope, nor for love, nor for a friend either. All that he demands is the sky above him, and the road before him.

23. *The young fellow, who I found was very extravagant, made a great show of joy at receiving the will ; but opening it, he found himself disinherited, and cut off from the possession of a fair property, by virtue of my being made a present to him.* (Page 123.)

Expl. This passage has been taken from the essay *Adventures of a Shilling* written by Joseph Addison. The writer gives an account of the various adventures and changes of fortune that a shilling experienced. It passed many hands, and wandered from pocket to pocket. After many adventures, it was sent to a young man along with a will. His father had lately died. The young fellow was a spend-thrift. He was very glad to have received the shilling. But when he read the will, he found himself deprived of the whole property. His father had disinherited him and left him that very shilling as a mark of dispossessing him of all the parental property.

24. *Once in an hour they cried, and whenever their voices peeled*
The steer fell down at the plough, and the harvest died from the field.
And the men dropped dead in the valleys, and half of the cattle went lame,
And the roof sank in on the hearth, and the dwelling broke into flame.
(Page 134.)

Expl. These lines have been taken from the poem entitled *The Voyage of Maeldune* written by Lord Tennyson.

The poem describes the various sufferings and hardships that Maeldune experienced in his voyage. Maeldune, the chief of the Isle of Finn had set out to avenge the death of his father. He wasted many of his men and much of his time in wandering from island to island. He came to the Isle of Shouting. As Maeldune's men landed, they saw that a number of wild birds shouted with human voices. They cried once in an hour. But so great was the shock of their loud cries that even bulls got frightened, and fell down while ploughing the fields. The green corn withered away. Terror-stricken, men fell down dead in the valleys. Not only this, but the effect of the terrible shock was that the cattle became lame, and the houses caught fire.

25. *And we stayed three days, and we gorged and we maddened, till every one drew*
His sword on his fellow to slay him, and ever they struck and they slew,
And myself, I had eaten but sparely, and fought till I sundered the fray,
Then I had them remember my father's death and we sailed away.
(Page 136.)

Expl. Reference same as above. After wandering over various islands, Maeldune reached the Island of Fruits. Maeldune's followers saw that all the hills and valleys were full of fruits of all types. There were grapes,

melons, figs, plums, pears, apples and what not? They took to eating them quite greedily. But the fruits had some intoxicating quality. As a result, when these men took them excessively for three days, they went crazy. They lost their senses. In madness, they drew out their swords and began to kill one another. Luckily, however, Maeldune had eaten less. Of all the men, he was the only one in his senses. He intervened in the fight and separated his followers from one another. Then he reminded them of the purpose for which they had embarked on their voyage. Afterwards, they left the island.

26. *And he spoke to me: 'O Maeldune, let be this purpose of thine!*
Remember the words of the Lord when he told us "Vengeance is Mine!"
His fathers have slain thy fathers, in war or in single strife,
Thy fathers have slain his fathers, each taken a life for a life,
Thy father had slain his father, how long shall the murder last?
Go back to the Isle of Finn and suffer the past to be past.
(Page 139.)

Expl. Reference same as above. Maeldune and his followers suffered untold miseries as they went from one island to another. Every island was an ordeal to pass through. It was a foolish pursuit that they were engaged on. Many of the bravest men lost their lives. At last, they came to the Isle of a Saint. It was inhabited by a saint who was three hundred years old. His beard was long. His voice was low. His eyes were sweet. He felt unhappy over the ignoble purpose of Maeldune's journey. He reminded him of the words of the Holy Book, which says that it rests with God alone to take vengeance, to judge, and punish the guilty. He told Maeldune that so many generations had already suffered as a result of their family feuds and old hostilities. The two families had

been at war for a long time and had already caused much bloodshed and murder in either family. If vengeance followed every murder, there should be no end to these disputes. The saint then exhorted Maeldune to go back to his island and bury the hatchet. Let bygones be bygones. Let past differences and grievances be forgotten and forgiven.

VI. REVISION EXERCISES

A. Go through the vocabularies and put the words, where possible, to the following tests :—

1. Find other words of similar meaning.

(*i*) **Range** : ridge, crag, mountain.
(*ii*) **Top** : summit, peak.
(*iii*) **Association** : connexion, fellowship, union, companionship.
(*iv*) **Effort** : energy, activity, vigour, power.
(*v*) **Charity** : sympathy, kindness, pity.
(*vi*) **Valley** : gorge, dell.
(*vii*) **Dread** : fear, horror, fright.
(*viii*) **Disposition** : nature, humour, character.

2. Find other words of opposite meaning :—

(*i*) **Appear** : conceal, hide, lurk.
(*ii*) **Extinguish** : burn, illuminate, brighten, glow.
(*iii*) **Rise** : descend, fall, decline.
(*iv*) **Save** : squander, waste, ruin, spend.
(*v*) **Freeze** : thaw, melt, dissolve.
(*vi*) **End** : begin, commence, renew.

3. Find other words of the same root, but different parts of speech.

(*i*) **Imagine** : imagination, imaginativeness, imaginary.
(*ii*) **Act** : activity, action, active, actively, actor, actionable.
(*iii*) **Unite** : union, uniting.
(*iv*) **Conquer** : conquest, conquering, conqueror.

(*v*) **Succeed :** successive, succession, success, successful, successfully.
(*vi*) **Inherit :** inheritance, inheritor.
(*vii*) **Inform :** informer, informant, informing, information.

4. Use as different parts of speech, but keeping the same form :—

(*i*) **Rage :** He is in a great *rage*. (*N.*)
I like to sail the storms that *rage* in the sea. (*V.*)

(*ii*) **Catch :** Cats *catch* mice. (*V.*)
That was a good *catch*. (*N.*)

(*iii*) **Boat :** He crossed the river in a *boat*. (*N.*)
We should *boat* down the river. (*V.*)

(*iv*) **Care :** Do your work with more *care*. (*N.*)
I don't *care* what happens. (*V.*)

(*v*) **Round :** It was a *round* apple. (*Adj*)
He danced in a *round*. (*N.*)
Stones are *rounded* by the action of water. (*V.*)
There a is wall *round* the town. (*Prep.*)

(*vi*) **Stamp :** The manufacturers *stamp* their names on their goods. (*V.*)
His face bears the *stamp* of suffering. (*N.*)
A *stamp* act has already been passed in our country. (*Adj.*)

(*vii*) **Stand :** He was too weak to *stand*. (*V.*)
He made a *stand* against the enemy. (*N.*)

(*viii*) **Stare :** He wanted to *stare* at me. (*V.*)
I did not like his foolish *stare*. (*N.*)

(*ix*) **Start :** We must *start* early. (*V.*)
He had a *start* of ten yards. (*N.*)

(*x*) **Will :** Do what you *will*. (*V.*)

He has no *will* power. (*Adj.*)
He has no control over his *will*. (*N.*)

5. Find completely different meanings :—

(*i*) He was *obliged* to leave the place.
He *obliged* me with his favour.
(*ii*) He *charged* at him like a bull.
He *charged* me heavily for those articles.
(*iii*) He *suffers* from fever.
He *suffered* all those hardships with courage.
(*iv*) He *planted* this tree last year.
He *planted* his foot on my breast.
(*v*) He helped the *blind* man.
Please pull down the *blinds*.
(*vi*) He *settled* at Lahore.
He himself *settled* with the man.
The dispute was peacefully *settled*.

B. Find the words in the vocabularies which are the names of people, and describe their work .

An *ambassador* is a man who represents the government of his country in a foreign country.

A *gambler* is a person who tries to win money by playing games of chance.

A *humorist* is one who likes making, and playing jokes.

A *landlord* is a person who keeps an inn.
A *mariner* is a man who sails the ship.
An *author* is a man who writes books.
A *tinker* is a man who mends metal articles used in the kitchen.
A *conqueror* is a man who wins the fight.

A *commander* is a man who has the command of a ship, or some part of army.

A *mountaineer* is one who undertakes expeditions on the mountains.

A *biographer* is a man who records the life of someone.

A *politician* is a man who knows the science and art of government.

A *philosopher* is a man who loves wisdom and studies science which deals with the cause, nature, purpose, etc., of all life.

A *general* is a man who commands an army.

A *justice* is a man who has limited powers in some particular district.

A *professor* is a person who teaches on university level.

An *ancestor* is one who belongs to a past generation of one's family or nation.

An *auctioneer* is a man who sells things in public to a buyer who offers the highest price.

C. For answer to this exercise, please refer to the answer to a similar exercise in Part I.

D. For answer please refer to the answer to a similar exercise in Part I.

E. Go through all the exercises on expressions, and put each expression in a sentence of your own.

1. He *started to his feet*.
2. He finished the deed *in the twinkling of an eye*.
3. He tried to knock me *off my legs*.
4. Gulliver's travels *makes amusing reading*.
5. He asked me, *under the threat of* murder, to hand over all the money to him.
6. He *set up* as a cigarette dealer in my locality.
7. You should not leave the place *on their account*.
8. *I dare say* I could defeat him quite easily.
9. He set out on the journey *for all the world*.
10. He *was in a hurry* when he came to me.
11. He punished his son, as indeed *he well might*.
12. There was a stream *at hand*.
13. He said that he *meant me no harm*.
14. He had gone out a-hunting, and *no mistake*.
15. An old lady, as she was, she *could not be much under sixty*.

16. He could not *make up his mind* where to go.
17. He was *bent on killing* me.
18. When he fell into the well, he *gave himself up for dead*.
19. I am sorry I cannot *stand* this insult.
20. If he wants a job, he *had better go* to the Employment Exchange.

F. Answer.

1. If the road winds, they will take time to reach the house.
   If the road wound, they would take time to reach the house.
   If the road had wound, they would have taken time to reach the house.
2. If he holds fast, they will wind the thread.
   If he held fast, they would wind the thread.
   If he had held fast, they would have wound the thread.
3. If he leaves, they will bid him farewell.
   If he left, they would bid him farewell.
   If he had left, they would have bidden him farewell.
4. If he bids him, he will do the work.
   If he bade him, he would do the work.
   If he had bidden him, he would have done the work.
5. If he seeks the house, he will find it.
   If he sought the house, he would find it.
   If he had sought the house, he would have found it.
6. If he strives for success, he will achieve it.
   If he strove for success, he would achieve it.
   If he had striven for success, he would have achieved it.
7. If he slays his friend, he will repent.
   If he slew his friend, he would repent.

If he had slain his friend, he would have repented.

8. If he wrings the clothes, they will dry.
If he wrung the clothes, they would dry.
If he had wrung the clothes they would have dried.

9. If he clings to the rope, he will not slip.
If he clung to the rope, he would not slip.
If he had clung to the rope, he would not have slipped.

10. If I swear, I will make the boat
If I swore, I would make the boat.
If I had sworn, I would have made the boat.

11. If he weaves the cloth well, it will endure.
If he wove the cloth well, it would endure.
If he had woven the cloth well, it wolud have endured.

12. If he spins the thread carelessly, it will break.
If he spun the thread carelessly, it would break.
If he had spun the thread carelessly, it would have broken.

13. If he spins the coin, it will stand on its edge.
If he spun the coin, it would stand on its edge.
If he had spun the coin, it would have stood on its edge.

14. If you fling the jug, it will break.
If you flung the jug, it would break.
If you had flung the jug, it would have broken.

15. If he springs with the bamboo, he will reach the roof.
If he sprung with the bamboo, he would reach the roof.
If he had sprung with the bamboo, he would have reached the roof.

16. If the cock crows, I will hear it.
If the cock crowed, I would hear it.
If the cock had crowed, I would have heard it.

G. 1.

Words	*Verb*	*Words*	*Verb*	*Words*	*Verb*
list	*en*list	snare	*en*snare	close	*en*close
roll	*en*rol	title	*en*title	force	*en*force
courage	*en*courage	grave	*en*grave	fold	*en*fold
slave	*en*slave	case	*en*case	join	*en*join
trap	*en*trap	camp	*en*camp	joy	*en*joy

2.

hard	hard*en*	fast	fast*en*	white	whit*en*
slack	slack*en*	loose	loos*en*	wide	wid*en*
dark	dark*en*	sad	sadd*en*	short	short*en*
light	light*en*	glad	gladd*en*	length	length*en*
weak	weak*en*	black	black*en*	broad	broad*en*

3.

glow	*a*glow	bridge	*a*bridge	right	*a*right
blaze	*a*blaze	bound	*a*bound	rise	*a*rise
back	*a*back	light	*a*light	wake	*a*wake
base	*a*base	pace	*a*pace	stir	*a*stir
flame	*a*flame	new	*a*new	stern	*a*stern

4. 5.

mark	*re*mark	fine	*re*fine	senior	senior-*most*
mind	*re*mind	coil	*re*coil	junior	junior-*most*
lax	*re*lax	pose	*re*pose	lower	lower-*most*
form	*re*form	pulse	*re*pulse	top	top-*most*
fresh	*re*fresh	sound	*re*sound	upper	upper-*most*

6.

connect	*dis*connect	regard	*dis*regard	close	*dis*close
like	*dis*like	inherit	*dis*inherit	believe	*dis*believe
please	*dis*please	grace	*dis*grace	allow	*dis*allow
obey	*dis*obey	figure	*dis*figure	arm	*dis*arm
mount	*dis*mount	claim	*dis*claim	approve	*dis*approve

7.

Words	*Antonyms*	*Words*	*Antonyms*	*Words*	*Antonyms*
take	mistake	represent	misrepre-	calculate	miscalcu-

			sent		late
use	misuse	count	miscount	place	misplace
shape	misshape	behave	misbehave	quote	misquote
direct	misdirect	apply	misapply	judge	misjudge
lead	mislead	carry	miscarry	guide	misguide

8.

fortunate	unfortunate	sightly	unsightly	certain	uncertain
gainly	ungainly	scrupulous	unsrupulous	decisive	undecisive
natural	unnatural	erring	unerring	born	unborn
pleasant	unpleasant	failing	unfailing	willing	unwilling
timely	untimely	due	undue	true	untrue

9.

sufficient	insufficient	credible	incredible	curable	incurable
active	inactive	consistent	inconsistent	direct	indirect
sane	insane	contsant	inconstant	disposed	indisposed
attentive	inattentive	definite	indefinite	finite	infinite
coherent	incoherent	dependent	independent	formal	informal

10.

patient	impatient	polite	impolite	personal	impersonal
possible	impossible	pious	impions	prudent	imprudent
perishable	imperishable	practicable	impracticable	modest	immodest
movable	immovable	potent	impotent	mature	immature
moral	immoral	pure	impure	material	immatairel

Words	*Antonym*	*Words*	*Antonyms*	*Words*	*Antonym*
respons-ible	*ir*respo-nsible	reputable	*ir*repu-lable	repre s-ible	*ir*repress-ible
rapional	*ir*rapi-onal	resistible	*ir*resis-tible	resolute	*ir*resolute
redeem-able	*ir*redeem-able	respec:tive	*ir*respec-tive	revocoble	*ir*revoc-oble
reparable	*ir*repa-rable	religious	*ir*religious	remed-iable	*ir*remed-iable
reducible	*ir*red-ucible	relevant	*ir*relevant	reproach-able	*ir*repro-achable

H. Describe the following terms :—

1. **Story :** A story is a piece of writing that tells a tale or describes some event.

2. **History :** It is a branch of knowledge that treats of human characters in their social and political relationships.

3. **Biography** : It gives an account of the histary of a person. It describes everyday incidents and familiar talk of the person concerned.

4. **Satire.** It is a form of writing which makes fun of foolish fashions, customs, or beliefs and so destroys them by mockery.

5. **Comedy.** It is a kind of drama or novel which shows the light side of human life. It deals with humorous incidents and generally ends in rejoicing and reconciliation.

6. **Tragedy**. It treats of a theme full of sufferings and hardships. The characters are shown to pass through a series of mis-fortunes and adversities. The aim of a tragedy is to move our feelings with pity or terror. It generally ends in disappointment or death.

7. **Essay**. It is a form of composition which may treat of any topic under the sun. Its chief quality is brevity.

8. **Poetry**. It is the art of expressing one's ideas in metrical form. Its aim is the expression, in suitable language, of thought or emotion.

An Approach to English Literature

BOOK III

SUMMARIES

HOW TO READ

Knowledge is wealth. It is a treasure, which is contained in books. So books are the keys to the treasures of knowledge. Therefore one should and must read books.

Friends may well be chosen. But the choice of good friends is not quite certain. They may back out in the hour of our difficulties. Their loyalty cannot be guaranteed and this is a tragic fact. Besides, the circle of friends is usually very narrow. Development of friendship is a matter of chance. Sometimes friendship is developed under the pressure of some need. Those possessing higher intelligence rarely come close to us and cannot be befriended. Most of us possess a strange urge (desire). We wish to have a talk with a king, a queen or a famous politician. We spend years together for this purpose and yet we fail.

There is another group of people who invite us to develop their friendship. They are the authors of the past. We are at liberty to read their works. Thus we can enjoy their society mentally. We can maintain a spiritual relation with them. They can advise us. and guide us. They are the best friends indeed.

We are at times prompted (attracted) to hear important persons speak behind the curtain which seems to be strange. We can well hear dead authors of the past speak behind the covers of the books. We can profitably read their works and can gain a lot. But an interview with a living person may serve no purpose.

There are two kinds of books : the books of the hour and the books of all time. The book of the hour is of

temporary value. The book of all time is of permanent importance. They are either good or bad. The book of temporary value contains a record of passing events. For instance there are newspapers. The book of all time contains a record of experiences and events of permanent value. As for example, an important piece of literature. An author records his experience when he is at the height of his intelligence. A book thus produced is full of wisdom. It becomes something of permanent value. It is precious. A book is not simply meant to propagate one's view. Sometimes it is aimed at making one's views last longer.

Writers have written books in all ages : some good, some bad. But sometimes they wrote when they were in their wisest and wittiest moments. They wrote well and wrote honestly and sincerely. What they wrote was their best. It was precious. Therefore, the book containing these precious points is the book in true sense of the word according to Ruskin.

Life is short and is limited. But the fields of learning are limitless and vast. In order to make our life rich we should read books. It is bad to waste time in loose talk.

First deserve and then desire. If you wish to enrich your life you should deserve it first. So you should have a will to read. Without will nothing is gained. You should learn to read and to understand. Then you can enjoy the society of the authors. They will not come low to make you learn. You are to raise yourself mentally to understand them. Once you understand them you will be glad. You can enrich your life and can become noble. But for all this one has got to have a will—a real desire to learn and to understand.

Read to understand what the author says and not to find your own views. Do not judge or criticise what you read. Check up the facts you read. That is the best way of reading. Authors do not speak directly. They express their views in an indirect way. Their meanings are hidden. But you are to get at them and to understand them. No doubt, it is a tough and difficult work. It is a work like that of a miner's. He works hard and digs

deep. Yet sometimes he gets nothing and sometimes a lot. So during the course of reading you are to dig deep. It is an intellectual digging. Thus you can dig out (understand) the hidden meaning of the author.

For a successful digging, a miner has to keep his tools ready and sharp. A reader's tools are his mind, intellect, and power of thinking. So, for a successful reading a reader has to keep his wit and intelligence ready and sharp.

One may read a lot and yet gain nothing. One may read a little and gain a lot. So you should aim at exhaustive study. Read word by word. Understand what you read letter by letter. Learn their pronunciation and meaning thoroughly. Read accurately and learn exactly. It is only then that one can claim oneself a properly educated person.

From OF STUDIES

One should not read to find faults and raise objections. What is given in the books should not be taken as absolutely correct, nor should be debated. Aim of studies should be to consider carefully the value of ideas expressed by authors. There are different kinds of books. Some are to be read in parts, others in full lengh flyingly and a few to be studied exhaustively.

THE SCHOLAR

The poet speaks through the tongue of a scholar. The scholar reads the books of the dead authors. Thus he enjoys their society and takes delight in it. They are his friends who never fail him. They always help him. He talks with them daily and feels satisfied. He has learnt a lot through them. He has become rich in knowledge. Therefore, he is extremely thankful to them. He lives with the dead. Thus he enjoys the bygone days. He shares their hopes and fears. He loves their good qualities and rejects their faults. He derives morals from their works. The scholar hopes to become famous. After his death his name will be remembered.

Thus he will live with the dead authors in the times to come. His name, too, will live long like that of others.

THE ROAD TO DOVER

The author speaks here of his early life. Charles Dickens has given a delicate touch of his own life history in *David Copperfield*. David hates his step-father. He slips away from home. He goes to Dover to live with his aunt Betsy Trotwood. This journey is described here.

David got ready and had determined to go to Dover where his aunt lived. He would live with her as his life at London was miserable. It was without any interest. His step-father had been cruel to him. He wanted to make him work so hard that he could not. He had a big box which was to be carried to the coach booking office. He wrote his address card. But he did not fix it up on the box lest others should know of his departure. So he put it in his pocket and went out to hire a carriage.

He saw a donkey-cart. He looked at its driver. The driver objected and became angry. David begged his pardon and said that he wished him no evil. He had to engage a cart instead. David asked the cart driver to take his box to the coach booking office. He would pay him six-pence for this service. The driver agreed and the terms were settled. The box was then loaded on the cart. It drove off and David went after it on foot. The cart ran fast. David could not run along with it. David wanted to stop the cart at King's Bench prison. But the driver didn't stop. He drove fast and David ran after it and felt tired. Finally the cart reached the appointed place. David, too, reached there. He pulled out his address card to fix it up on the box His half guinea came out of his pocket along with the card. He held the guinea between his teeth and the driver saw it. He struck hard at David's chin. The coin went into the carter's hand.

The carter threatened David to hand him over to the police. He called him a thief. He declared that the

box was stolen by David. It was not his own. David felt disappointed. He wanted to have his money and box back. The carter turned a deaf ear to him. He got into his cart and drove off at a high speed. David chased him but the cart went fast. David ran hard. He had narrow escapes from dangers, as the traffic was heavy. At times David had a hair-breadth escape from being crushed to death by some fast-moving vehicle. The carter with the box sometimes appeared and was sometimes lost in the crowd. David continued running. He felt tired. The carter finally disappeared and David stopped. He gave up the idea of running after his box in the cart and it was lost.

David had to go to Dover. He was now penniless. He was deprived of his box. So he walked to Dover on foot. He sold his waist-coat and jacket. He slept under open skies. His legs got hurt and blisters were developed on them on account of walking on foot. He bandaged his wounds with leaves of the trees dipped in water. Thus the journey had been very difficult. Strange people roamed about him. He felt frightened. They looked like criminals. They called him out. Sometimes they chased him. It was all very dreadful.

On his way to Dover once he (David) came across a man. He was a whitesmith who worked in soft metals. He stopped David. He had a woman with him. He asked David to give him money to buy beer. The woman made a sign to David. She meant David not to give any money to the tinker. The tinker grew angry and pulled away David's handkerchief. He claimed that it belonged to his brother. He threw it to the woman. The woman in turn threw it back to David. The tinker grew all the more angry. The woman signalled David to run away. Before he could run the tinker took away his handkerchief by force. He placed it round his neck and went off. David felt sorry.

However after having faced so many difficulties David reached Dover. The boy did not know where his

aunt Betsy Trotwood lived. He enquired about her residence (house). The boy looked ugly. He was laden (covered) with dust from head to foot owing to his long journey on foot.

He kept on enquiring about his aunt. A cab wheeled past by him. Its horse-cloth fell on the ground. David picked it up and handed it over to the driver. The driver was impressed by the conduct of the boy. David asked about his aunt from this cabman. The cab-man gave the details of the character and the personality of an old woman he knew. She was a fat woman having a straight back. She was an ill-natured woman given to anger. David Copperfield had heard her mother tell stories about his aunt. He had formed a mental picture about her. The description of the cabman tallied (accorded) with the picture he had in his mind about Betsy Trotwood. He went towards the place told by the cab-man. As he went away the driver gave him a penny with the remark that Betsy Trotwood did not welcome the beggars. The kind driver mistook David for a boy-beggar.

David moved onward. He reached the place where Betsy Trotwood lived. She lived in a beautiful cottage which was neat and tidy. There was a garden in front of it. It had windows built after the shape of a bow. There was nobody around him. He waited for someone to come out. But nobody appeared. At last, he peeped through a window. He was able to see inside the hall through its half-drawn curtain. As he roamed about the building he saw a man standing behind the window. He was an old red-faced man having partially grey hair on his head. He looked straight into the face of the boy. He acted in a strange way. He shut one of his eyes tight, moved his head, laughed and then disappeared. David felt frightened. Soon a woman came out of the house. She wore gardening dress. David recognised in her his aunt. She was Betsy Trotwood. She moved towards her garden. The boy followed her. She turned her back round and asked David to go away. He became hopeless. Betsy Trotwood busied

herself in gardening. The boy approached her once again. He introduced himself to her in plain words. He told her hurriedly his tale of misery. His aunt was moved to pity. She sat on the ground and asked the boy to tell his sufferings. At the end she remarked that had she been a girl she would have never run away from her home stealthily.

Anyway, she took the boy inside the house. She made him lie on a sofa and called Mr. Dick. She administered to (gave) David some tonic to remove his tiredness. Mr. Dick appeared immediately afterwards. David found him the same person who had acted in a strange manner. Betsy Trotwood introduced the boy to Mr. Dick briefly. Then she wanted to know as to what should be done with the boy. Dick took the situation in a light mood. She asked him to get serious as she wanted to have his advice. Mr. Dick stopped a while. Then he advised her to wash the boy. Betsy Trotwood ordered her maid-servant to heat the bath to give him a sound bath.

THE TOYS

There was a child. His mother was dead. He disobeyed his father's order for the seventh time. He spoke as if he were wise like grown-ups. The father grew angry and he struck him. He rebuked him. He didn't kiss him. The boy kept quiet. He retired to bed and fell fast asleep.

The father was after all a father. He felt sorry. He feared that his son would not be able to sleep at night. He went to see him. He found his son sleeping fast. The boy had wept. His eye-lids were still wet with tears. The father felt all the more sorry. He could not stand (face) the sight. He himself started weeping. He was moved to pity. He kissed his sleeping son. The father's tears fell on his son's cheeks. The boy had placed his toys beside his bed. There was a box, a red stone, a piece of glass, half a dozen shells, and a bottle containing blue

coloured flowers. Besides this, there were two French coins. They were to comfort the sorrowful heart of the boy.

The father repented and he prayed at night. He forgave his son. He then thought of God and death. He had been merciful to his son. God is most gracious, most merciful. So the father thinks that God too would take pity on him and he would be merciful. He would forgive his faults as he had forgiven his son.

FORAGING ANTS

Bates made a close study of food-searching ants. He saw their working. He made his observations besides the banks of the River Amazon. He has recorded his observations here.

There are many kinds of food-searching ants. One of them is called Eciton. It is like an ordinary red ant. It lives beside bushes or in open places. It moves about in groups of thousands. Armies of these ants move in search of food. They march in regular lines. If their line is checked by some object they run about in confusion and get angry. They attack the object that hinders (checks) their movement. They act intelligently.

Ecitons always move in two regular lines. They work in a disciplined way. One line moves in one direction and the other in the opposite direction. Their food is the dead bodies of insects. They break them into small pieces. Thus they make them easy to carry. They transfer these parts of dead bodies of insects from one place to another. Ants of one line carry the food. The others run empty-handed.

Ecitons work in unity. There is division of labour. One day Bates made a detailed study of their working. They were seen digging the ground. They intended to hunt the bigger ants and so they dug deep. They caught the prey, killed and broke its body into small pieces. Then they took them home. As they dug, big ants were seen

running in confusion. Some of them dug the earth. Others carried the particles of earth away to clean the path. Some few were seen busy carrying the food—they cut pieces of the big ants. After having gathered th ir food they moved homeward in a 70-yard-long line.

There is another kind of Ecitons. It is called leaf-carrying ant (Ecitons). They are rapid in movement. They are furious in nature and they become violent in anger. In case a traveller happens to walk over them by mistake they bite his leg hard. They get stuck to the flesh fast. It is difficult to pluck (separate) them away. They fix their jaws deep into the flesh. If separated, they are broken into two but don't leave hold of the flesh. They are dangerous.

Whenever they move out their main purpose is the search of food. They kill the living ants or wingless insects and make them their food. They attack the young ones of wasps and spiders too. The angry wasp flies over their head but they do not feel frightened. They simply eat their young ones. In case they happen to see the root of a dead tree, they attack it. They dig deep into its holes and pull out other kinds of ants and insects. They kill them on the spot and take the remains home.

They are very intelligent. They convey message from one hand to another. These ants, too, move in a disciplined manner forming regular lines like those of an army. If their line is disturbed they convey the message to the ant at the tail of the line. Thus to communicate the information of danger they run from one end to another, and all of them are alerted.

There are a few of them large-headed and the other small-headed. Those with small heads are usually very active. They are able to balance their bodies with ease. They actually hunt the prey. They carry the food gathered by them. The large-headed ones remain dull. They do not have any important work to do. They act as guards of the small-headed ants. They move away from the main column as if they had to control

the movement of others. There is a bird called an ant-thrush. It picks up ants. If it happens to pick up and swallow a large-headed ant its stomach is upset. It is difficult to digest a large-headed ant. Thus probably, according to the guess of Bates, large-headed ants guard and save the lives of small-headed ones.

TO THE CUCKOO

The poet welcomes the Cuckoo. It has a sweet voice. He is delighted to hear it. While lying on the grass he enjoys it. It echoes in the atmosphere. The Cuckoo seems talking to objects of Nature, yet it reminds the poet of his past. It brings the good news of the spring. To the poet it is not simply a bird but is something more than that. It is a mystery—rousing interest and curiosity. The Cuckoo's song reminds him of his school days, when he had heard it sing. It made him search hard for it. Though never seen it always remained a symbol of love and hope then. He can still hear it. It reminds him of his happy bygone days. The poet concludes, that the world is a dream devoid of (without) reality, fit for the Cuckoo to live in.

LEISURE

[The poet speaks of modern age which is full of brisk (rapid) activities. The people are all the time engaged. They are not free even for a moment]. We are awfully busy. We have no spare time. We cannot enjoy the beauties of Nature. We are unable to see squirrels having hoarded nuts in the grass while we pass through a jungle. We are too busy to enjoy the dance of a beautiful girl. During the dance the girl smiles. It begins from her eyes. It spreads in a fraction (part) of a moment all over her face. We do not have even as much time to see the dancing girl smile. If it is a life full of cares and worries, and is worthless indeed.

THE GREAT PLAGUE

Introductory note.—The Great Plague of London spread in 1665. The people were fear-stricken. They

got panicky (frightened) and they behaved in a funny way. The authorities worked hard to check the disease. But their orders were sometimes funny. The author deals only with one side of the steps taken by the authorities to check the spread of Plague—i.e., shutting up of the houses. Those actually taken ill can well be separated from others. But the officials shut the houses of those who were even doubted of having caught the germs of plague. Any one having come close to a plague patient was at once supposed fit to be cut off from the rest. He was at once locked up indoors along with the rest of members of his family. It was done under Government orders. It was strange and it caused a great trouble to the people.

A watchman was posted at each house shut in this manner. His duty was to keep a close watch on the inmates of the house. He had to work as their servant too. He had to arrange food for them and do all that they needed. Sometimes the watchmen were rude. They developed quarrels with the members of the house. Thus the people were put to great trouble.

The people thus imprisoned for no fault of their own wanted to run away. But the watchman would not allow them. They adopted various tricks. They sent the watchman away for some purpose. They unlocked the doors in his absence and slipped away. They used the duplicate keys. When the authorities learnt of it they ordered the doors be locked up from the outside.

When the people became helpless they adopted other means. Once the maid-servant of a family was taken ill. The house was shut. The inmates thought of escaping. None of the members of the house attended to the sick maid-servant for fear of catching the disease. She was not served even with food. The head of the family sent the watchman to call for a nurse. He went away. The man broke the wall that opened in an adjoining stall of a cobbler. The watchman returned. He was once again sent away for another unimportant purpose. In his absence

the whole of the family slipped away through the opening in the wall. The maid-servant was left behind dead. In this way the people disobeyed the orders of the authorities concerned.

The people hated the policy of the government. But the officials were very kind to them. They took personal interest in their troubles. They visited them personally and removed their difficulties. If the people complained against the watchmen they were immediately removed and fresh ones were posted.

In spite of all this the people were much pained. They were unable to move about. They had to talk with their friends from the house-tops. Passers-by learnt of their troubles. Occasionally the watchmen insulted them and fights took place between them. Thus seven or eight watchmen were killed.

In general the people had developed a psychological fear of the disease. They acted in a funny way. Once a man paid a visit to his friend's house. He was taking food with another members of his family. The visitor was at first greeted. He told th m of his illness. Those present were thunder-struck. They gave up meals, got up and rushed into different directions terror-stricken.

The visitor wondered. The head of the family remained poised (balanced—undisturbed). However, the man returned. The servant accompained him downstairs but avoided coming close to him. This is one aspect of the people's ridiculous behaviour.

Another was their unfounded fear. In the beginning when the plague broke out they moved out of the city in thousands. The authorities did not like this mass migration (transfer of population). However, they remained silent. They did not object to their movement. The officials stayed behind in the city to serve the people even at the cost of their lives. Thus they set a noble example. The people were impressed. Therefore, they stopped moving out of the city.

The Lord Mayor of London, however, had done well. The administration under him worked efficiently. Under

his orders the market was kept open, the weight of the bread standardised and prices controlled. Thus there was no shortage of bread. The people purchased whatever they needed from the market.

Besides the works likely to create fear were always done at night. The dead bodies of the victims of plague were removed at night. Their clothes were burnt at night. The authorities, however, did their best to reduce the sufferings of men, yet they wept. Men were rarely seen in the sreets. It all looked dull—visited by all-killing death. The officials could not help it.

DEATH THE LEVELLER

The difference of status is meaningless. It is unimportant and temporary. Death brings all on an equal footing. It reduces them to the same level. It kills everybody and spares none. High or low king or the poor—all yield to death and there is no escape from it. It reduces them to dust, without any distinction of position.

Warriors may well win victories and may become renowned. But their strength is bound to give way before death. They kill each other. Death will kill them. Death is sure to take them prisoners—fear-stricken and cowards. Thus, they are to die in terror (fear).

Honour and repute are transitory (temporary) things, hence do not speak highly of your achievements. Those who had been victorious become the victim (prey) of death. All are buried in the same earth. Acts of those who had been fair (just) live long. They are remembered after death. Their memory perpetuates (lives long—lasts).

BREDON HILL

In summer on Bredon Hill the church bells rang. The atmosphere echoed. It was delightful to hear the bells ring. One Sunday morning the poet and his beloved lay together. They heard the lark sing high up in the sky. They enjoyed the scene in general. The prayer

bells rang to call the people to churches. But the beloved of the poet did not go. She stayed beside him. The poet wished the bell to ring at the hour of his marriage when he and his beloved would attend to their call.

The winter came and Bredon Hill was covered with snow. The poet's beloved got up early in the morning and disappeared. The bell rang—but this time it rang only once. The would-be bride was missing. She was taken to church to be buried there. Those who took part in her funeral accompanied her. She went away leaving the poet behind. He again wishes the bells to keep quiet, because he is to follow his beloved shortly afterwards. That is, he is also to die soon.

FIRE AND THE HEART OF MAN

Sir John Squire had just read a book. It was delightful. He was much impressed by it. He wanted to write an essay on it. As he was about to write, he looked past the window. Far away in the dark there was a glow. Some building had caught fire. The clock had struck 11 at night. The author got up. He thought what the people should think on such occasions.

According to the author there are three kinds of reactions at the sight of fire. Some people think that the Insurance Company would suffer a great loss. Again, there are others who feel sorry for the victims of fire. They develop a sympathy for those caught within the burning house. Finally, there are some people who remain quite unmoved at the tragic sight of a burning fire. Squire was not one of those who remain unmoved.

The author rushed downstairs. He called out his neighbour and immediately afterwards both of them proceeded towards the scene of fire. The author hated Queen Victoria memorial and Albert memorial. They were ugly. He wished them burn to ashes. But the fire was on the side opposite to where these memorials were situated. They walked along the river. They climbed up the bridge. They saw that a factory had caught fire.

The flames shot high into the sky. It was all red. The adjoining area was lit up. It turned yellow and it looked like gold. The fire continued burning. Thick clouds of smoke rose to the sky. In order to have a better view of the scene, they got down the bridge. They saw a few of the people standing there doing nothing and dumb-stricken. The fire-boats arrived at the scene. They began to put out the fire. But it turned out hard.

A man having moustaches (hair growing along the upper lip) was standing at a little distance from the author. He enjoyed the scene of fire. He removed his pipe and praised the breeze that blew at that hour. He wished that the fire should spread. Then the adjoining oil store would also catch fire. It will be a beautiful sight to look at.

The fire gave rise to two opposite feelings in the mind of the author. On the one hand, he wished the fire to extinguish. Or else it was likely to do a great damage. On the other hand, he wished the fire to spread wildly. Though an ugly idea, however, he wished it as such.

Finally, the fire was extinguished after a hard labour. The author felt sorry. Fire is something mighty and powerful. It is nice to see it cause destruction. It lifts up the spirit of man. It is inspiring. It gives us a moral. Man in a way is all-powerful. He can bring things more powerful than himself under his control as for instance fire. Besides, fire presents a wonderfully beautiful sight which cannot be enjoyed elsewhere.

The author goes still further and wishes that there should be an ideal state perfect in all respects. He would like to see a few of the beautiful buildings set aside for a special purpose. They should be set ablaze occasionally. Fire is after all something inspiring. Such buildings reserved for burning purposes would serve an important purpose. Man-made fire would inspire the people. It will enrich their souls and would satisfy their curiosity.

Fire is a novel (strange, new) theme for the poets. They can compose beautiful poems on them. The author expresses his surprise as to why the poets have not so far made the use of this theme (fire) for their poetic composition. The store of themes based on ordinary objects of life cannot be exhausted. But it is inexhaustible.

From PROMETHEUS THE FIREGIVER

The fire burns and thick clouds of smoke rise towards the sky. They surround the jungle. It begins from a yellow spot. It turns red and a flame yellow as gold shoots forth. It looks like a tongue. It dances and climbs upward. It is fire. It moves and cracks like a long seed-case of thorn-bush with yellow flowers. The wind carries the clouds of smoke far away. They scatter. The smoke hurts the eyes and it chokes (suffocates) the throat.

The burning bush is reduced to ashes. During the process of burning small branches of bushes coil, crack (split up) and turn black. Burning flames give out sparks. They travel towards the sky and then disappear. They look like glow-worms (جگنو) twinkling. The mountain-tops are lit up by the light of flames. The fruits of pine trees on the mountain-tops seem changed into gold. They surpass (excel) the sun set scene. The flames spread sideways. As they spread they hiss like a snake. They envelope the adjoining bushes. They hop, jump and shine. They burn all that comes in their way. Fire is, therefore, definitely mighty and powerful.

THE BATTLE AT THE TOWNSHIP'S END

[The story is being narrated by a travelling singer. He belongs to the county of Essex. He joins the people of Kent going to London. Will Green and Jack Straw are two important characters. They are the leaders of the poor people of Kent going to see the king].

In the beginning the people were happy. They

laughed and cut jokes. The leaders fixed small branches of the tree in their hats. It was the sign of their leadership. They possessed horns to blow. Will Green gave brief instructions to the people under his command. The arrival of the enemy was then awaited.

Soon some activity was observed. The bows were shot. The arrows flew into the air. They produced ringing sound. Far away at a great distance some confused noise was heard. Some cried with pain. Soon the horns blew and a large number of armed soldiers appeared.

The wild animals were disturbed. They were frightened and ran from one side to another. The bulls roared, the geese cackled (cried sharp). It was a fun. All stood fear-stricken. The people with Green and Straw got ready and awaited the approach of the enemy.

As they waited for the enemy a horseman accompanied by two other soldiers rode towards them from the enemy's side. He was the messenger. He had brought some message from the enemies.

As he was about to read out the message to the people on this side he was stopped by Jack Straw. He asked the messenger to go back. The messenger attempted twice to speak but he was ordered to keep quiet. Jack Straw told him that the people with him came from Kent. They intended to go to London and wanted to see King Richard. They would tell him of their difficulties and would no more remain slaves to the landlords. Jack Straw then asked the messenger to go back with this message to his men. If he failed to go he would be killed on the spot. The messenger rushed back frightened.

Soon the enemy's men were seen making an onward march. Jack Straw blew his horn and few others did the same. The first volley of arrows was shot to check the enemy's march. Many of them fell dead. But they kept on marching. They made a counter-attack. They,

too, shot arrows and a few on this side were either killed or wounded.

The next time Will Green along with his men made a fresh attack. They were good shots. Their arrows worked well. A number of the enemy's men fell dead and a few were wounded. This time they were disappointed and they ran. The men of Kent chased them and killed them one by one as they went back. Thus, they were scattered.

Finally, one of the enemy's men took the command of his people. He gathered some men and once again marched towards the men of Kent. They walked at a regular pace and did not stop. This time all of them walked on foot. Their servants led the horses. Jack Straw commanded his armed men to get ready. They had to have a hand-to-hand fight. Arrows were being shot from either side. But the enemy's men shot at random (without any aim). At last, both the groups came close to each other. A heated battle took place. Small weapons, as for instance, axes and swords were freely used.

People fell dead on both sides. But the enemy's men were finally defeated. They either rushed back or begged for mercy. A few of them rode away on their horses. Soon the calm prevailed. The country people of Kent came out victorious and rejoiced. It grew dark and the moon rose high up in the sky.

SAY NOT, THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH

Do not say that efforts are not crowned with success. The labour is never wasted. Enemy or the opposing forces may well remain unbeaten. But that does not mean that one should give up one's efforts. Constancy of efforts is sure to succeed. Therefore one should not lose courage.

Hopes may cheat you but fears may be baseless. Hopes may not be fulfilled but fears may also prove groundless. May be your helpers follow after those who fly away to give them final defeat and you may remain unaware. Victory may be yours, therefore, do not give up efforts.

Take lesson from the waves of the sea. They lash (dash) against the shore and return to the sea. Apparently they do not seem to gain (win) an inch of the ground, yet they leave water behind in cracks and openings of the rocks. They are flooded. Similarly your efforts may also leave behind some fruitful results. They may not wholly succeed yet they may do some good.

Again, be encouraged by sunrise, slow as it is. The sun rises in the East. No doubt, its movement is extremely slow. But look towards the West. It is all lit up despite the slow movement of the sun. Similarly, your efforts may fail to bear an immediate fruit but they can prove wonderfully useful (fruitful) in the long run. Struggle would definitely be of some avail to you.

DR. JOHNSON AND JOHN WILKES

James Boswell wanted to make a detailed study of Dr. Johnson's character. He wanted to see him in all phases of his life and was anxious to know how he would behave (act) if brought close to one whom he disliked. Boswell's hobby was to develop friendship with prominent (famous) persons of his age. He was a friend of Dr. Johnson as well as of John Wilkes. He knew it that both of them were opposed to each other. So he thought of bringing them both together so as to observe their conduct—particularly that of Dr. Johnson.

Mr. Dilly was a famous bookseller. He had most often given grand dinners to top literary figures (persons) of his age. Once he invited James Boswell to dine with him. John Wilkes was to attend this dinner. Boswell wished to bring Dr. Johnson with him if Mr. Dilly permitted. Mr. Dilly was surprised to hear of this idea. He could have never believed that Dr. Johnson would dine with Wilkes. They were dead against each other.

However, Boswell undertook the responsibility of bringing Dr. Johnson to dinner in spite of Wilkes' presence. Dilly agreed.

Boswell went to see Dr. Johnson. He did not

open the talk directly but broached the subject tactfully. Boswell said to Dr. Johnson that Mr. Dilly had invited him to dinner. He agreed with thanks. Boswell then made a brief hint. He wished to know whether Dr. Johnson would like to dine if some persons whom he disliked were also present there. Dr. Johnson was a decent gentleman. He told Boswell that he could never compel (force) a gentleman to call the guests of his choice. Boswell then told him the plain truth. He informed him that Wilkes was also to dine at Dilly's. Johnson had already promised to attend the dinner. Therefore, he finally agreed. He wanted to show that he could get along satisfactorily with those whom he disliked.

[Dr. Johnson disliked Wilkes, yet he agreed to dine with him. Here is one point to show contrasting qualities of his character.]

Boswell approached Dr. Johnson on the appointed day of dinner. Dr. Johnson forgot the invitation. There was a blind old lady named Mrs. William who was supported by Dr. Johnson. He had asked her to get the dinner prepared at home. She would not allow Dr. Johnson to dine elsewhere. It was a difficult situation. Boswell was upset. He was likely to be put to a great shame in the absence of Dr. Johnson. However, he approached Mrs. William and pleaded his cause very tactfully yet courteously. The woman agreed and the difficulty was over. Then both Boswell and Dr. Johnson went to Dilly's house.

[Despite making a promise, he had forgotten. Second point of contrast.]

Dr. Johnson found a number of new faces in Dilly's drawing-room. A few of them were those whom he disliked. There was an American whose name was Arther Lee. Dr. Johnson disliked him because the Americans had fought against the British Government, hence Johnson's dislike. Besides there was Mr. Wilkes whom Johnson disliked for political reasons. He sat beside Dr. Johnson. Dr. Johnson showed an unconcerned

and disinterested attitude towards those present at Dilly's. He started reading a book.

At that time the dinner was in progress. Tasteful food was served. Wilkes showed a very courteous attitude towards Dr. Johnson. He helped him take delicious items of food. Dr. Johnson was impressed by Wilkes' behaviour (conduct). He forgot his ill-will for the time being. He ate well and thanked Wilkes a lot. [Despite dislike he agreed with others. Third point of contrast].

During the course of the dinner a talk began. Dr. Johnson showed his presence of mind. He made sharp, pointed and intelligent remarks and gave prompt replies. *It was the habit of Dr. Johnson to say opposite things to what others said.* Foote was a comic actor. Someone remarked that Foote's jokes were full of foolishness.

Dr. Johnson as usual opposed it. He maintained that Foote was a learned man. He did not ape (imitate) others. His style of acting was original. He knew how to invent funny situations. Above all, he knew how to escape (slip away) intelligently. Others can not do it. Foote's fun was full of power. Once Foote became a partner of a beer-maker. He had to win customers (purchasers). Fitzherbert was one of the customers of Foote's wine. But his servants disliked Foote's wine. Foote once dined with Fitzherbert. Fitzherbert's servants appointed a boy to convey the message to Fitzherbert and Foote that they would not take Foote's wine because it was bad. Foote acted in so funny a manner at the dinner table that the boy-messenger—who also served at the table, refused to convey the message. The boy declared to his fellow-servants that Foote was so fine a person that he would drink his wine.

Someone remarked that Garrick would not have bowed so low as to please a waiter (boy serving at the dinner table). Garrick was another comic actor.

Johnson had a good opinion about him. Boswell remarked that he had heard that Garrick was liberal. He wanted to know Dr. Johnson's opinion about him. Dr. Johnson thereupon observed (said) that Garrick did not know how to spend money. Formerly he was poor ; then he became rich. He was not interested in making a false show of himself. He is reported to possess greed for wealth. That is right. People simply disliked him on that score (account). Had he spent much people would have become jealous of him. It would have been intolerably bad.

[Talk about Garrick and Foote throws light on Johnson's habit of saying things opposite to what others say (contradiction). Fourth point of contrast].

By the way Arthur Lee jokingly said that the Scotch occupied barren (producing nothing) land in America. Dr. Johnson opined that barren land of America was more fertile than any part of Scotland. [A taunting remark]. Boswell observed that the Scotch had sufficient things to eat and drink. Dr. Johnson disliked the Scotch for giving up their motherland. So he said that the Scotch ate and drank to run away to America (a taunt). [It shows Johnson's wit (intelligence) of prompt reply].

Boswell changed the topic. He said that Scotland was better than England. In Scotland nobody was arrested for his failure to pay back the money he borrowed. One had to get the defaulter tried in the court of law and judgment secured. If actually found guilty for non-payment he was sent to the jail. Scotland was regarded superior to England in this respect. Wilke whom Johnson disliked immediately remarked that in this way all Scotch people could thus prove themselves guiltless.

Dr. Johnson then said to Wilkes that he had once taken Boswell to his birthplace, Lichfield, to show him the refined English life. Boswell lived with wild people of Scotland and immoral persons of England. Wilkes by the way remarked tauntingly that Boswell must have found everything bad elsewhere except when in the

society of refined gentleman like Dr. Johnson and himself (Wilkes). Dr. Johnson immediately observed that they (Johnson and Wilkes) felt ashamed of Boswell. [An intelligent ready reply]. Thus the weight of Wilkes' remark was much reduced.

Dr. Johnson expressed his complete satisfaction with the dinner when he reached home.

CONSOLATION

The poet is not respected by the people around him. He feels unhappy and weeps. He prays to God to grant him honour and popularity. But God pays no heed to him. The poet blames fate.

He wishes to be like those people who are full of hopes. He wishes to be attractive like those surrounded by friends. If he wants to possess the skill of one, he wishes to have the abilities of the other. He is not satisfied with what he possesses.

While unhappy in his own thoughts the poet hates himself. He then thinks of his friend and is encourged. He becomes spirited. His spirit rises like a lark which is although a dull bird, yet it takes a flight towards heaven singing happily. The memory of his friend is sweet. It is a treasure. Thus changed in mood he would not change his position with that of a king. So he feels that he is better than kings.

TWO LETTERS

Addressing Earl of Chesterfield Dr. Johnson expresses his delight on Earl's favourable review of the dictionary. [Earl's review appeared in the World]. He maintains that his language fails to express his deep sense of thankfulness. Formerly he had approached the Earl and had sought his favour. He wanted his patronage. But unfortunately it was not granted to him. He tried for seven years together but failed to gain his favour. In the meantime he kept up the compilation of the dictionary steadily (at a regular pace). Finally he succeeded. The dictionary was about to be published.

Now the Earl had come forward and seemed to be generous. He spoke highly of Dr. Johnson's work. He had recommended his (Johnson's) dictionary to the public. It was strange. To Dr. Johnson Earl's praise was not the least welcome because it was belated and was untimely. Had he helped him earlier it would have been better. Now that he had completed his work single handed the credit of success goes solely to him (Dr. Johnson).' Earl's untimely help was like that of one who, while a man after fighting through violent waves of water swims ashore safe and sound, extends his helping hand. It was a pity that the Earl remained unmoved while Dr. Johnson worked hard. Therefore, Dr. Johnson would not own Earl's praize.

TO MRS. KING

William Cowper wrote to Mrs. King that she would not receive any gift from him. Therefore, she should not feel uneasy. All that he had to give her by way of present was his poetical work. He adds that formerly carpentry was his hobby. He could have fitted her house with various items of furniture. Later he became interested in painting. It was a difficult job. Finally, gardening became his hobby. He was violently interested in it. He worked hard. He warmed the plants on frosty nights unmindful of catching cold. His efforts bore fruit. He developed his hobby and maintained a small house containing various kinds of plants. He did all this in order to keep himself engaged as he hated idleness. He considered it as the greatest evil.

[Thus despite being a poet Cowper lived like any other ordinary human being. He did not forget the world around him in the heat of poetic compositions. The poets, however, in general are regarded as men who are absent-minded and ignorant of their surroundings.]

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

The poet wishes a change. He intends to go to Innisfree where he will build an humble cottage of mud and branches of trees twisted together. He will grow

vegetables and tame bees. He will enjoy in the valley full of buzzing bees and live alone.

Thus the poet thinks that he will be able to enjoy peace of mind and soul. Peace does not come all of a sudden but it comes slowly. Morning hours of Innisfree will bring peace to him. The wild insects sing in the morning, the stars twinkle at night, the noon is red with sunlight and the evening there resounds with the flapping of the wings of singing-birds. He has a keen urge (desire) to go to Innisfree. The sound produced by waves striking against the shore attracts him most. While on road he hears it and feels violently attracted towards it from the depth of his heart.

ZERO'S TALE OF EXPLOSIVE BOMB

There was a forty-year old patriot named M'Guire. Zero asked him to place a time bomb near Shakespeare's statue at Leicester. It was a place mostly visited by the public. M'Guire agreed to carry out the plan. He carried the bomb in a soft-leather bag.

After having thus settled the plan M'Guire proceeded towards the appointed place. No doubt, he was a fiery patriot, yet he was a man of nervous temperament (nature). He was likely to feel upset at the least doubt created in the minds of others. As he drew near Leicester Square, he felt glad. He formed a mental picture of the utter (complete) ruin he was likely to bring about. Incidentally a policeman looked fixedly into his face. He got upset and became nervous. He was led to think that the policeman was a spy appointed by the Govt. to arrest him. He lost his senses. Then probably he fainted. When he regained his consciousness he found the policeman standing beside him. He was kind to him and wanted to know of his trouble to which M'Guire replied that he felt better. He then walked away with uneven steps. The time bomb had all along been with him in the Gladstone bag.

His efforts to place the bomb at the appointed place failed. He, therefore, wished to set the bomb aside or

else it was likely to endanger his life. He came across a six-year old girl. He enquired of her whether she would like to have a present of a pretty bag. She was delighted at the first instance. But as she proceeded to have it her eyes fell on M'Guire's face. She stood frightened. She knew not why? Soon she was called back by her mother and advised not to tease the old man (M'Guire). M'Guire felt disappointed. He failed to get rid of the bomb.

He then reached St. Martin in the Fields—a church. He walked with irregular steps. A woman took pity on him and approached him to know whether she could be of any service to him. M'Guire requested her to take the bag to No. 19, Portman Square. The woman hesitated. She felt something evil in the background. She withdrew herself immediately and advised M'Guire to go back home. Again he was disappointed. The bomb was yet with him.

It was dangerous to remain close to the bomb. In case the bomb exploded he was likely to lose his power of hearing and he would become deaf. It was intolerable. Yet there was no way out. The tragedy was fast approaching. He got nervous and consulted his watch. It had gone late by one hour and four minutes. The time of explosion was uncertain. The bomb could explode any moment. He became all the more nervous.

An idea flashed across his mind. He knew a place in White Comb Street. He could deposit (place) the bomb there in safety. He moved onward. As he walked he felt that the things about him were whirling. A man saw him in this nervous attitude. He grew suspicious of him. M'Guire moved away. He signalled to a passing carriage and it stopped. He got into it along with the bag containing the time bomb. He drove along the Embankment of the river Thames. Then he got down leaving the bag behind. The cabman demanded the fare. M'Guire had no penny in his pocket. He begged pardon of the cabman for his failure to pay the fare. The carriage driver reminded M'Guire of his bag. M'Guire wanted to

trick the driver. He disowned the bag and maintained that it must have been left behind by some previous traveller. The driver grew suspicious of him. He wanted to know what the bag contained or else he threatened to hand him over to the police. M'Guire grew terribly nervous.

By chance Godall—a tobacconist and a friend of M'Guire, came along the place where M'Guire and the cabman were quarrelling together. M'Guire borrowed two and a half shillings from him and paid up the fare. M'Guire had a beard. Godall lent him a pound instead and asked him to shave it off as he hated the beard. Having thus been relieved of the uneasy situation, M'Guire threw the bag into the river and jumped after it. Godall pulled him back and the bomb exploded in the water hurting none.

THE SONG OF THE LITTLE HUNTER

At dawn before the peacock beats its wings, the monkey cries and the kite flies, a shadow moves about. It sighs. Its heaving is heard all around. The hunter is frightened. His forehead has become wet with sweat on account of Fear.

The Fear moves about. It wanders smelling and breathing hard in the darkness of the night. The poet asks the Hunter to shoot it by an arrow or attack it with a spear. He wishes the hunter to do so before the moon rises and lights the mountain. It is the hour when the branches of the trees become wet with dew and hang low. But the hunter is unable to make an attack on Fear. He himself is terrified (frightened). His hands give way. He grows pale. [The hunter is unable to overcome Fear].

When the storm comes, lightning flashes, thunder rolls, and pine-trees fall, a sound is heard above all this noise. It is Fear.

The rivers are flooded. The rocks toss to and fro and large stones float in water. The flash of lightning lights

up the atmosphere. Thin threads of leaves become visible. The hunter fails to have self-command. He is frightened. His throat has become dry and his heart beats heavily. It is nothing but Fear.

ANSWERS TO IMPORTANT QUESTIONS

Q. What, according to Ruskin and Bacon, are the important characteristics of a good reader and a good writer?

Ans. Maturity (fullness) of experience is an important quality of a good author. He should be honest and be sincere. He should write what he considers best. That's why it is expected of him to write at his wisest and wittiest (most intelligent) moments. What he writes should be full of wisdom. His writing should not be aimed at propaganda. He should try to make his writing last long. He should produce things of permanent value. Above all, he should aim at raising the mental level of the people around him.

A good reader should possess the following qualities. He should read to learn and not to criticise. He should try to understand what the author says. He should not try to find his own views in the works of others. Again, he should love the authors and have a real will to read. He should not judge. It is good for him to check up the facts recorded in books. Besides, he should be modest in appreciation.

Presence of mind and readiness to learn are other important qualities of a good reader. He should be a man of active habits and also of alert mind. He should keep his intellect and power of understanding sharp. These are his tools through which he can dig deep into the hidden meanings of the authors.

Finally, a good author should not aim at hurried reading. He should read exhaustively, accurately and word by word. What he reads should be digested and made part

and parcel of his soul and mind. He should have miner's patience ready to work hard.

Q. What is the difference between the friendship of Books and that of the living people.

Ans. There is a world of difference between the friendship of Books and that of the living people. Either has its own limitations, set-backs and difficulties. No doubt, friendship with the living people has a charm of its own in so far as it delights us with its lively nature. We can enjoy their talk and hear them speak according to our own way of thinking. We can put up questions to them but they can explain them away. They can speak on current topics. They can satisfy our curiosity and remove our doubts through explanations given on the spot. Above all, we can enjoy their gestures and their style of speaking which sometimes turns out to be sweet.

But that is not the case with the author of a book. He speaks of his mind as he wills. We are to understand him and not seek (find) our own views in his books. He does not stoop (bow) low; we are to raise our mental level in order to catch him. Besides an author does not explain momentary (casual) doubts that crop up (enter) in our minds during the course of our reading. Again we are not in a position to enjoy his gestures and style of speaking. We can not put questions to him directly. But what he says is definitely in the most chiselled and distilled (refined) form. It is the outcome of his most seasoned (mature) mind. It is something inspired, hence precious and worth assimilation (thorough understanding).

Living friends of ours may well back out. They may dodge us; they may cheat us; we may fail to have blind reliance (faith) on them. They may leave us behind in the hour of our difficulties. It is tragic. But it is not the case with the authors of books. They give us concrete advice. They guide us and help us. Thus in a way they stand by us in the hour of our difficulties or when we need their guidance most. They cannot

back out. What they say is of permanent value—likely to become a beacon light (مشعل راہ) for us.

Q. Ruskin advises the would-be reader to ask himself 'Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner'. How does he draw a parallel between the work of a miner and that of a reader.

Ans. Yes, the work of a reader is like that of a miner. A miner's job is to dig deep under hard layers of earth. He is to work hard. He has got to have a strong will power. He has to keep his tools ready and sharp in order to dig efficiently. Besides, he should have a high degree of patience. He should be bold, courageous and untiring. Perseverance and constancy of purpose are other important traits (features) of his character. He should be prepared to face failures. He may well dig deep yet fail to find a single grain of gold. Again it is quite probable that he may get hold of a huge heap of gold. But the risk, however, is to be taken by him. The same holds good of a reader.

A reader's tools are his presence of mind, a will to read and an urge to learn. Hidden meanings of the author are his hard layers of earth that he has to split up and dig deep so as to get at them. What the reader thus learns is his gold. It enriches his knowledge. It ennobles his soul. A reader may well read a lot and yet gain nothing worth the name. He may read a little and get something wonderfully precious. Therefore, like a miner, a reader is to take risk. Again to read efficiently and to get at the meanings of the author, which is a reader's gold, he has to keep his spirit of learning alive, his urge to read sharp, and his mind alert. These are his tools. Without these preliminary preparations he would not succeed. He too like a miner is to have a high degree of patience and taxing capacity, *i.e.*, the capacity of doing hard labour. Thus, Ruskin has very intelligently drawn a good parallel between the work of a miner and that of a reader.

Q. What had been the emotional reaction of

David after his triumphant (successful) journey to Dover. *OR*

How did he feel after having reached Dover?

Ans. David had mixed feelings on arriving successfully to Dover. He was glad yet uneasy. He was happy and yet he was sorry. He felt sorry for nobody appeared there to give him a warm welcome. He felt uneasy because of his guilty conscience. He had slipped away from home stealthily without the permission of his father and without any advance information to his aunt (Betsy Trotwood) at Dover. Again, he felt much embarrassed (uneasy) owing to the strange behaviour of an old man at the outset (beginning). He appeared to mock at him with one of his eyes closed tight. It was something strange and unexpected. Besides, his aunt too had dismissed him mistaking him for an ugly, shabby (dirty) looking beggar-boy. All this added to his frustration (disappointment, hopelessness). But David was glad all the same. He had escaped from drudgery (dullness) of home life. The cruel step-father was no more there. He was at a distance of seventy miles from him. He was able to breathe freely. There was nobody to scold him or say to him anything good or bad. He was free. It was only towards the end of the scene that David became perfectly happy. His aunt after having come to know of the exact situation accorded (gave) him a warm welcome as was naturally expected of her. Thus, David's uneasiness and sense of frustration was suppressed (subdued) to a considerable extent. Only a single feeling dominated him. It was that of a perfect pleasure, an immense delight accompanied by a thrill of freedom.

Q. David was small, courageous boy with a strong will power. Discuss.

Ans. This remark is quite appropriate. After the loss of his box David determined to travel for 70 miles to Dover all alone is a concrete proof of his courage. He was intelligent and far-sighted. He prepared the address card but did not put it on the box lest others should learn of his departure.

He faced the wickedness of the carter bravely. He had escaped (ran away) with David's box. David ran after the cart. He ran hard unmindful of the dangers on the road. He had had narrow escapes from death, yet he dashed ahead. When the box was actually lost he remained calm. It shows his patience and courage.

Despite being deprived of his box and money he did not give up the idea of going to Dover. He remained firm. It shows his determination. He sold his waist-coat and jacket. He braved (faced) cold weather. He slept in open places and his legs got sore. Yet he remained fixed to his idea. He had to reach Dover at all costs. It shows his endurance. He was not frightened by the loafers. He did not beg. He kept up his journey at a regular pace. It was his courage that made him so brave.

He was not much frightened when he came face to face with the tinker. He lost his handkerchief yet he remained bold as ever. So strokes of fate did not terrify him. He was courageous.

Finally, at Dover he acted intelligently. He showed patience. He did not enter the house of his aunt all of a sudden. But he awaited somebody to come out. When neglected by his aunt he remained calm. Then he made the whole of the situation clear. He won his aunt. It shows that he was competent to meet and solve difficult situations.

Q. Give in brief the working of foraging ants.

Ans. Foraging ants live on the bank of the river Amazon. .They are like ordinary red ants and move about in armies of thousands. They prove dangerous to birds. The birds fly away at their sight.

They remain busy throughout the day and usually live in deep holes in the earth. When they come out in search of food they march in two regular lines. If the line is broken they get angry.

While digging the earth they work with intelligence.

They divide the work between themselves. Some dig, others remove grains of earth. Some go still deep and drag other insects and ants. They attack dry tree-trunks and enter each and every hole and opening and pull out insects by force.

When disturbed they bite very hard and stick very fast into the flesh. When plucked they break in two but do not set the flesh free.

Q. What steps were taken by the authorities to check the spread of the plague? How did they succeed in reducing the psychological fear created by the disease?

Ans. The authorities ordered the houses of the plague-patients to be shut up. This measure gave a lot of trouble to the people. But they controlled the situation well. Watchmen were posted at each door which was locked in this way and they acted as guards as well as servants.

The authorities made personal visits to the places of plague-patients. They heard their grievances and did all that they possibly could. As for example, change or transfer of watchmen, supply of ration and medical aid. Thus they reduced the effect of the plague.

Besides this, the authorities did their best to bring a psychological change. The prices were controlled, the market was kept open and the activities in general were allowed to go normally as if nothing had happened. This psychological change reduced the fear of disease very much. Again they did nothing that could be supposed to create fear. The dead bodies were removed in the dark and their clothes were burnt at night.

They served the people at the cost of their lives. While others fled away the authorities stayed behind to render all possible help to the needy. Thus, they set a noble example. People were much impressed, and they thus forgot the plague to a considerable extent.

Q. How far did the public respond to the preventive measures taken by the authorities ?

Ans. The usual measures adopted by the authorities were that of shutting up the houses of plague-sticken people. The people did not respond to this measure voluntarily (willingly). They were, however, compelled to remain confined within the four walls of their houses under pressure. Despite a strict watch on their respective houses, at times they escaped stealthily.

Again, when the people in general were requested to stay back in their homes and not to go away from London, proper, they turned a deaf ear to the call of the authorities. Thus, the response of the public to the requests of the authorities was poor. It was only towards the end of the epidemic that a few of the persons came to their homes when the authorities had set an example of their courage by sticking fast to London proper even at the cost of their lives.

The temptation of some people to exploit the situation by begging for alms on the ground that they were plague-patients is another indication of the lack of public co-operation.

Any way the credit of bringing the situation under control goes to the authorities and not to the response of the people at large.

Q. How did the people in general behave when the great plague of London broke out ?

Ans. Soon as the great plague of London broke out the people in general got panicky. The disease was there. But they had mostly developed a sort of psychological fear. They started migrating to the places in the suburbs of London leaving their houses and most of their belongings behind. The fear of the disease was so intense that they could not be persuaded to stay back in spite of repeated assurances of the authorities for their protection. Besides, they acted in a ridiculous way. The mere doubt of a certain person's having

caught the disease was sufficient to set the people feel frightened of death. They kept aloof from such persons who were either suspected of having developed plague or having come in close contact with a plague-patient.

When shut in their houses, the people resorted to various means of escape. At times they picked up quarrels with the watchmen posted at their houses. Some watchmen were killed in these squabbles (fights). In short, they behaved in a very awkward manner showing their cowardice. Sometimes they exhibited their cheap men ality. Before people were shut up in their houses there were some of them who started begging for alms on the pretext (false ground) of their being plague patients. It was all very awkward.

Q. How does one feel at the sight of a great fire?

Ans. The sight of fire certainly gives rise to some feelings. Sometimes they are opposite to each other. They differ from man to man. Usually they are mixed in nature. Hope and fear, delight and awe go side by side.

Generally the people are frightened on seeing a great fire. They are moved to pity and develop sympathy for the victims of fire. Others take delight and some few remain unmoved at the sight of fire. Those who take delight in fire wish that it should cause destruction while, those unmoved show an unconcerned attitude towards it.

A great fire excites another important feeling. It gives an idea of the hidden strength of man. Fire is mighty but man brings it under his control. Thus, he feels confident of overpowering forces stronger than himself. This is encouraging. It raises the spirit of man and it inspires him.

Our sense of appreciating beauty is also called into play. The sight of fire is majestic. It is grand and beautiful to look at. It gives rise to poetic feelings.

Q. How did the author himself actually feel at the sight of huge fire?

Ans. So far as the personal feelings of the author are concerned they were not altogether base. He had developed noble feelings at the sight of the fire. He was delighted—strange as it may sound. But his delight was not based on the loss the victims of fire were likely to incur (suffer). He was delighted because the scene of fire inspired him. It was something grand and majestic to look at. It gave him an idea of the latent (hidden) power of man. He is a weak creature—apparently weak in stature and strength. Fire is something mighty. It is powerful—competent to reduce everything else to ashes. Yet man can bring under his control howsoever wild the fire may turn out to be. It is inspiring and encouraging. It is therefore the strength of man that dominates the rest in the final analysis. The mighty fire is an instance in point. Man, therefore, can overpower things more, powerful than himself. It is an important inference (result) that the author is led to derive at the sight of fire.

Besides this, the sight of fire gave rise to poetic feelings in the mind of the author. He was led to think as to why poets do not compose poems on the theme of fire—grand and majestic as it is. By virtue of its being an inspiring object, poets would do well to give expression to their encouraging feelings through poems based on fire.

The author had gone to the extent of forming a mental picture of an ideal state where some beautiful buildings along with highly combustible material are set aside so as to set them ablaze every now and then. This according to him would serve a wonderful purpose of the people at large. It would encourage their spirit and would inspire them a good deal.

Q. Landlords were treacherous and the people of Kent under Jack Straw were loyal to the king. How?

Ans. Lawyers and landlords had evil (bad) intentions (aims) and wanted to make undue use of the

poor people. They simply wished to serve their own purpose and had no regard for the Govt. They had no regard for the peace of the country. That is why they fought against the poor people freely. They created disturbance in the country. When the followers of Jack Straw proceeded to see King Richard II the landlords and lawyers checked their movement. They fought against them bitterly. Had they any regard for the country, for the peace and for the king they would never have taken the law in their own hands and would never have created lawlessness. Therefore, the lawyers and the landlords were never faithful subjects of the king. They were traitors, disloyal and cruel.

Jack Straw's men were, of course, faithful to the king. They had peaceful intentions. They simply wanted to see the king. They wished to inform him of their sufferings. They wanted an end to their troubles through the help of the king who stood pledged to it. They did not want to fight. They fought only in self-defence. They were law-abiding persons, Hence, Jack Straw's men were faithful to the king.

Q. Give in brief the aims and ideals of the people of Kent.

Ans. The people of Kent belonged to the lower classes. They were poor, mostly peasants by profession, subjected to all sorts of pains and cruelties at the hands of their landlords. They wanted justice and equality and wished that there should be no disparity (difference or distinction) amongst the people on the basis of financial status. They wanted to see equality and social justice. Therefore they launched (started) a socialistic movement. It was aimed at bringing about a certain change in the social set-up of the country. They wished that the factories and the farms should be possessed by the members of the community collectively and not by a single individual.

So, the people of Kent gathered under the leadership

of Jack Straw and Will Green. When the messenger of the landlords and lawyers came to address them Jack Straw directed him to keep quiet. He told him in plain words what were the aims and ideals of the people under his command. They had gathered there in order to march to London. and wanted to speak to King Richard II. They would inform him of their sufferings and would tell him that they had suffered much cruelty. They had been treated like beasts. The landlords had subjected them to all possible tyrannies therefore, they would ask the king to do justice. They had a right to seek Government's protection. The king stood pledged to it. Thus the people of Kent had decided to remind the king of his promise he had made at the hour of his coronation at Westminster. These were in brief the aims and ideals of the people of Kent.

Q. What are important traits of the character of Dr. Johnson according to the observations of Boswell ?

Ans. Dr. Johnson was a mixture of two opposite sets of qualities. He possessed dual (two-sided) personality. He was in a way two persons in one. He disliked yet loved, he promised yet forgot, he opposed yet agreed, he was kind yet stiff. Above all he was given to say things opposite to what others said. (Habit of contradiction). He was calm yet quick. He gave ready and sharp replies.

Dr. Johnson disliked Wilkes for political reasons. Yet he agreed to dine with him at Dilly's. During the coruse of dinner he was carried away with favourable views for Wilkes because of his courtesy in spite of political differences. It was the first point of contrast in his character.

Dr. Johnson promised to accompany Boswell to dine at Dilly's. He forgot his promise. Though he had forgotten because of his own pre-occupations (مصروفیات), it shows how lightly he took his promise. This is the second point of contrast.

Again at Dilly's he showed an unconcerned attitude towards those present in the drawing-room. He started reading a book. Yet soon he entered into a deep talk with them. During the dinner he was impressed by the courtesy of Wilkes's whom he disliked most. He disliked Arther Lee too. But he talked with them pleasantly. He got along with those whom he disliked, quite satisfactorily and with ease. He disliked yet he was pleased. This is the third point of contrast.

During the course of the dinner the talk changed from topic to topic. Dr. Johnson all along showed his alert-mindedness. By chance someone opined Foote—a comic actor to be funny to the extent of being foolish. His jokes were regarded foolishly funny. Dr. Johnson jumped to oppose it. It was due to his habit of contradiction. He claimed Foote to be original possessing inventive intelligence—far from being foolish in his fun. Similarly he defended Garrick for his greed for money.

Dr. Johnson's final remark sums up the contrasting qualities of his character. He expressed his complete satisfaction with the dinner. He was perfectly pleased and thoroughly delighted with what he had at Dilly's. Had there been somebody else in his place he would have made quite a different remark.

Q. Why did Dr. Johnson hate Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Arther Lee.

Ans. Dr. Johnson was a staunch supporter of the British Government while Wilkes opposed it. That is why Dr. Johnson hated Wilkes. He had political differences with him.

Dr. Johnson hated Arther Lee because he was an American. And Dr. Johnson hated the Americans for their treachery towards the British Government. The Americans had risen against the Britishers in the British colonies with a view to secure independence. And it was treacherous. Hence he hated Arther Lee otherwise he had no personal grievance against him.

Q. What were the hobbies of Cowper? Or How did he spend his spare time?

Ans. Cowper's letter to Mrs. King tells us mostly of his pastimes (hobbies). It shows that he was not a poet wholly given to his poetic composition. He was a man of the world. He lived like normal people. He was like any other man upon this earth. He did not quite forget things around him. He stood thoroughly associated (attached to) with them. He was quite conscious (aware) of his surroundings.

Firstly, carpentry was his hobby. He prepared various items of furniture. Then he became interested in painting. He painted many a beautiful scene of nature. He worked hard and became a skilful painter. Finally, he took to (started) gardening as his hobby. He took an intense (great) delight in it. He became extremely interested in it. He grew different kinds of plants in his garden. He maintained a green-house containing all varieties of plants. He loved his plants. On frosty nights he warmed them through artificial fire lest they should be destroyed by frost. He did it unmindful of his health. It shows his violent (great) interest in his hobby.

Cowper did all this in order to keep himself engaged. He hated idleness. He considered it the worst possible evil that a man can suffer from.

Q. What did Dr. Johnson actually wish to make public through his letter addressed to the Earl of Chesterfield.

Ans. Dr. Johnson wanted to expose the indifference exhibited by the Earl of Chesterfield towards him. Dr. Johnson had sought some help from the Earl in the compilation of the Dictionary. It was not granted. Dr. Johnson's repeated efforts failed to win the favour of the Earl. When he had successfully compiled the Dictionary and was about to release it to the press for publication, the Earl of Chesterfield came forward with high praise for

his work. He had recommended the dictionary to the public probably with a view to impress upon the people that he was a genuine patron of Literature and Arts. Dr. Johnson wanted to expose the truth that the Earl was not a supporter or patron of the men of letters and that he had completed the compilation without any kind of external help whatsoever. He wanted to make it public that the Earl of Chesterfield had turned a deaf ear to his repeated requests for help.

Q. Bring out the element of satire from Zero's tale.

Ans. There are three major developments of the story. M'Guire attempts to place the time bomb near the statue of Shakespeare but fails. Then he wants to get rid of the bomb lest it should explode while in his possession but he fails. Finally, the bomb explodes in water without hurting anyone. Thus, the bomb fails to serve the purpose for which it was intended.

Stevenson has dealt with all of these three stages of the adventure satirically. He aims at ridiculing the very ideal of Irish movements. The participants of this movement are made to act in a funny way. Real conspirators who aim at overthrowing the Government are usually brave and they act courageously. They have a strong will-power and never get nervous. But M'Guire possesses an uneasy conscience. His conscience pricks him most. He behaves awkwardly. He suspects the looks of the passers-by, because of his guilty conscience. He mistakes a policeman for a spy though he simply sympathised with M'Guire.

Again M'Guire was not the least courageous. Had he been bold he would never have cared for his life. But he is afraid of the explosion of the bomb while it is in his possession. He wants to get rid of it. He tempts a girl, then a woman to accept the bag containing the bomb. Finally, he attempts to leave it behind in a cab. Thus he tries hard to get rid of it for fear of death. It is his cowardice. He is not brave. He is not a genuine conspirator and lacks will-power. His mode of behaviour is

simply ridiculous. Thus, the activities of the conspirator have been satirised and ridiculed. The Movement is mocked at.

Finally, the failure of the fulfilment of the mission makes the whole situation all the more funny. The bomb explodes under water. The aim was to explode some public place, thus to annoy the Government. But the efforts end in nothingness. It proves the futility (uselessness) of the movement. Thus, Stevenson has satirised the very ideal, purpose and aim of Irish Movement.

Q. How does a man with a guilty conscience behave? Give your answer in the light of M'Guire's behaviour.

Ans. It is the prickings of the conscience that make a man with an evil motive behave in the most awkward manner. M'Guire was to lay the time bomb in the vicinity of Shakespeare's statue at Liecester Square. He had an evil motive. He wanted to kill innocent persons but his conscience pricked him. That is why his heart had all along been beating hard. He lost self-control and command over his senses and saw everything else around him in the light of guilty conscience he had. Every passer-by appeared to him a spy deputed by the Government to keep a watch over his movements.

Again a man with guilty conscience invariably shows cowardice. M'Guire was afraid of his death. He feared the untimely explosion of the bomb while it was in his possession. That is why he tried his level best to get rid of it by offering it to a child by way of a gift, to a woman on the pretext of a support and finally attempting uselessly to set it somewhere in a particular street. His efforts had always failed. Finding no way out, he made a fruitless attempt to leave the bomb in the cab. It was all because of the ill motive he had. It led him to face insults at every step.

Finally, due to his nervousness caused by the prickings

of his conscience he threw the bomb in the River Thames and in order to hide his face to escape shame he himself jumped into the water af er it. All these acts of M'Guire show his guilt and cowardice that was the result of the prickings of his conscience.

So people in general behave in an awkward and cowardly manner while having a guilty conscience.

III. QUESTIONS ON POEMS

Q. 1. What is the ideal of "The Scholar"?

Ans. The scholar keenly aspires to a perpetual fame. He wants his name to live long after his death. That's why he has befriended the dead authors of the past. He reads their works whole-heartedly. He has been much benifitted by them and stands intellectually enlightened. He, too, feels inclined to produce work of the same literary merits as were that of the authors of the past. Thus he thinks that he, too, will be able to leave the work of permanent value behind him, which will be read, enjoyed and appreciated by the people of the ages yet to come. In this way he would become immortal.

Q. 2. What reactions were evoked (brought into play) after the father's ill-treatment towards his own son in "The Toys".

Ans. The feelings evoked in the father were that of repentence. He felt extremely sorry for his ill-treatment of his own son. In a way he felt rather guilty and prayed to God for the whole night to forgive his sins. The sight of his sleeping son with wet eyelashes in the proximity (neighbourhood) of his toys added to the emotional torture (pain) of the father.

Incidentally the father after the first pang (pain) of repentence was led to think of God Almighty who is the most Benevolent and the most Merciful. He develops a belief that God after his death would certainly forgive his sins as he had forgiven the lapse (fault) of his own son.

Q. 3. What feelings in the poet does the Cuckoo give rise to ?

Ans. The cuckoo evoked threefold feelings in the poet—of the past, the present and that of the future. It is through the cuckoo that the poet is able to recall to his mind the sweet memory of his bygone days of childhood. He becomes optimistic. The cuckoo to him is the symbol of love and hope. He feels thrilled on hearing it sing jubilantly (happily). Finally, the cuckoo brings the happy news of the sweet spring. It is all the more delightful.

Q. 4. What is the dominant note of the poem "Leisure." How does it picture the modern life as it is?

Ans. Overwhelming pre-occupation (excessively busy life) is the dominant note of the poem under reference. The people of modern age are awfully busy. Life is complex and responsibilities are multi-sided. So we do not have even a single second spare at our disposal to enjoy the beauties of nature or that of a dancing girl. We are weighed down by the burden of complexities of the responsibilities of modern life.

Q. 5. Why Death has been called the Leveller.

Ans. Death is the only thing which levels us down without leaving behind any trace of distinction whatsoever No living creature is spared by the stroke of death. High or low, rich or poor, king or queen, victor or vanquished (defeated one)—all are reduced to dust after their death. That is the level all are to conform to sooner or later. That is why Death has been called the leveller.

Q. 6. What is the occurrence that makes the tragedy of "The Bredon Hill" all the more poignant (sharp) ?

Ans. The poet's beloved in the first place turns a deaf ear to the call of the church bell when it rang to invite the people for prayer. The same bell rings at the hour of her death. It now rings not to call the people

for prayers but to participate in her funeral. This coincidence makes the tragedy all the more poignant. Besides, the poet's aspiration to get married to his beloved are dashed to the ground. He wishes the bell to cease till he dies before it restarts ringing to announce his death. It is another point which if viewed from the poet's angle of vision makes the tragedy definitely heart-rending.

Q. 7. How does Robert Bridges picture the beauty of Fire in the extract from "Prometheus the Firegiver".

Ans. See Summary of the Poem.

Q. 8. "Mighty is Fire". In what context ?

Ans. Fire has a high power of devastation. It destroys everything that comes within its range and reduces everything to ashes. At times it turns out uncomfortable. It is, therefore, powerful and "mighty". Again, Fire possesses a kind of power of transmutation. It changes everything else around it into gold—though of course not in literal sense. Anything that is lit up in the light of fire turns yellow and seems to have been transmuted into solid gold. Fire, therefore, is mighty in this context too.

Q. 9. "Say not, "Struggle Naught Availeth". Discuss in the light of the view expressed by Arthur Hugh Clough.

Or

What is the moral of the poem ?

Ans. Constant efforts do invariably (unfailingly) gain something. They are not altogether wasted. In other words, struggle in all probability is sure to be crowned with success in one way or another. It is not that it does not avail anything. (For further detailed reference see summary of the original poem.)

Q. 10. What consolation does Shakespeare speak of in the poem with the same title ?

Ans. It is a deep sense of satisfaction which the poet experiences through a casual thought of his kind friend about whom he has spoken in the poem. Elsewhere he finds people quite popular surrounded by friends enjoying honour. But he—the poet, feels an acute sense of loneliness owing to his being friendless and devoid of honour. But the thought of one of his friends seems to have given him a new life. He feels immensely encouraged. The charm of a king's life is immaterial after this elation on the thought of his friend. This is very consoling.

Q. 11. What is the urge of the poet as expressed in. "The Lake Isle of Innisfree".

Ans. Refer to Summary of this poem.

Q. 12. What strikes the keynote of "The Song of the Little Hunter".

Ans. It is fear that strikes the keynote of the song in question. The hunter is equipped with the shooting weapons. He is otherwise quite safe and sound and well defended, yet he cannot hunt. It is Fear that sets his heart beating hard. The fury of elements, viz., rain, storm, thunder and lightning taken together, carries no weight. Besides the noise created by the aforesaid things there is something else which frightens the hunter most. It is Fear. That is why he fails to shoot or to hunt with ease.

IV. EXPLANATIONS WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

PROSE-PASSAGES

Passage. And it is just the same with men's best wisdom. When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my picks and spades in good order and am I fit myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow and my breath good, and my temper"? And keeping the figure a little longer—even at the cost of being wearisome, for it is a

thoroughly useful figure—the metal you are in search of is the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. (P. 12.)

Context.—It is an extract from John Ruskin's essay, *How to Read.*

The author maintains that a will to read, love for authors and zest for knowledge are a few of the important pre-requisites (things required in advance) for a good reader. Besides, reading should be done exhaustively. It is only detailed reading that counts (is important).

Explanation.—One has to deserve first before one desires. So in order to make reading profitable one has got to do hard labour. If one happens to come across a good book, it is good to ask oneself whether one is prepared to undertake the labour like a miner. Would the hard work of an Australian miner be welcome to him. For a miner sharp and ready tools are indispensable (absolutely necessary) for a successful digging. He has to check them up before he starts the actual work. Again for a successful digging he has got to have a strong will power. He is to be ready physically with sleeves rolled up. He should be prepared to face failures. A reader is like a miner. He has to do intellectual digging. His wit and concentration of mind are his tools. He is to keep them ready and sharp. He has to have a mood to do that work. The miner's metal is gold. But an intellectual digger's gold is the author's meaning. He is to read his words thoroughly. They are the rocks. He is to split them like a real miner so as to get at the author's meanings.

Passage. Here my self-support gave way all at once; and with a movement of my hands, intended to show her my ragged state, and call it to witness that I had suffered something. I broke into a passion of crying, which I suppose had been locked up within me all the week. (P. 31.)

Context.—It is an extract from *The Road to Dover* which in turn has been taken from a novel entitled *David Copperfield* written by Charles Dickens.

The boy, David, hates his step-father. He slips away from his home stealthily. He is fed up with his father's treatment. He intends to go to Dover. There his aunt Betsy Trotwood lives. While on his way to Dover David suffers all probable difficulties. He is deprived of his money and box. He has lost his handkerchief. He had to go without food. At times he felt dead tired.

Explanation.—Finally, David reaches Dover. He calls on Betsy Trotwood. She fails to recognise him. He is disappointed. His courage gives way and his self-command yields. He intends to show his miserable condition by showing his hands. He wants to give her a concrete proof of his sufferings and bursts into tears. He weeps bitterly. During the course of his journey he was troubled much. His feelings were pent up. Throughout the whole week he had no occasion to give expression to his grief (sorrow). So at this hour when he meets his aunt, the pent-up feelings of one week seem to burst forth all of a sudden. So he wept hard.

Passage. It is true that the shutting up of houses had one effect, which I am sensible was of great importance, namely, it confined the infected people, who would otherwise have been very troublesome and very dangerous in their running about the streets with the disease upon them. Thus, when they were out of their mind they would have done in a most frightful manner ; as indeed they began to do at first very much, till they were restrained. Nay, so very shameless they were, that the poor would go about and beg at people's doors, and say they had the plague upon them, and beg rags for their sores, or do anything that afflicted nature happened to think of. (P. 62.)

Context.—It is an extract from *The Great Plague* by Daniel Defoe.

The author has given a picture of London when the Great Plague spread there in 1665. The houses were shut. The people migrated from the city proper to other towns. The authorities worked well. At times the people behaved (acted) in a ridiculous (funny) manner. The disease was there, but the people had developed an intense psychological fear.

Explanation.—According to the author the shutting up of houses served an important purpose. The people were infected by plague. They had caught the disease, therefore they were shut up in their respective houses. When they were shut the possibility of the spreading of the disease was considerably reduced. The people roamed about in the beginning which was dangerous. Finally, their movement was checked. It had a very good effect. Some people having no sense of shame exploited (made undue use of) the situation. They went from door to door in the guise of beggars. They posed themselves plague-patients. Thus they begged for alms. They begged for clothes to bandage their sores. However they did all that they possibly could think of—pained as they were.

Passage. And as we walked I meditated on the glory of fire, fit subject for a poet, refreshment for the human spirit and uplift for the soul. My emotions, when looking at it had not been entirely base ; I had felt, not merely a pleasure of the senses in the glories of that golden splendour under the blue roof of the night, but wonder at the energies we keep under, their perpetuity and their source, and the grandeur of man, living amid so much vastness and power courageously struggling to master things greater than himself, except that they have nc souls. (P. 80.)

Context.—This passage has been taken from Sir John Squire's essay *Fire and the Heart of Man.*

The author saw a huge fire. It gave rise to different kinds of feelings in his mind. He approached the scene

of fire along with his friend. He was sorry as well as delighted. He was sorry because of the loss caused by fire and glad because the blazing fire is something beautiful to look at. It is inspiring.

Explanation.—The fire was brought under control and was extinguished. The author came back to his place. While on his way home he was in a thoughtful mood. He thought deeply over the fire. He considered it a subject fit for the poets. They could compose beautiful poems on the theme of fire. According to him fire lifts up the soul. It is encouraging, and inspiring. He was really delighted at the sight of a huge fire. But his feelings were not altogether cheap. He thought of this scene in noble terms. He was led to realise that a great hidden power is possessed by man. It did not please his sense only. He derived the important moral that fire is mighty. Apparently man is weak, yet he can overcome fire. It is wonderful and highly encouraging.

Passage. 'Sir fool, hold your peace till you have heard me, or else we shoot at once. Go back to those that sent youand tell them that we free men of Kent are on the way to London to speak with King Richard, and to tell him that which he knows not, namely, that there is a certain sort of fools and traitors to the country who would put collars on our necks and make beasts of us, his right and his duty to do as he swore when he was and that it is crowned at Westminster. (P. 94.)

Context.—This passage has been taken from *The Battle at the Township's End* which is an extract from *A Dream of John Ball* written by William Morris.

There had been a clash between the landlords and lawyers on the one hand and the people of the lower classes on the other. The country people from the county of Kent had gathered at a particular place. They wanted to go to London. They intended to tell the king of their troubles and they wanted equality and justice. It was a socialistic movement and the Landlords and lawyers fought against them in order to check it.

Explanation.—Prior to (before) the actual battle a messenger came from the landlords to address the people of Kent. Jack Straw—the leader of the people of Kent, disallowed him to speak. He called the messenger a fool. He asked him to remain quiet till he finished his speech or else he threatened to shoot him dead on the spot. Jack Straw declared that the people of Kent wanted to go to London and speak to King Richard II. They would tell him of their sufferings and relate evetything truthfully He (the king) did not know that there were a number of disloyal persons in his country. They wanted to make the people of their country their slaves and treated them like beasts. The king had taken an oath at the hour of his coronation at Westminster to look after the well-being of his subjects, therefore, he must remove their troubles. He had to do justice. Jack Straw asked the messenger to take this message back to the people from whom he had come.

Passage. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which providence has enabled me to do for myself. (P. 125.)

Context.—It is an extract from Dr. Johnson's letter to the Earl of Chesterfield.

Dr. Johnson had compiled a dictionary. He had solicited (wished) some patronage of the Earl of Chesterfield. It was not granted. Dr. Johnson felt disappointed. He compiled the dictionary independently. When he had completed it the Earl of Chesterfield spoke highly of it and recommended his dictionary to the public. Johnson disliked it, yet he had been grateful to him for his kind gesture though it was belated.

Explanation.—Dr. Johnson is bold in his expression. He is not prepared to accept any praise of his work at its final stage. Therefore, he declares that it would not be awkward for him if he fails to acknowledge the debt of gratitude. That is, Dr. Johnson considers it quite proper

not to be grateful to the Earl of Chesterfield for his belated kindness from which he had gained nothing. He also dislikes to keep the public in the dark about the actual fact. The people are to be made aware tha Dr. Johnson did that work independently without any external help whatsoever. He had no patron. What he could do with the assistance of some patron had been done by himself all alone by the Grace of God.

My hopes are with the Dead ; anon
    My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
    Through all futurity ;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
    That will not perish in the dust. (P. 16.)

Context.—It is an extract from the poem, *The Scholar* composed by Robert Southey.

The poet speaks through the mouth of a scholar who is extremely interested in studies. He loves the dead authors of the past. They are his friends and he shares their feelings.

Explanation.—The hopes of the scholar are associated with the dead authors of the past. He believes that their intelligence and wisdom would enrich his life and he himself would become a learned figure. His reputation and fame would be assured. Even after his death his name would be remembered like the dead authors of the past. His name and fame would in no way be destroyed.

So when that night I pray'd
    To God, I wept, and said :
Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
    Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest with what toys,
    We made our joys. (P. 35.)

Context.—This stanza has been taken from the poem *The Toys* written by Coventry Patmore.

It contains an important moral. God is kind. He is merciful. A father had been unkind to his son. He struck him. Then he felt sorry. The father forgave the fault of his son. So he believes that God, too, would forgive his (father's) faults.

Explanation.—After having struck the child the father went to see him. He found him fast asleep. The poet prayed to God for the whole night and wept. He repented (felt sorry) on what he had done. A time is sure to come when he would die. He would not be able to do anything more against the will of God. He would not tease Him af·cr death. It is God who knows how the men upon this earth enjoy their lives.

Though babbling only to the vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours. (P. 51.)

Context.—It is an extract from William Wordsworth's poem *To the Cuckoo*.

The poet is delighted to hear the cuckoo sing. It brings the news of spring. It is a symbol of love and hope.

Explanation.—When the cuckoo sings, the valley echoes. It seems talking to the sun-lit valley full of flowers as if it were a baby. Her song reminds the poet of his bygone days. He recalls to his mind the days of his childhood. The memory of those days is quite dim in the poet's mind. It is a dream. Yet the song of the cuckoo refreshes his memory.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance.
No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began. (P. 53.)

Context.—It is an extract from William H. Davies's poem entitled *Leisure*.

The poet has given a picture of the busy life of the modern age. He maintains that we are awfully busy. We do not have a single spare moment at our disposal.

Explanation.—We are too busy to enjoy beauty. We cannot enjoy the dance of a beautiful girl We cannot enjoy her looks and cannot see the movements of her feet. Occasionally the dancing girl smiles. Her smile begins from her eyes. It spreads all over her face in a fraction of a second. But unfortunately we do not have even that much time as to see her smile.

The garlands wither on your brow ;
　　Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon death's purple altar now
　　See where the victor-victim bleeds.
Your heads must come
　　To the cold tomb ;
Only the actions of the just
　　Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust. (P. 69.)

Context.—It is an extract from *Death the Leveller*; composed by James Shirley.

The poet maintains that Death is mighty (powerful). It victimises all and spares none. King or queen, rich or poor, soldier or warrior, all fall under the stroke of Death. It brings all of them on an equal footing. It brings everybody on the same level. After death everybody is buried in the earth.

Explanation.—Victories are unimportant, and honour is insignificant. So one should not speak high of one's brave performances. It is all to be forgotten soon. Death would kill the victors. One who had been victorious becomes victim of death. He falls under its stroke and dies. The place where life is sacrificed as an offering is the altar of Death. It has turned red and is stained with the blood of those who had died. Their heads are sure to be reduced to dust. Their dead bodies are consigned to the graveyard. There is of course one thing which is beyond the reach of Death and which cannot killed by it. It is the virtuous deeds and just actions. The worth of

an action based on justice is permanent and everlasting. It lives long after death. It is as if the dust of the dead one blossomed into flowers and smells sweet.

> They tolled the one bell only,
> Groom there was none to see,
> The mourners followed after,
> And so to church went she,
> And would not wait for me. (P. 71.)

Context.—It is an extract from the poem *Bredon Hill*. It is written by A. E. Housman.

The poet and his beloved enjoy the beauties of nature. They hear the church bells ring. The poet's beloved fails to respond to their call. Then she dies. The bells again ring. This time they announce the death of the poet's beloved. The poet wishes them not to ring as he is to follow his beloved shortly.

Explanation.—The bell rang but it was only one. It announced the death of the poet's beloved. It was a call for the people to attend the funeral ceremony of the dead. The poet wished to marry his beloved but she died. So the girl who was to be the bride was missing. She was dead. Her body was going to be buried in the churchyard. Those who participated in her funeral went after her. She did not wait for the poet to come. She died earlier.

> ——See the stars that mount,
> Momentary bright
> Flitting specks of light
> More than eye can count.
> Insects of the air,
> As in summer night
> Show a fire in flying
> Flickering here and there,
> Waving past and dying. (P. 83.)

Context.—This passage is an extract from the poem *Prometheus the firegiver* written by Robert Bridges.

The poet praises the beauty of a blazing fire. It runs wild and lits up the adjoining area. The things around it turn yellow like gold. It presents a beautiful sight to look at. Above all the fire is mighty.

Explanation.—Here the poet gives a pen-picture of the blazing burning fire. As it burns its flames shoot forth and sparks fly out of it. They travel skyward. They glimmer (shine) and then disappear. They shine for a very brief moment of time and then are immediately put out. They are innumerable. The eyes cannot count them. They look like glowworms. In summer glow-worms twinkle and fly about. They emit (give out) light intermittently (at intervals). So the flying sparks of fire too shine, twinkle and then disappear.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
To back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main. (P. 101.)

Context.—It is an extract from Arthur Hugh Clough's poem *Say not, the struggle naught availeth.*

It has an important moral. One should not say that efforts will not avail. Constant struggle is sure to be crowned with success. It is never wasted. Success may come slowly, but it does come.

Explanation.—One can profitably derive inspiration and encouragement from the waves of the sea, They strike against the shore and then return to sea. It seems as if they gained nothing. They failed to win the ground. But a cursory (flying) glance would reveal that the waves gained a lot. They flooded the adjoining area. As they returned to the sea they left water behind in the openings of the rocks and cavities of the earth. So the struggle, too, does avail something. It is never altogether wasted as is seen from the constant lashing of waves against seashore which gain something.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate ;
(P. 119.)

Context.—It is an extract from the poem '*Consolation*). It has been composed by William Shakespeare.

The poet feels unhappy. He does not command respect and popularity. He feels envious of those surrounded by friends. But a casual thought of his friend sets him feeling wonderfully happy.

Explanation.—While in a miserable condition neglected by others the poet weeps. He feels lonely and is unhappy. He prays to God to grant him honour. But his request is not granted. His cries turn out to be fruitless. He is sorry and blames his fate. He finds no way out.

When the heat-cloud sucks the tempest, when the
Shivered pine-trees fall,
When the blinding, blaring rain-squalls
lash and veer,
Through the trumpets of the thunder rings
a voice more loud than all—
It is Fear, O Little Hunter, it is fear ! (P. 152.)

Context.—It is an extract from *The Song of the Little Hunter* written by Rudyard Kipling.

The hunter roams in the jungle. He is timid and cowardly. His courage gives way and he is unable to hunt. He is frightened. The poet asks the hunter to shake off the fear. But he can not.

Explanation.—It is intensely hot. The clouds seem dry. They want to absorb water in themselves. The storm blows hard and the pine-trees fall. Their wood is splitted (broken) into pieces. It rains heavily and makes one blind. The atmosphere grows dark and the visibility becomes poor. The rain roars as it falls.

There are heavy rain storms. They change their course. The thunder rolls. It creates a deafening noise. But above all this noise caused by the disturbance of elements there is another noise. It is louder than the peal of thunder and roar of the storm. It is nothing but fear. The poet pointedly tells the hunter that the noise which he feels to hear above all this turnmoil (disturbance) of elements is simply fear and nothing else.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
 I hear lake water lapping with low sound by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey.
 I hear it in the deep heart's core. (P. 131.)

Context.—It is an extract from the poem entitled. *The Lake Isle of Innisfree* by William Butler Yeats.

The poet has an urge to enjoy a peaceful atmosphere. He intends to build a cottage at Lake Isle of Innisfree where he would live a carefree life. He would tame the bees and enjoy the beauties of nature.

Explanation.—The poet has finally decided to retire in peace to Innisfree. The desire is keen. The waves striking against the shore produce a definite kind of sound. They seem to call the poet round the clock. It has an appeal for him. While he is standing on the road he hears the waves beat hard. The sound goes deep into his heart and he feels attracted irresistibly.

An Approach to English Literature

BOOK IV

I. SUMMARIES

1. ENGLAND—(*Stanley Baldwin*)

The Englishman is all right so long as he is content to remain an Englishman. There are historians who say that the Englishmen were defeated in the Battle of Hastings because they had been copying the manners of the French. There is one strange contradiction about the Englishmen. It is said that as a nation they have less intellectual sense and yet there is no nation on earth that has produced greater geniuses. There is hardly any line in which the English have not produced great geniuses. They have a literature second to none that has ever existed in the world, and certainly in poetry it is supreme.

The Englishman grumbles (murmurs over the troubles) but he never worries. There are other nations who worry but do not grumble. Grumbling is more superficial (*i.e.*, surface-deep) and leaves less of a mark on the character. The English schoolboy does not want to receive knowledge and thus saves his mental faculties up to the middle age or old age than he otherwise would have done. Similarly, the Englishman has reserve powers of the mind by the absence of worry and he keeps his nervous system sound and sane. The result of this is that in times of emergency his nervous system stands while the nervous system of other people breaks.

The Englishman is made for a time of crisis or for a time of emergency. He is calm in difficulties, but he looks to be indifferent when times are easy. He does not care for warnings but when the time of difficulty comes he is persistent to death and flexible (unbending) in action.

These gifts have made Englishman what he is and the Empire what it is. It is in his power of endurance that he is supreme. The most useful thing for English statesmen is that they do not care for criticism. This is why the English statesmen last longer than those of other nations. In the past generation people spoke of the "damned foreigners" but there has been an exactly opposite tendency in the present times—the English people regard every other country right except their own. It is largely due to the fact that people hold beliefs which they cannot persuade others to believe in.

The English people are at heart and in practice the kindest people in the world. In England there is a profound (deep) sympathey for the underdog (poor people). There is a brotherly and neighbourly feeling throughout all classes. There is a way of facing misfortunes with a cheerful face. It was shown remarkably during the War. Ruskin says that the English laugh is the purest and truest. As long as people can laugh, they are kept away from the unclean vices (evils) of life. Then, the Englishmen have the largest variety of individuals. They are a nation of individuals and a people of character. All the characters found in the novels of Dickens are to be seen among the Englishmen. They are all different and we meet them in different positions in life. Englishmen do not allow their individual natures to be crushed under one universal system. If their differences are smoothed out they would lose their power. Uniformity of type is a bad thing. Even uniformity of speech is bad. Two centuries ago the Englishmen spoke different dialects (languages spoken over smaller areas) but now education has drifted them away from these dialects and they all speak the same language. So, some of the best words and phrases of those dialects have disappeared. Thus, education has brought in one uniform and inexpressive language.

Baldwin then asks what is it that England stands for to each one of his listeners. He wonders what would England mean to the coming generations when vast fields would be converted into towns. For him England is the

country (open fields) and the country is England. When he asks himself what is England or when he thinks of England when abroad, the conception of England comes to him through his various senses—through the ear, the eye and certain scents. There are certain typical sounds of England, such as the clank of the hammer on the anvil in a village smithy and the sound of the scythe. There is the sight of the team of oxen coming from the plough field. This is a sight which will be remembered long after English factories and English empire has ceased. Then there is the smell of the flowers in April or a cart of hay or the wood smoke coming up in an autumn evening. These things strike very deeply into the hearts of Englishmen.

These are the things that make England. Baldwin feels sorry that a majority of the English children are not conscious of these valuable experiences. But men and women in the towns love to have a piece of garden, even though they never enjoyed the scenes of the open countryside as children. Their forefathers knew and loved those scenes. That is why the English race has a great love of home and it seeks its new home in the Dominions overseas, where they can see the scenes which have disappeared in England. The Englishmen take with them, wherever they go, their love of justice, love of truth and the broad humanity which is their typical quality. It is possible that these qualities may survive among the Englishmen so long as they are a nation. They still speak of Roman soldiers although they left England centuries ago, and they speak of the Roman strength and Roman character. Similarly in the ten thousandth century people will speak of these qualities of the Englishmen when many empires have risen and fallen

2. LINES ON ENGLAND—(*Tennyson*)

England is a land which is ploughed by free men, a land which freedom chose for herself, where each man may speak his mind freely whether he is surrounded by friends or foes. It is a land of settled government, a land of just and old renown, where party-faction seldom becomes

strong. But some thought gathers strength and grows to fullness in course of time and ultimately it spreads in time and space to do its work.

3. HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD—
(*Robert Browning*)

How delightful it is to be in England, now that the month of April is there. Whosoever awakes in England sees unwares that the lowest branches and sheaves of brushwood are bearing out small, tiny leaves and the finch (song-bird) sings on an orchard branch. April is followed by May. Then the white-throat builds his nest and the swallows return to England (from the Southern countries). The pear-tree is full of blossoms and bends over the field to scatter its flowers over the clover. The thrush sings each song twice over, lest you should think that he cannot recapture the first fine joy of the season. Though the fields look white with dew, yet they will look pleasant at noontime. The buttercups (flowers) will look more bright than the melon-flowers.

4. THE VISIT—(*Jane Austen*)

An unmarried man in possession of a large fortune is considered to be in want of a wife. Whenever such a man settles down, the neighbouring families consider him as the rightful property of someone of their daughters, whatever may be his views or feelings.

Mrs. Bennet asked her husband whether he had heard the news that Netherfield Park was let at last. She had got this news from Mrs. Long. She asked him whether he wished to know who had taken it on rent. Mr. Bennet gave indifferent replies to all this. She told her husband that it was taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England. He came down on Monday in a carriage drawn by four horses and he was so delighted to see the place that he immediately agreed with Mr. Morris. He was coming there before Michaelmas (29th Sept.). She also told him that his name was Mr. Bingley and that

he was single. Mr. Bennet asked in surprise as to how it could affect them She replied that she was thinking of getting one of her daughters married to him.

Mr. Bennet asked her whether this was his design in settling down there, but she replied that it was nonsense to talk of such a design. It was very likely that he might fall in love with one of his daughters, and therefore he must visit him at the earliest. Mr. Bennet said that there was no occasion for his going. She and her daughters might go, or better still the girls should go by themselves. Mrs. Bennet still insisted on his paying a visit to Mr. Bingley when he came into their neighbourhood, but Mr. Bennet did not make any definite promise. She said that he must do it for the sake of his daughters. Sir William and Lady Lucas were determined to go to see him on that account, although they seldom went to see the newcomers. If he did not go, it would be impossible for Mr. Bingley to pay them a visit.

Mr. Bennet said by way of a joke that she and her daughters might see him, though he would give her a letter to Mr. Bingley that he could marry any of his daughters. But he would praise Lizzy (Elizabeth) more than the others. Mrs. Bennet said that Lizzy was not a bit better than the other two sisters. She was not half so handsome as Jane, nor half so good-humoured as Lydia. Mrs. Bennet complained of bad nerves and he said that she should not worry about them. She would like to see many young men with four thousand pounds a year as income coming into their neighbourhood. But she said that it would be no use if twenty such persons came because her husband would not go to visit them.

Mr. Bennet was a strange mixture of bitter humour, reserve and changeable mood. Mrs. Bennet could not understand his temperament. Mr. Bennet actually went to pay a visit to Mr. Bingley. He was one of the first visitors. He had intended to visit him, though up to the last moment he said to his wife that he would not. It was then disclosed in the following manner.

He remarked that Mr. Bingley would like Lizzy.

Mrs. Bennet said that they do not care what Mr. Bingley thought because they were not going to visit him. Lizzy said that Mrs. Long had promised to introduce them to him. Mrs. Bennet remarked that Mrs. Long was a selfish woman, and besides she had two nieces of her own. Then she scolded her daughter, Kitty, for coughing too loudly and not caring for her bad nerves. She asked Lizzy when the next ball (dance) would take place. She replied that it would be after a forthinght. Mrs. Bennet observed that Mrs Long would come back only one day earlier and it would be impossible for her to introduce them to Mr. Bingley, as she will not know him herself. Her husband humorously remarked that in that case she should introduce him to Mrs. Long. She felt a little cross, but Mr. Bennet continued, and said that if she could not know Mr. Bingley after a fortnight then he would introduce him to Mrs. Long.

The girls looked at their father with astonishment. Mrs. Bennet only said, "Nonsense, nonsense". She said she was sick of uttering the name of Mr. Bingley. They should talk no more of him. Mr. Bennet said that he was sorry to hear this. If he had known it before, he would not have paid him a visit that morning. It was very unlucky but he had actually called on him and he could not escape the acquaintance. The ladies were extremely astonished as he had expected, but Mrs. Bennet was astonished most of all. When the first rapture of her joy was over she said it was just what she had expected all along. She was sure that he loved his girls too well to neglect such an acquaintance. Mr. Bennet went on telling the girls what an excellent father they had and how they would repay his kindness or her kindness. She thought that Mr. Bingley would like to dance with Lydia, though she was the youngest. Lydia proudly said that she was the tallest, though she was the youngest. The rest of the evening was spent on guessing how Mr. Bingley would return the visit of Mr. Bennet, and thinking as to when they should ask him to dinner.

5. THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER— (*Lewis Carroll*)

In this nonsensical humorous poem the poet relates a funny story. The sun was shining on the sea at midnight and making the waves bright. The moon was shining sadly because she did not like the interference of the sun at night. The sea was wet and the sand was extremely dry. The Walrus and the Carpenter were walking close together on the seashore. They saw big quantities of sand scattered over it but said that it would be grand to get it cleared. If seven maids would clean it for half a year, the Walrus thought, they would get it clear. But the Carpenter shed a tear and said that he doubted whether they could do it. Then the Walrus requested the oysters to come and walk with them. They would have a pleasant walk and a pleasant talk.

One of the oldest oysters shook his head and did not wish to leave his oyster bed. But four young oysters hurried up, brushed their coats and cleaned their shoes, though they had no feet. Then many more oysters followed them. The Walrus and the Carpenter walked with them for a mile or so and then they rested on a rock, while all the oysters stood and waited in a row. The Walrus said that the time had come to talk of many things of shore and ships, and sealing-wax, of cabbages and kings, why the sea was boiling hot and why the pigs had no wings. The oysters said that they were dead tired after the long walk. The Walrus suggested that all they needed was a loaf of bread with pepper and vinegar. He asked the oysters if they were ready and then they would begin to eat. The oysters caught a hint and exclaimed at once that he should not feed himself on them (the oysters), after so much kindness. The Carpenter only said, "Let us cut a slice". The Walrus said that it would be shameful to play them such a trick after bringing them so far away and having them march so quickly. He wept for them and sympathised with them. But at the same time with sobs and tears he started choosing the biggest oysters (and eating them). The Carpenter exclaimed, "O oysters you have had a pleasant

run. Shall we be trotting here again?" But there was no reply, because they both had eaten all the oysters.

6. JUSTICE IN EREWHON—(*Samuel Butler*)

Butler gives a funny picture of a society in Erewhon (or Nowhere) where everything happens in the reverse direction. He describes how justice is done there. He says that in Erewhon there are some courts of justice for dealing with special subjects. Misfortune is considered to be a crime and it is classified under different heads. He walked into a court called Personal Bereavement Court. The trial of a man who had lost his wife was being conducted. He was much devoted to her, and she had left him with three children, eldest of whom was three years old.

The defence counsel for the prisoner tried to prove that he never loved his wife, but the public prosecutor (Govt. pleader) produced many witnesses to show that they loved each other. The jury gave the verdict that he was guilty. But they recommended the prisoner to mercy on the ground that he had recently insured his wife's life for a big sum which he had received from the insurance company. He had paid only two premiums for it. Thus, he was considered to be lucky. The judge pronounced the judgment that luck is the only fit object for human respect. How far a man has a right to be more lucky than his neighbours, and hence to be more respected, is a question which will have to be solved by force. No man should be allowed to be unlucky. The prisoner had suffered a great loss. Nature gives severe punishment for such offences and human law must do the same. But for the recommendations of the jury, he would have given him six months' hard labour. However, he asked him to pay as fine twenty-five per cent. of the sum of insurance received by him. The prisoner thanked the judge and agreed to pay the sum.

The next case was that of a young man who had been cheated of a large property by his guardian when he was a minor (under-age). His father had been long dead, and so this case came for trial in the Personal Bereavement

Court. His crime was why he had allowed himself to be cheated. The lad pleaded that he was young, inexperienced, greatly afraid of his guardian and he could not get legal advice. The judge sternly told him not to talk nonsense. He said that people had no right to be young, inexperienced, greatly afraid of their guardians, and without professional advice. He ordered the young man to apologise to his guardian and receive twelve strokes with a thick rope.

But the most remarkable case was that of a man suffering from consumption of the lungs. It was a crime which was punished with death until recent times. The prisoner was placed in the dock and members of the jury were sworn and the prisoner was asked to plead guilty or not guilty. He pleaded not guilty and the case proceeded. The evidence against him was very strong but the court did justice in an impartial manner. The pleader for defence stated that he was pretending to be suffering from consumption in order to cheat an insurance company from which he wanted to get an annual amount. If this could be proved he would have escaped any punishment and then he would be sent to a hospital as a case of a moral disease. Although he was the best barrister yet he could not prove it. The case was clear because the prisoner was almost at the point of death. He was coughing continuously during the trial.

The judge summed up in an admirable manner. It was clear that the evidence was so convincing that there was no doubt and the prisoner was pronounced to be guilty. The judge pronounced the sentence and delivered it with a majestic severity. The author says that he can never forget it and he noted it in a note-book. The sentence was as follows: "Prisoner at the bar, you have been accused of the great crime of suffering from consumption of the lungs and you have been found guilty. I cannot say anything against the justice of this decision. The evidence (proof) was convincing. The sentence must be a very severe one. It pains me to see that you are so young and you have been brought to this condition by a very bad constitution. But no mercy can be shown to you, because this is not your

first offence. You have led a life of crime (*i.e.*, suffering constantly from the disease) and the leniency shown to you has encouraged you to offend more seriously against the laws of the country you were convicted of bronchitis (cough) last year. Although you are 23 years old you have been convicted 14 times for illness of a hateful kind. You have spent a greater part of your life in jail. You have said that you came of unhealthy parents and had a severe accident in childhood which permanently affected your constitution (body and health). But these are the excuses of the criminals. There is no question how you became ill. But the plain fact is that you are seriously ill. It has been justly decided that you have committed a serious crime in being ill. You are a bad and dangerous person and stand condemned in the eyes of your fellow-countrymen.

"I do not want to justify the law; the law may in some cases have its hardships and I may feel sorry that I cannot pass a less severe sentence than I am compelled to do. But yours is not such a case. You deserve a punishment of death. If that punishment had not been abolished I would have awarded it to you. You presence among the respectable people would encourage the weak persons to have all sorts of illnesses. There is another reason for which I cannot show you any mercy. There is a class of people called physicians (doctors). They are now secretly practising their art in spite of the fact that they are not allowed by the law to do so and also there is a strong feeling of people against them. If the law were less severe they would start practising openly. They would be frequent visitors in every house hold and the doctors would come to know the secrets of all This would give them an unlimited power, both social and political. The head of the family would become subordinate to the family doctor who would interfere between a husband and wife, between master and servant. Medicine-sellers of all kinds would be present in all our streets and advertise in all newspapers. All this is not allowed by the present law of our country.

"You say that it is not your fault that you caught the

disease; your parents were not healthy and prosperous; your education was not good, and so on. You say that you had no hand in all these factors, but I am not concerned with any of these. It is my duty to see that people afflicted with this disease should be punished. It is my duty to see that the commonwealth is protected against such offenders Lastly, even if the jury (of judges) had aquitted you (let you go unpunished) I would have still sentenced you to the same punishment which I am now going to award. The more you had been found innocent, the more you would have teen guilty of another crime, that is, the crime of having been accused unjustly.

"Therefore I do not hesitate to sentence you to imprisonment, with hard labour, for the rest of your miserable life. During that period I would request you to repent of the wrongs done by you already and to reform your body entirely. I also order that you shall receive three tablespoonfuls of castor oil daily, until the pleasure of the court be further known." When the sentence had been announced the prisoner uttered a few words slowly that the punishment was quite just. He was then removed to prison for ever.

The author says that he was very much impressed by respect for law shown by the people of that country.

7. ANIMALS—(*Walt Whitman*)

The poet says that he could live comfortably with the animals because they are so calm and self-contained. They do not grumble at their condition nor keep awake in the darkness and weep for their sins. They do not make him sick by discussing about his duty to God. Not one of them is dissatisfied, not one is cursed with the madness of having more and more possessions. Not one kneels to another (out of respect), nor to his own who lived thousands of years ago. (Christ) None of them is respectable or industrious over the whole earth.

(Thus, the poem is a satire on human beings.)

8. HOPE—(*John Galsworthy*)

Galsworthy relates the story of the miserable life of a lame man who shows great courage without any hope. He says that it was certain that the lame man would pass leaning on his twisted stick whether it was wet or fine, hot or cold. His basket was hanging by his shoulder and it had groundsel (small yellow plants with seeds) for feeding the birds. His blunt and weather-beaten face often looked sad because his leg gave him constant pain. The leg had shrunk in size after an accident and was now two inches shorter. It constantly reminded him that man is destined to die. His clothes were old and ragged and stained by weather. He had been a deep-sea fisherman before the accident, but now he made his living by standing on the pavement at a certain place in West London and selling groundsel to customers who wished to give a feed to their cage-birds. They would stop and buy a pennysworth of groundsel.

He had to work hard, rising at five o'clock and going out of London by an early train to find the groundsel in open fields. He had to drag his shrunken leg here in the damp ground and collect the green mass with great toil. He would then take the train back by nine or ten o'clock at night, dragging his leg in the darkness. On such occasions the grey eyes, which had been accustomed to see through the sea-mists, reflected the bottom of his soul. There lay the bird of his soul with clipped wings. He said that there was nothing in his profession, though it was better than flower-selling in which there was less than nothing. Sometimes he used to utter the words, "A hard life", when the groundsel was scarce and customers were even more scarce, when the dampness had struck up into his shrunken leg. He would sometimes talk to his customers about his hard life. But usually he stood or sat silently watching the world go by as he used to watch the waves of the sea. He was the very embodiment of the idea about the fate of man : "I hold on till I drop."

It was difficult to say what were his thoughts. Perhaps

he was thinking of the old days round the dangerous sand-banks of Goodwin, or of the difficulty of getting groundsel, or of his leg, or the gouty rheumatism of his wife, or of rents which he had to pay, or how few people purchased his groundsel, and once more of his leg. Practically no one stopped to look at him. There was nothing particular in the brown-bearded man's face and his lame leg. If somebody would say that the weather was cold, he would remark, "Yes, ma'am-you wouldn't believe how I feel it in my leg." But people would seldom care for it. They thought that he wanted to make something out of it. His painful leg had got on his nerves and he must speak of it. Sometimes on warm days when groundsel was properly in bloom, his customers would get the better of their feelings and give him pennies instead of half-pennies. This served to strengthen his belief of making a mention of his leg.

He enjoyed no holidays but sometimes he was absent from his stand. This was when his leg became "a mass of pain" as he called it. Such occasions threw him into arrears of rent and for the following days he had to make greater efforts to earn. Christmas was his festival, because on Christmas people spent a little on their birds and his usual customers would give him six-pence. After his annual attack of cough and cold, his weather-beaten face looked strangely pale, and his blue eyes seemed to have in them the mist of many watches. He would sometimes explain to his customers how he had to drag his leg in the mud to get the groundsel, and how his wife was suffering from rheumatism. He would say, "I'm all trouble." But he would think with pride that very few people had got so bad a leg as his.

It was hard to understand what attraction life had for him. It was difficult to penetrate. Through the continual toil and pains, to the weary bird lying in his soul, it seemed unreasonable that this man should cling to life. He and his wife were expecting a change for the better in their next life. Yet the thought never came to him—"Why do I continue to live?" It seemed to give him a secret joy

to measure himself against troubles. In the crowded street he stood, leaning on his twisted stick with his basket and his tired steadfast face, his ragged clothes, were an embodiment of the unconscious human virtue—courage without hope.

9. OUT OF THE NIGHT THAT COVERS ME.— (*William Ernest Henley*)

Out of the darkness that covers the entire world I thank the gods for giving me an unconquerable soul. In the foul hands of evil circumstances I have never protested nor cried aloud and under the hard knocks of fate my head is bloody but it is not bowed. At the end of this life full of anger and tears, death awaits us, and yet I have never been afraid of this threat. It does not matter how narrow be the path through which we have to pass or how much punishment has been entered in the paper showing my good and bad deads. I am the master of my fate; I am the captain of my soul. (Thus, it is a poem of great optimism.)

10. THE CONVALESCENT—(*Charles Lamb*)

The author had suffered from nervous fever for some weeks and so he could think of nothing else but write on this subject for his readers. He thought that the whole state of sickness is a grand dream for a man who lies on his bed drawing up his curtains and shutting out the sun. He tries to forget everything that is going on under the sun. He becomes insensible to life and is only conscious of the feeble beatings of his pulse. A sick bed gives the advantages of kingship. The patient feels like a lord there; he sways his pillow like a king, tumbling and tossing, and shifting and lowering and thumping and flattening. He changes sides more often than a politician does. Sometimes he lies full-length on the bed and sometimes half-length. Within the four curtains he is the absolute master. Sickness enlarges the stature of a man to himself. He thinks of nothing else except himself, and how to get well.

A little before he was much concerned in the event of a case of law which would have made or ruined the fortunes of his friend. He was running about the town for his sake. But now he is absolutely indifferent to it, as if it is something happening in Peking (China). Even if he hears a whisper that his friend has been ruined, he cares little for the words "friend" and "ruin". He does not think of anything but how to get better. He has put on the armour (weapons) of sickness and he is wrapped in the hide of suffering. He keeps his sympathies reserved, like some curious wine kept under lock and key.

He lies pitying himself, groaning and mooning to himself; he mourns over himself; his heart is even melted within him, to think that he suffers; he is not ashamed to weep over himself. He divides himself; into different individuals as he has got his aching limbs. Sometimes he reflects about his poor aching head, as it if were a thing apart from him. Or, he pities his long damp fingers. He pities over himself and his bed is a place of humanity and tender heart. He is his own sympathiser and feels that none else can do it for him. He does not care much for the visitors. Only the sight of the punctual nurse pleases him as she brings his soups and medicines.

He is dead to the business of the world. He does not care for the callings and occupations of other human beings. As the doctor comes he feels that he is the only sick to be looked after. As the doctor quietly shuts the door, the cannot think that the doctor would go to the bed of any other patient. He only thinks of his regular visit the next morning. He is not upset by household rumours (or news). He does not care to know or think of anything. He makes only a guesswork of the errands of servants who walk very quietly, as if on velvet. He flatters himself by the ideas that some people are making enquiries about his health, but he does not care to ask their names. In the silence of the house he lies in state (like the dead body of a king) and feels his kingship.

To be sick is to enjoy the rights of kingship. Compare the silence and quietness with which everybody moves to

the abrupt manner and careless ways of people when one is healthy. The servants slam the doors and leave them open when a person is convalescent (recovering). The state of recovery shrinks a man back to his old normal position. The scene of his sickness is reduced to a common bedroom. The bed is newly made every day but in the days of sickness it was made every four or five days and the patient had to be removed in pain. There was a joy in lying over the wavy bed not made out every day. Some shadow of the sick man's greatness still lingers in the visit of the medical attendant. But he also seems to be changed with everything else. Can he be the same person who came between the patient and his cruel enemy, as if he were an ambassador of Nature. It is now an old woman that comes.

Farewell to everything that made sickness as something impressive, the silence in the rooms, one's own attention focussed on oneself and a world of thoughts, all these are gone. Finally, the writer says to the editor of the magazine that his note came to him when he had been thrown by the tide of sickness on the seashore of recovery but he was not yet in a healthy state. This summons seemed to be a link with the activities of life which he had given up during sickness. It was a reminder that he should withdraw from that dream when he was absorbed in himself. He had been cut off from the laws and literature of the world. The editor had asked him to send him an article. So he feels that he is again an ordinary essayist instead of feeling an important person like a king. But he can write on nothing else except his own convalescene (state of recovery from illness).

11. TO THE NIGHT—(*Shelley*)

The poet asks the spirit of Night to walk swiftly over the western waves. She should come out of the misty eastern caves where she has been sitting alone during the day weaving dreams of joy and fear, which make her look terrible as well as dear. Again, he asks her to cover herself with a dark mantle (cloak) and with her hair she should blind the eyes of day. She should kiss him till he is tired out

and slips away. Then the Night should wander over the city, the sea and the land, inducing a sleepy mood on every thing.

The poet sighed for her when he rose at the time of dawn. He also sighed for her when the noontime lay heavy on the flowers and trees and also when the tired day went to take rest like an unloved guest who was unnecessarily lingering.

Death, the brother of Night, came and offered his services to the poet. Similarly sleep, the sweet child of Night, murmured into the ears of the poet like a noontide bee. But he did not want them both. He says that Death would come when the Night is dead. Alas ! it will come too soon. Sleep will come when the Night is fled. He asks the favour of Night to approach swiftly and to come soon to him.

12. THE NEW TUTOR—(*W. M. Thackeray*)

Mr. Ward was engaged as a tutor for the sons of Mrs. Esmond. He was also a preacher and a handsome young man. His preaching pleased Madam Esmond from the very beginning. For weeks and months she was not tired to hear his smooth voice and commonplace sermons and she asked her neighbours also to listen to him. She was keen that her young favourite, Mr. Washington should come and stay at Castlewood and have the spiritual benefit of listening to Mr. Ward. The two boys put under his care soon grew tired and even made a rebellion against their new teacher. They found him a bad scholar, a dull fellow and ill-mannered as well. George knew much more Latin and Greek than his master and even corrected his mistakes. Harry copied Mr. Ward's manner of eating and talking so that Mrs. Mountain and even Madam Esmond were forced to laugh. Madam Esmond would have soon found that Ward was a vulgar hypocrite (cheat or pretender to knowledge), but she opposed her son with a strong will. She told them that they were proud boys and they must repent for it. Ward gave them a lecture on pride.

George adopted a wicked and sarcastic method. He made jokes of Ward's remarks and annoyed Madam Esmond,

because Harry went into bursts of laughter. She felt that her authority was being defied and the younger brother (Harry) was being spoiled by his elder brother (George). She made a desparate effort to maintain her power. Corporal (bodily) punishment was common in those days and sergeants, schoolmasters and slave overseers freely used the cane. The two brothers had been whipped in their chidhood by their Scotch tutor Mr. Dempster and Harry took it lightly. But after Col. Esmond's death the cane had never been used and young gentlemen of Castlewood (George and Harry) had been allowed to have their own way. The mother now felt that beating was the only way of restoring her authority. The boys laughed at the flattering words of Ward, they hated his bad manners and they yawned at his sermons. The more their mother favoured him, the more they disliked him.

Mrs. Mountain had informed the boys that some sort of conspiracy was being hatched against them and advised them to behave properly. She said that Ward flattered their mother. They must guard themselves, learn their lessons and should not anger their tutor. She also told them that their mother had sought the advice of Major Washington and he had told her, "Discipline is discipline, madam. There can be but one command in a house and you must be mistress of yours." But the boys heard these words with a sense of hatred and they were rather hardened in their ways.

On the next day the storm broke. Hot words passed between Gaorge and Mr. Ward. Even Harry admitted that George was in the wrong. After dinner Mr. Ward related the subject of their quarrel to Madam Esmond and Harry was obliged to admit all the statements of the tutor. George stood proudly by his grandfather's portrait and said that what Mr. Ward had said was perfectly correct. Madam Esmond asked Ward to punish a wicked pupil like George. George was extremely surprised at this command. But his mother repeated, "Discipline of the family must be maintained. There can be bat one command in a house, and I must be mistress of mine." "You will punish this rebellious boy, Mr. Ward, and if he resists my servants and my overseer will help you." George said he knew who had

suggested those words to her (i.e., Major Washington) and he admitted that he had acted wrongly. But Madam Esmond said that he must be punished. She said that he who spares the rod spoils the child.

There was a cup on the mantelpiece which was very dear to Madam Esmond because her father always used to drink from it. George took up that cup and said that if he dashed it to pieces nobody in the world could mend it. His mother said that she never thought that the sons of Esmond would be afraid. George let the cup fall to the ground and dashed it into pieces. He said to Mr. Ward that he was ready to receive the punishment. Mrs. Esmond asked Mr. Ward to do his duty. Harry asked her to stop for God's sake, but she said that he should not encourage the boy. Then they all went away into the study and Mrs. Esm ond sank down in a big chair. A moment later Mr. Ward came out crying, his head was bleeding. Harry was running after him with a hunting knife of his grandfather. He confessed that he had done it. He said he could not help it. If anyone lifted his hand agaist his brother, he would have his life.

Madam Esmond gave a great gasp and a sigh. She was not angry now. She called Harry a naughty rebel and she bathed the wound of Mr. Ward and tied a bandage on it. She told Harry to ask pardon of good Mr. Ward for his wicked deed. She burst into tears and threw herself on the neck of her elder son. Harry went up to Mr. Ward and begged pardon of him. He said that he could not help it; he could not bear to see his brother being struck. The widow embraced George and he kissed her on her forehead. Mr. Ward felt that her power over George was gone. He had dominated her. She was not sorry for the defeat, for women like not only to conquer, but to be conquered, and from that day George was the master at Castlewood. He went up to Harry and thanked him, as if he were a prince, and Harry, a general who had helped him in a great battle. Then George went up to Ward and begged pardon for the violence of Harry. He said majestically "though we are young, we are

gentlemen, and cannot tolerate an insult from strangers." Mr. Ward asked as to who would repair the insult done to him.

13. A POISON TREE—(*William Blake*)

If a person is angry with his friend and tells him about his anger, the anger is gone. But when one is angry with a foe and does not tell him, the anger begins to grow into a poisonous tree. He waters that anger in fears, and also with his tears day and night. He gave it the sunshine of smiles and deceitful tricks. The tree grew day and night and at last bore a fruit, an apple. The enemy stole into his garden when the darkness of the night had covered the bright glimmer of the north. He took that apple. The man who had nourished this poisonous tree was happy to find him dead next morning, lying stretched beneath the tree.

14. DIGGING FOR HISTORY—(*Robert Ranulph Marett*)

History depends on wirtten records. As written records grew dim and the people in those old times appear in stories only, we have to dig up information about them with the help of the spade. This is called proto-history. Beyond that comes pre-history, *i.e.*, a peried for which no written records are available.

Let us see what is the method of the pre-historian, how does he link facts together and what are the sources of his information. First, let us study his method. Suppose a number of boys are playing football in a ground and their clothes are lying in heaps everywhere and suppose you want to find out in what order the boys arrived. You would go about looking into the heaps of clothes and take note of the fact that this boy's jacket lay under that boy's waistcoat. You would discover that a boy had thrown down his hat on one heap, his tie on another, and so on. This would help you to make out the general order of arrivals. But sometimes a heap is upset by some boy. You will have to make allowances for this kind of disturbances in your calculations. Given enough heaps of clothes and leaving aside such disturbances, you would be able to make out pretty well which boy came after which one, although you would not be able to tell

whether Tom came before Dick by an interval of half a minute or half an hour. This is the method of pre-history. It is called the stratigraphical method, because it is based on the strata or layers.

The strata tell their own tale in the following way. The author saw that men were digging out a place for a gas-holder in a field in the town of St. Helier, Jersey, and carried their borings to bed-rock, at a depth of about 30 feet. This is just the present sea-level. They found that the field soil on the ground went down up to 5 feet. So, it shows that there had been a marsh here just before the beginning of the Bronze Age. Under this layer came 2 to 3 feet of mud with sea-shells in it. So, it showed that this island of Jersey was under some kind of flood water. Below this layer came a peat-bed 5 to 7 feet thick, with large tree trunks in it, and the remains of a fine forest which must have grown on high ground. There was a weapon of polished stone in this peat (بجری), and there were two pieces of pottery (مٹی کے برتن) at the bottom. These facts show that the people living in these forests belonged to the early neolithic period (New Stone Age). Next there were 4 feet of mud with sea-shells, showing another advance of the sea. Below this was a mass of yellow, 6 to 8 feet deep with pieces of rocks carried during the floods of the Ice Age. The land must have been above the reach of the tide for the glaciers to settle on it. Finally, there were 3 to 4 feet of blue clay resting on bed-rock such as might be produced by the sea, showing this was the sea-level in the still more older times.

These layers are mostly geological. Man comes in at one point only. Sometimes geology has nothing to do with our findings. For instance, diggings were made in the caves at Mentone, in Italy. These caves were inhabited by man for a very long period of time and as you dig one layer after another, you come across the marks of his leavings. But in such cases you may be easily baffled because someone has upset the heap of clothes, or the

rearrangement. For example, the man whose leavings should be in the middle layer may have seen fit to dig a deep hole in the floor of the cave in order to bury a dead friend and with him he may have buried certain articles supposed to be useful to him in the life beyond the grave. Hence, the implement of one age will be found lying side by side with the implement of a much earlier age, and even some feet below it. In such cases the pre-historian has to fall back upon the general type of implements belonging to each layer. In the old days fashions were uniform. So, two pieces of flints with slightly different chippings (cuttings) may stand for separate ages, as much as the Greek vase differs from the German beer-mugfor a student of later history.

Now what are the sources of information for the pre-historian ? There are three main classes of evidence (proof) that distinguish one prehistoric period from another. There are animal bones, human bones, and human handiwork. Again, the author relates a case of which he had a first-hand knowlege. In Jersey was a cave in which they dug through 20 feet of clay and rubbish of rocks. These covered the disturbances of the Ice Age, and then they found a prehistoric hearth (چولھا). There were the big stones by which fire was made and there were the ashes. There was a heap of food refuse. Also there were the remains of an extinct woolly rhinoceros (گینڈا) of the mammoth (big elephant), of the reindeer, and two kinds of horses, one of them the pony, of the wild ox and of the deer. This shows that there were lot of animals for hunting at the time when the continent was frozen (*i.e*, in the Ice Age). Next, there were thirteen human teeth. Had the animals devoured him. The man was between 20 and 30 years and so his teeth could not have fallen out of themselves. An expert said that their roots were very deep, and they were of the kind that go with a very powerful jaw. Such were found in the skull of the Neanderthal man who was ape-like and big-brained.

Finally, there were plenty of knives lying near about. These people had a special way of cutting the pieces from

the stone. These pieces lost their oval shape in course of time and became pointed triangles. An expert pronounced that this was the special type of work done by the men of the period known as Mouseterian. If one of these pieces were placed by the side of one got from L Mousetier, in France, no one could tell which was which. Hence, the name Mouseterian was given to that period.

When we put all these kinds of evidence together, we get some idea, no doubt, a vague idea, of a hunter of the Ice Age. He seems to be a man who could overpower a woolly rhinoceros and could cook a fine piece of his flesh, had a sharp knife to carve it, and the teeth to chew it and in the extreme cold he knew how to keep himself comfortable and to keep his race going.

15. IN MEMORIUM—(*Tennyson*)

The poet has a struggle in his mind going on between the strictly scientific view and the strong inner faith that the guiding principle of this universe is love. So, he argues in the following manner.

Is it not that our wish for a life beyond the grave is due to the presence of the divine spark in our souls? That divine spark resembles God most closely. Then, does it mean that God and Nature are in conflict (opposition) with each other, that Nature is suggesting such evil thoughts? Nature seems to be very careful to preserve the species or the race, but she des not care at all for the life of each individual member. I have been trying to discover her secret meanings in her deeds and have found that out of the fifty seeds thrown into the field Nature allows only one to germinate (grow). As a result of these conflicting thoughts I tread on slippery ground (*i.e.*, my firm faith is shaken). With the weight of prayers upon my shoulders I grope in the darkness of the world to reach up to God. I extend my lame hands of faith and grope in the darkness but I gather dust and chaff instead of gathering the grain. I call for the help of the Lord of all and put my weak kind of trust in the larger hope that mankind will at last be saved by the love of God.

Did I say that Nature is very careful to preserve each type of creation? No, she does not preserve even the types. If we study the diggings from the rocks and caves we find that thousands of types of animals and human races are gone (*i.e.*, they have become extinct). She cares nothing even if all the types are destroyed. The poet had made his appeal to Nature and she replies that she gives life as well as death. For her the spirit or soul means breath only and not an everlasting thing. But what about man, the roof and crown of creation? Man seems to be so fair. There is such a splendid purpose in his eyes. He raises his songs in praise of God to the wintry skies. He has built the churches, but for Nature the prayers offered to God are useless.

Man trusted that God was love and love is the final law creation. But Nature, cruel and merciless, killing man and beast blindly, cries in a shrill voice against this principle. Man loved, and suffered wrongs for upholding this principle. He fought battles for truth and justice. Is is possible that man also like the rest of creation should be destroyed for ever and nothing should be left of him? Will his dust be blown over the deserts and his body be sealed under the rocky grave, and there should be no life after his death? Is he simply a monster, a wild animal? Is there chaos and confusion in this world? If there were such monsters as the dragons who drag each other in the mud and kill mercilessly, their life would be pleasant compared with that of man. Hence, life seems to be not only delicate but also useless. The poet wishes to hear the voice of his dead friend to give him consolation and peace of mind. There seems to be very little hope or compensation for the wrongs done to human beings. The answer to all such problems lies behind the veil, *i.e.*, they are shrouded in mystery.

16. TENNYSON—(*G. K. Chesterton*)

A hundred years after Tennyson's death, Chesterton was glancing over the articles written about the poetry of Tennyson. He was surprised to find that the attitude of

the critics towards Tennyson was rather cold. Chesterton explains the reason for this.

He does not doubt at all that Tennyson was a poet; not only a poet but a good poet. There are beautiful lines in his poems and if anyone would tell us that they are not beautiful we would treat him as saying something nonsense (just as a man would say that grass is not green). Tennyson ought to be preserved as a pleasure, even though his poetry may give you a pleasure of the senses. But it is certainly a genuine (real) kind of pleasure. There is no more reason for dropping Tennyson than for dropping the great ancient Latin poet Virgil. We cannot answer for the beauty in a poem, as for the beauty of a woman. There are some writers of the age of Queen Victoria whose art is not admired apart from their enthusiasm. Kingsley, Browning, Patmore are such writers; we admire them only when we agree with them. But Keats's poem *St. Agnes's Eve* is a beautiful poem, whether we may like the customs connected with the Eve of St. Agnes or not. A man who has left such doubtless good verse should receive thanks as a man who leaves good wine for his nephew. But the tone of all papers on Tennyson was rather cold.

Chesterton wants to be excused for suddenly changing the subject (he wants to give a statement from science and prove how nonsensical it looks). He saw the following sentence written by a scientist as he was turning the pages of the papers written on Tennyson's poetry. "By the light of modern science and thought, we are in a position to see that each normal human being, in some way repeats historically the life of the human race." But there has not been given a single proof for such a statement. We know nothing about the life of the human race and none of our scientific studies reveals that the growth of a child resembles it. Does it mean that a baby begins to make fire by striking two pieces of stone, and the child of five years makes village communities, and by 14 he has founded the Roman Empire? If that were so, the parents would see their child go through the decline of the Western Empire

and pass through the Dark ages. He would repeat the history of the times of Pericles or Camillus. He would pass through the Middle Ages up to the age of Reason, the eighteenth century, and finally he would burn the house made by him when he reaches the period of the French Revolution.

Now, no one seriously believes a word of such nonsense. Does anyone think that a child will repeat the periods. of human history ? No one would think that his daughter was passing through the period of the Stone Age or his son were in the times of the fourth century B.C. Yet that writer on science had stated such a staggering lie. Science which means exactness, has become the mother of all sorts of inexactness.

This is the failure of the age, and this explains why Tennyson has been partly a failure. He was essentially the poet of popular science—that is, science based on such cloudy statements as the one given above. He was a perfectly educated man of classics (ancient literature) but he was the half-educated man of science. He gave a wrong interpretation of the idea of the survival of the fittest. He said it means the survival of the best. One might as well say that it means that the fattest will survive. Tennyson's position has grown shaky because it rested not on any sure beliefs, old or new, but on two or three half-way things of his own age. He grasped the theory of Evolution, not because it was definite, but because it was indefinite, not because it was daring, but because it was safe. It gave him the hope that man might one day be an angel and England a perfect democracy, though none of the things would happen in the near future. He used his skill to write a good deal of his poetry about the British Constitution. One can write great poetry about a truth or even about a falsehood, but hardly about something concerning law which is also unreal.

Byron had stated some great lies, as for example : as long as humanity exists, humanity can be hated. Similarly it is a common mood to think that man is a hopeless slave.

But it is not a natural mood to regard him a hopeful slave as the theory of evolution supposed. It said that man has risen from the beasts and has shed off his tail. Tennyson went further and stated that man is moving towards a far-off divine event. This kind of compromise between contempt and hope was just the way of thinking in Tennyson's time. His weakness was not that he was old-fashioned or new-fashioned, but his weakness was that he was fashionable. His feet were set on temporary things and compromises. Yet in spite of all this he was so perfect a poet that he will be able to stand, even upon such clouds.

17. ODE ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD— (*Wordsworth*)

The poet believes that the period of childhood is a period of innocence and purity. As the child grows older he is influenced by the corrupt and evil surroundings and gradually loses that nobility of soul. He says that our birth is like a getting up from sleep and forgetting the things which we were recently doing in heavens. (The child has newly come from heavens into this world.) Our soul the guiding star of our life, which rises like the sun in the world, has had its setting in another world (the world of heavens). It comes from there not in entire forgetfulness nor in utter nakedness but it drags along with it clouds of glory from God. The noble influences of heavens lie about us in our childhood. As the boy grows older the shades of this prison-house (this world) begin to thicken around him. But off and on he can still have peeps into the glory of the heavens in moments of joy.

The yonth who has travelled farther away from the East is still Nature's priest (*i.e.*, as the boy grows into a young man he drifts away from the noble influences of heavens, but in childhood he is still a priest of Nature). He is still attended by the splendid vision of heavens, as he travels along his way. At last, when he becomes a full-grown man, he sees that the heavenly light around him has died away and it fades away into the common light of the day.

18. FROM YOUTH—(*Joseph Conrad*)

Joseph Conrad relates the event of a burning ship in an Eastern ocean, the loyalty of the sailors to their ship and their heroic struggle till the end. There was coal laden in the ship *Judia* and she had caught fire. It was now towed (dragged) by a steamer. The steamer went ahead and *Judia* followed her tied with a tow-rope. The author and his ship—mates were still on there ship *Judia*. They were all thinking that the masts would give way any moment. They could not see the steamer due to smoke. Men looked like scarecrows and thought that everything would come down like a lump. These sailors were the rough and indisciplined people and they were doing their duty with great loyalty to the ship. They did not do it for the sake of their small pay. There was something inborn and deep in their mind which made them obey. The crew of a French or German ship would have also done their duty in such a time. But these rough men did something solid like a principle, it was something secret and hidden in their minds which made them do it so wonderfully.

At ten in the night they saw the fire The speed with which it was dragged fanned the flames. A blue light appeared forward shining below the ruined deck. When the author told his companion Mahon about it, he said, "Then the game is up. We had stop dragging it, otherwise it will burst suddenly before we can clear out." At last, they both cut the rope with an axe. Red flames were rising as they made their way back to the poop (back part of the ship). They soon found out in the steamer that the rope had been cut. She gave a loud whistle, came close alongside and stopped. Suddenly a flame like a cone shot up and threw a circle of light upon the black sea and clearly showed the two vessels side by side. Captain Nash shouted from the steamer that they were ready to take them to Singapore. But Captain Beard, the captain of the burning ship, replied, "Thank you. No. We must see the last of the ship." They had got the mails and could not wait. So, the captain of the eamer said goodbye and sailed away.

The steamer soon vanished from the sight. The author thought that it would be fine to sail in a boat when their ship would be burnt up. Their loyalty to the ship was fine. They must see the last of her. Oh ! there is a glamour (light) of youth which grows dim as the time passes. Like the burning of the flames of the ship it is surrounded by a dark night. The captain warned them that they must save as many parts of the ship as possible for showing to the insurance people. So they worked hard and dragged out a lot of rubbish. The author risked his life to save an old barometer. There were various stores, bundles of canvas, and coils of rope. The captain saved certains things such as the heavy medicine box, two bags of coffee and tins of paint. He placed them in the long boat and ordered the sailors with the author to be ready to sail it when the ship would be abandoned.

The author felt tired. His face felt raw and his every limb had a pain. The boats of the ship lay in a deep shadow and all round there was the circle of the sea lighted by fire. A big flame rose up, produced great noise and the sparks flew upwards. Man is born to fight against the leaking ships and the ships that burn. What troubled the author was that the boats did not remain where they were safe but they were swinging alongside. They were knocking about dangerously and coming near the flames while the ship rolled over them. He and his two ship-mates kept them off with masts and boat-hooks. The captain also gave him the order from the deck of the ship that they should keep the boats well clear of the ship.

Half an hour passed. Suddenly there was a frightful disturbance. Millions of sparks rose and columns of smoke rose over the ship. The ship trumbled, the mass of flame swayed and the top mast fell. It darted like an arrow of fire, fell into the sea and began to float. A man shouted from the deck of the ship to the author that they would be coming soon. For a long time he heard nothing but the crackle and roar of fire. The boats jumped, ran at one another and knocked their sides together. The author climbed up the deck by means of a rope. There was great light and the heat was unbearable. Captain Beard slept

on a sofa with the light playing on him. The rest of the sailors were sitting, eating cheese and drinking beer from the bottles.

There was the background of flames behind them and they looked like desperate pirates (sea-robbers). Each man had the marks of injury on him as if he had been fighting a battle. They had bandaged heads, tied up arms or a dirty rag tied on the knee Mahon got up. He looked like an old sea-robber. He said they were having the last meal on board the ship. He said the captain had not enjoyed sleep for the last many days and so he had asked him to sleep. The author angrily said that if they wasted their time like that there would be no boats. He shook up the captain who opened his eyes. The author said to him quietly that it was the time to leave the ship.

The captain got up painfully and looked at the flames and the black sea. He ordered that the youngest should leave first. The ordinary seaman (the sailor of lowest rank) got up, scrambled over the sail and disappeared. Others followed him. The captain remained there reflecting. Then the author went up again and brought him at last. It was just the time to come out. The ship had become very hot. Three boats were tied together and drifted clear of the ship. It was just 16 hours after the explosion when they left her. The saved parts of the ship were put in the long boat. The author with two men was in a small boat. He had biscuits, a few tins of meat and a cask of water. He had a mind to sail away independenttly all along. It was youth—silly charming youth.

But they did not make their start at once. They must see the last of the ship. So, the boats drifted, men dozed, waked and groaned. Between the darkness of the earth and heaven, she was burning. Smoke rose high from a big flame. It was burning like a funeral pile under the starry sky. A grand sort of death had come to that old ship. The masts fell just before daybreak. There was a burst of spark and by daylight it was just like a burnt-up shell, floating under a cloud of smoke. The boats of the ship were moved round it by the sailors as if a procession

was being taken out. As they pulled across her stern, it suddenly went down in a great hiss of steam.

They made their way north. About the noontime all the boats came together for the last time. The author made a mast out of a spare oar and put up on his boats. They had a meal of hard bread and water and got instructions from the captain that they should steer north and keep together as much as possible. Before sunset a thick shower of rain passed over the two boats and that was the last of them which the author saw. He and his two companions were left with the only boat to steer with nothing but water and sky around them. They saw the sails of a distant ship but they did not make any signal to it. They did not wish to go home but they wished to go to Java. They steered for many days.

They knocked about in the open boat. They experienced great heat and showers of rain. They were steering for the sake of their dear lives. The author had to steer continuously for 16 hours with a mouth dry as ashes. His two companions were also much depressed. The author still remembers his youth and the feeling that he could last for ever, that he could outlast the sea and the earth. That feeling can never come back to him. It is this deceitful feelling which attracts us to dangers and even to death. This glow in the heart becomes dim and cold with every year that passes, until it fades away.

This is how he sees the East. He has looked into its very soul. But now he sees the East through a small boat like a faint mist at noon, *i.e.*, he is reminded of that experience. He begins to feel the same oar in his hand and the vision of the blue sky in his eyes. He still remembers dragging at the oars with aching arms and suddenly a puff of wind coming out of the East on his face. He can never forget it. They went on pulling like this for 11 hours more. Two of them pulled and the third took rest. At last, they saw a red light and approached a small port. They were blind with fatigue. His companions threw the oars and fell off like the dead branches. The author tied the boat to a post. It was still dark and the things looked

like shadows. There was not a light, not a stir, not a sound. He was facing the mysterious East, perfumed like a flower, silent like death and dark like grave.

19. YOUTH AND OLD AGE—(*Charles Kingsley*)

The poet compares youth and old age in these two stanzas. He says when all the world is young and all the trees are green, when everything has a charm and all the geese look like swans and every girl appears to be a queen, then young men must take part in adventures. They should ride their horses and go round the world. Young blood must have its course, just as every dog has its day.

On the contrary, when all the world is old and all the trees are brown, when all kinds of sports appear to be stale, and all the wheels are run down, then the poet advises that one should creep home to sit among the crippled persons. He wishes that you may find a face at home whom you had loved in days of youth, *i.e.*, you may be then in the company of your beloved wife.

The comparison of the youthful and adventurous life is thus made with the lazy days passed in old age when nothing has a charm for a person.

20. A PASSER-BY—(*Robert Bridges*)

The poet sees a ship in the harbour ready to sail to some unknown destination. His mind is filled with a number of ideas and he addresses her thus : O, splendid ship, to which part of the West are you going to sail with your sails crowding together ? You have such a courage that you neither fear the rising of storms in the sea, nor of the clouds in the sky. Soon the winter will oppress all our valleys and mist and hail will make them freezing cold. But at that time you will be taking rest in some safe harbour in the Pacific Ocean in a summer atmosphere.

The poet begins to imagine that he has already reached the country where she would arrive. She would enter as the ueen of shipping there, spreading her white sails for the wind. Nothing would be more beautiful from the

foaming rock to the snow-capped mountains standing in the background with soft-leaved palm trees growing over them. But the ship will appear as the grandest object standing upright and stately. The poet then begins to compare his own lot with that of the ship. He thinks that she has a more joyful purpose, a blameless courage and a sure goal where she can reach. But he is not sure whether he would be able to achieve his own goal. For all the beautiful description that he has lavished upon her, she is still more beautiful as she stands aslant with her ropes and pulleys set in order. She is throwing back the white foam as she sails with her white sails crowding.

21. MARK ANTONY'S FUNERAL ORATION OVER JULIUS CAESAR—(*Shakespeare*)

Background of the Oration.—Caesar has been stabbed to death by Brutus Cassius and other conspirators because they thought that he had the ambition to become a dictator. Brutus, a noble man and a close friend of Caesar, had joind this conspiracy because he was convinced that Caesar had become too ambitious. The Boman Republic was in danger and if Caesar lived it would be converted into a dictatorship. But if his close friend Caesar were sacrificed, the country would be saved from dictatorship. Thus, a philosopher and a theoretical man convinced himself of the righteousness of the cause he had joined. Here he appears in the market place of Rome to explain to the public the reasons for which be killed his friend.

After making his speech he allows Antony, a faithful follower of Caesar, to address the public. Cassius, the shrewd politician and one of the leading conspirators, stopped Brutus from allowing Antony to speak in favour of Caesar. But Brutus was a noble philosopher. He saw no harm in it, especially when he would first speak himself and convince the public of reasons for murdering Caesar. The students will see carefully that the speech of Brutus is based on cold logic, reasons and reasons alone. But

Antony is fire brand. His speech arouses the sentiments and emotions of the public. This contrast has been beautifully brought out by the dramatist.

THE SUMMARY

The citizens have assembled and they wish to be satisfied about the murder of Julius Caesar. Brutus asks them to listen to him. He asks Cassius to take away those with him who are not anxious to hear him. He addresses the citizens in the following words: Romans, countrymen and lovers (of Caesar) hear me silently and try to understand my cause. Believe me for my honour and have respect for my honour so that you may believe in what I have to say. You should condemn me with your wisdom and awake your senses so that you may judge better. If there is any person in this assembly who loves Caesar, I must tell him that my love for Caesar was greater than his. Then it may be asked as to why did I kill Caesar. It was not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Would you prefer that Caesar were living and you all die as slaves or that Caesar were dead and you all live as free men. As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I feel happy over it; as he was brave, I honour-him; but as he was ambitious, I killed him. In doing so have I offended anybody here? If there is any such person, he should speak. Who is so mean here who does not love his country? Then Brutus stops for a reply.

All the citizens pronounce that Brutus is a noble man. He proceeds on to say that he has not offended any one. He does not want to diminish the glory of Caesar. At this stage Antony enters bringing Ceasar's dead body. Brutus requests the public to listen carefully to Antony who had come to speak in praise of Caesar. He wished to depart saying that he would kill himself with the same sword with which he killed Caesar, when it will please his country to need of his death. The people give a lot of praise to Brutus as he goes away. They feel that he is a noble and honourable man. One of them goes so far as to say: "Let him be the Caesar." They also say that Caesar was

a tyrant and they feel that it was fortunate for Rome that he was killed. When, Antony begins to speak they listen to him for the sake of the request which Brutus had made to hear him silently.

Antony addressed them in the following words: Friends, Romans, countrymen. I have come to bury Caesar, not to praise him. The evil that a person does, lives after him, but the good that he does, is buried along with his bones. Let it be the case with Caesar. The noble Brutus has told you that Caesar was ambitious. If it were so, he has paid dearly for his fault. I have come here to speak of Caesar with the permission of Brutus, who is an "honourable" man, and so are they all "honourable" men. Caesar was my friend, faithful and just to me. Yet Brutus says he was ambitious, and Brutus is an "honourable" man. Caesar brought countless prisoners to Rome and by selling them back the public treasuries were filled with money. Was this ambition in Caesar? Caesar wept when the poor cried. Ambition should be made of something more stern. Yet Brutus says he was ambitious and Brutus is an "honourable" man. On the festival of Lupercal I thrice presented him the kingly crown and he thrice refused it. Was this ambition? Yet Brutus says he was ambitious, and sure, he is an honourable man. You all loved Caesar not without cause. Then what cause hinders you to mourn for him? O judgment! you are gone to the beasts and men have lost their power of reasoning. Bear with me, my heart is there with the dead body of Caesar and I must stop till it comes back to me.

The citizens at once change their opinion. They feel that a great wrong has been done to Caesar and that he was not ambitious.

Antony continues his speech thus: only yesterday the word of Caesar might have stood against the world, but now he lies there, and there is none to respect him. If I would stir your hearts to rebellion and anger I would be doing wrong to Brutus and Cassius. And they are all "honourable" men. I would rather wrong the dead person, wrong myself

and you, than to wrong such honourable men. But here is a piece of paper with Caesar's own seal. It was found in his box and is a piece of will. Let the common people hear it. But pardon me I will not read it. Because if I did so, you would kiss Caesar's wounds and dip your napkins in his sacred blood and keep his hair for memory. He has left such a rich inheritance to the coming generations.

The citizens cried that they would hear the will. Antony said that it was not fit that they should know how much Caesar loved them. If they heard it, it would inflame them to madness, being men and not lifeless things. He would not read it. The citizens again cried that he must read it. He replied that he would be doing wrong to the "honourable" men. The citizens were now fully enraged against Brutus and his party. They cried that they were traitors, murderers and villains, and not honourable men.

Antony came down from the pulpit (raised seat) and uncovered the dead body of Caesar in order to rouse their feelings to the highest pitch. He spoke in the following words: If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. You all know this mantle (sheet of cloth). Caesar put it on the first time when he had conquered the Nervii. Look here Cassius plunged his dagger, here Casca stabbed him, and here the well-beloved Brutus stabbed him. As he pulled out his knife a lot of blood flowed out of it. Judge O gods! how dearly Caesar loved him! This was the unkindest cut of all. When noble Caesar saw him stab he was struck with the sense of ingratitude (thanklessness). Caesar fell at the feet of Pompey's statue. While blood ran through his body. What a fall it was, my countrymen! Then I and you and all of us fell down, while bloody treason prospered. Kind souls, weep!

The citizens wept and cried, "O piteous sight! O noble Caesar!" They called the party of Brutus as traitors and villains in great anger. Those who were of a more fiery nature shouted: "Revenge—seek—burn- fire—slay—let not a traitor live" Antony spoke again: Good friends, let me not stir you to such a flood of mutiny (rebellion).

They who have done this deed are wise and honourable. I have not come to stir your hearts. I am no orator as Brutus is but I am a plain, blunt man. I have neither wit nor words, nor power of speech to stir men's blood. I want to show you Caesar's wounds. But if Brutus had been in my place he would have put a tongue in every wound of Caesar and he would have moved the stones of Rome to mutiny.

As he said this the citizens shouted in anger, "We'll burn the house of Brutus. Seek the conspirators." Then Antony proceeded to show them the will of Caesar. He said that Caesar had left for every Roman citizen 75 drachmas (Roman coins). The citizens cried, "Most noble Caesar." Then Antony told them that Caesar had left them his palace where he used to have his walks, his private gardens and orchards on the river Tiber. The citizens shouted that they would burn Caesar's body at the holy place and with the same pieces of burning wood they would burn the houses of traitors. As the citizens carry away the dead body, Antony says to himself that he has worked up mischief to its full, let it take its course.

22. SHAKESPEARE—(*Matthew Arnold*)

The poet addresses Shakespeare and says that others submit to our question but he is free. We ask and ask but Shakespeare simply smiles and remains silent and still. His knowledge is far superior to ours. The highest hill that plants its feet firmly in the sea and has its top reaching the stars, barely touches the clouds of Seakespeare's glory. He is immortal (*i e.*, he will live for ever). Shakespeare's light was like that of the stars and sunbeams. He was schooled by himself, analysed his own poetry, honoured by himself and felt safe in his own self-respect; He walked over the earth without being guessed that he was so great. It was better still. In his speech (plays) we find all those griefs from which human beings have to suffer, all those weaknesses which man possesses, and all those miseries which throw a heavy weight on us.

23. QUEEN ELIZABETH'S ADDRESS TO HER TROOPS AT TILBURY

Queen Elizabeth addressed her soldiers in the estuary (mouth) of the River Thames when the Spanish Armada was about to invade England. She said that she had been advised to take precautions but she had come out into the crowds unarmed and without any body-guard. She did not desire to live by distrusting her faithful and loving people. Only tyrants have such fears. She had behaved in such a manner that she could confidently place herself in the hands of God and the goodwill of her loyal subjects. She had not come out for recreation and sport but in the midst and heat of the battle to live and die along with them. She was ready to lay down her life for her God, her kingdom, her people and her honour. She knew she had the body of a weak woman but she had the stomach and heart of a king of England. She cared nothing for the king of Spain or any other prince of Europe who should dare to invade her kingdom. She would herself take up arms and be their general and judge every one of their merits and give rewards. She knew of their eagerness to fight and they deserved rewards and crowns, which will be duly paid. In the meantime her General would lead them in stead of her. She had no doubt that they would give full obedience and co-operation to him and due to it they would shortly win a famous victory over the enemies of God her kingdom and her people.

24. A SPEECH: MOVING HIS RESOLUTION FOR CONCILIATION WITH THE COLONIES—

(Edmund Burke)

Burke made a speech disagreeing with the policy of the British Parliament in the use of force to subdue the American Colony which became the United States of America. Burke said to the parliament that America was a noble object, well worth fighting for. This would be certainly so, if fighting is the best way of gaining it. Those gentlemen were in favour of it who had their prejudices and long-established habits to support this course. Those who understand the military art or were statesmen had confi-

dence in the use of arms. But his (Burke's) opinion was in favour of a wise management than of force, because force was a feeble means for preserving a people so active, so growing and so spiritual as the Americans. His reasons against the use of force were as follows.

First, the use of force is temporary. It may conquer for the moment, but it does not remove the necessity of conquering again ; and a nation is not governed which has to be constantly conquered. His second objection was based on its uncertainty. Terror is not always created by force, and the force of armies is not a victory. If conciliation fails force can still be made use of. But if force fails there is no hope of reconciliation left. Power and authority are sometimes brought by kindness but they cannot be begged when force has failed. Thirdly, the object is damaged by the use of force. The thing we fight for is not the thing we recover. But it loses its value, it is sunk and wasted and destroyed in the war. He wished to have the whole of America. He did not wish to destroy its strength along with their own because British strength would be wasted on both sides. He would not like that an enemy should pounce upon them during the war or when they had become weak after fighting. He did not wish to break the American spirit, because it was the spirit which had made that country. Finally, they had no experience in favour of force as an instrument in ruling the colonies. Their growth and usefulness was the result of different methods (and not force). If they had committed a sin in the past in showing more kindness, it was more tolerable and profitable than their attempt to mend that fault.

25. THE PRIME MINISTER'S CALL TO THE NATION—(*Winston Churchill*)

Winston Churchill made this speech on the wireless when England was left alone to face the mightly armies of Germany and it was expected that Hitler might invade the British Isles any moment. He addressed his nation in the following words : During the last fortnight the British Navy had not only prevented the German Fleet and chased the

Italian Fleet, but it had also put out of action a large part of the French Navy. Under the terms of armistice signed in a railway coach at Compiegne between the French and the Germans (after the defeat of France), the French ships would have fallen into the hands of the Germans. This would have enabled Hitler to endanger the security of Great Britain and of the United States. Therefore the British had no choice but to act swiftly (in destroying the French ships).

This painful duty was over, although the battleship *Jean Bart* still remained in a Moroccan seaport. There were still many French ships in Toulon and in various French ports all over the world, but they were not in a position to disturb the superiority of the British Navy. So long as they do not come to the French ports under the control of Germany we shall not damage them. This is the end of our sad relations with France. Let us rather think of the future. Today, the 14th of July, is the day of National Festival of France. A year ago I watched the parade of the French army. Who could foresee what would happen in the course of a year ? Who can foresee what would happen in the future ? Faith is given to us as a help and comfort when we stand in fear. I proclaim my faith to see a 14th of July when France will be liberated and once again rejoice in her greatness and in her glory. When that day dawns France will bless those Frenchmen and Frenchwomen who did not despair of the Republic in her darkest days.

The Frenchmen are like a comrade who has been stunned with a sudden blow. We must make sure that this weapon which has fallen from his hands does not add to the strength of the enemy. But you need not feel angry because your friend is crying in agony. You must not add to his pain, but rather work for his recovery. So long as our cause remains, our duty remains. We are prepared to help those ports of France in trade and administration which are cut off from the Captive France. We shall try to conduct ourselves in such a way in the war against Hitler that every French heart will beat and glow at the way we carry on the struggle ; not only the French but all the oppressed countries of Europe may feel that each British victory is a step towards the liberation of the continent.

The war will be long and hard. But the peoples of Europe will certainly not be ruled by the Nazis for long, nor will the world yield to Hitler's creed of hatred and domination. We have now to stand alone to face the tyrant's might and enmity. In humbleness to God, we are ready to defend our native land against the invasion, which is threatened. We are fighting by ourselves but we are not fighting for ourselves. Surrounded by the sea and protected from above by the courage of our airmen we await the invasion. It may come any moment, or perhaps it may never come. We are ready to meet a sudden shock and to keep a constant watch. But we shall seek no terms and we shall tolerate no bargaining. We may show mercy but we will ask none from our enemy.

Our friends across the Atlantic or in other parts of the world feel anxious about our safety as they have seen so many kingdoms fall in a few months, or rather in a few days, before the Nazi War machine. But Hitler has not yet been opposed by a great nation with a will-power equal to his own. Many of these countries had been poisoned by intrigue (plotting). They were hollow from inside before they were struck from outside. Otherwise how can you explain the fall of the splendid French army ? But here in our island we are a nation with a sound heart. Hitler prepared his plans for conquering every country, *e.g.*, Poland, Denmark. Holland and France. He must have prepared a plan for conquering Great Britain also. But the plan he made two months ago he would have to change entirely to meet our new position.

Two months ago our main effort was to keep our best army in France. All our regular troops, our ammunition, our Force, had to be sent to France. But now we have it at home. Never before has such a splendid army with full equipment stood in this island to defend it. We have one and-a-half million men under arms, and their organisation, their defences and their striking powers are increasing by leaps and bounds. Behind these we have a million of the Home Guards to destroy the parachutists, air-borne invaders or any traitors. They will be given a speedy destruction. Mos

of them have been through the last war and they have a strong desire to come to close quarters with the enemy, wherever he may appear. If the invader comes, he will not find the people calmly submitting before him, as in other countries. We shall defend every village, every town and every city. The vast mass of London itself, fought street by street, would devour a big force of the enemy. We would rather see London laid in ruins than that it should be tamely enslaved.

The Royal Air Force and the Fighter Command have shot down more than five of the German aircraft during this week. This is only the beginning of the air battles that lie ahead. We are not disappointed with fighting results achieved so far, although we hope to improve as fighting becomes more widespread. Around all lies the power of the Royal Navy, with our thousand armed ships under the White Flag patrolling the seas and capable of transferring its force to any part of the British Empire which may be threatened. It is capable of keeping our communications open with the New World from whom increasing help will be forthcoming. Ten months of U-boats and air-attacks on our commerce have not made our food supplies less but they are substantially larger. But we must prepare not only for the summer but also for the winter, not only for 1941 but for 1942, when the war will tatke a different turn. I dwell on these elements of our srength and on these reserves which have been mobilized to show that a good cause can command the means of survival, and to inspire hope in the dark days.

I stand at the head of a Government representing all parties in the State and all sections of opinion. We are working under the Crown of our ancient Monarchy (kingship). We are supported by a free Parliament and a free Press. But there is one bond which unites us all—we are prepared to proceed to all sorts of extreme ends, to endure them and to enforce them. That is our bond of union For this bond we shall go to all lengths. In times like these only can nations preserve their freedom and uphold the cause entrusted to their care. But all

depends now upon the whole life-strength of the British race in every part of the world and of all our well-wishers in every land, doing their utmost night and day, giving all, daring all and enduring all to the utmost. This is no war of chieftains or of princes, of dynasties or national ambitions. It is a war of peoples and of causes. This is the war of the unknown warriors spread over all lands. If all strive with faith and with consciousness of duty, the dark curse of Hitler will be lifted from our age.

26. ANOTHER YEAR—(*W. Wordsworth*)

After the fall of the Prussian Government at the hands of Napoleon, Wordsworth wrote this poem which could equally be applied to the conditions in 1940. He says that another deadly blow has fallen by the passage of another year, and another mighty empire has been overthrown. The British are left alone or shall be left alone to struggle with the foe. It is well because from that day onward they would trust in themselves for their safety and work for it by their own right hands. They would either stand up or would be laid low. He must be a coward who was not cheered by this idea. They would be happy if their land is ruled by men who hold its many blessings dear to their hearts and are wise, upright and brave. It would be well if their leaders are not a slavish band of persons, who are to judge of the danger which they fear and honour which they do not understand.

A YEAR'S BURDEN—(*Algernon Charles Swinburne*)

This poem is a song of liberty which the poet imagined was best found in the republican form of government. He says that fire and wild light of doubt, and hope and fear, the wind of swift changes—all these things are the various forms of the storm of the year. Let us give a cry of grief and wish that right may be established. The poet feels that the present-day sight of the world is very gloomy dark. Hope is hiding her eyes tired by

war, Doubt is setting her forehead towards the earth and tear dies at the hands of Danger and is burnt up in the fire of fight. Wounded hearts turn to the flame of time to devour their grief. No song is to be heard but cies of shame, defeat and brute despair. Yet something burns in the heart of a star far up like a beacon in our shipwrecked sight. It is a strange fierce light and we do not know what message trembles in its flames. We look up at it from the shores of wasted lands and the foam-covered seacoasts. We look up to this fire for guidance.

We look at it with eyes so full of passions that even tears do not come into them. We look from the days laid waste with the ruins of the past times, and look from hopes which have been cut down across a world of fears. Though hope has been put to flight, yet one thing remains, and that is faith. Hope had grown old and is now dead. Dreams, deeds and men of the world have been left behind. Yet though hope dies, faith lives in its place. With hearts fixed on death and with hopeless hands, we stand by the banner so long as it stands above just one land which has not yet been ruined (*i e.,* Italy where the freedom-struggle was going on). Though France may be given up for prey to birds and beasts and Rome may be torn between kings and priests, yet the soul of man is safe at least. It gives life to death and gives hands to dead men to strike.

The poet addresses the strong men and kings and says that they may waste and gather all they can, yet they will not be able to kill one thing, either with fire or with iron. It is woundless and invisible thought of freedom which travels from north to south, and from east to west, and all dark things are made bright by it. O Republican soul, O spirit of life, O God whose name is man, what a sea of sorrows will be covered by your sight. Let us pray for the establishment of right.

The poet asks this spirit to wound us with love and pierce us with a longing, make our souls its sacrifices,

take our hearts as offerings for the past sins and mould them with its own hands and give them strength. When the cup of sorrows is emptied, we shall go to this spirit of liberty with our wounds that bleed, with hungry mouths that it will feed, and all will worship it as the world's delight. Then there shall be no more wars, but in the sight whose eyes are as the sun, the name of that liberty will shine. All nations will be one and all souls of men united in one soul. The poet asks the sea on which men labour and which meets the heavens whether these things shall not be. He asks the earth whether the time shall not make us free. Let us pray that right may be established.

II. ANSWERS TO SUGGESTED KEY QUESTIONS

Q. 1. What are the chief characteristics of the English people ?

Ans. An Englishman has his own typical qualities and he is in trouble when he tries to be something else. For instance, historians tell us that the Englishmen were defeated in the Battle of Hastings because they had been copying the ways of the French. There is a contradiction about the character of Englishmen. As a nation they are less intellectual than the Latin races, but there is no nation in the world that has produced greater men of genius in every walk of life. This is particularly so in the field of literature, especially poetry and drama.

Then, there is a personal quality, that they grumble a good deal but they never worry about anything. This has enabled them to keep their mental powers in reserve so that they last till the old age. The English schoolboy never wants to learn and by that means he preserves his mental powers. So does the grown-up Englishman, who keeps his nervous system quite sound for the times of emergency.

An Englishman is made for the times of crises, *i.e.*,

he is seen at his best in the critical situations. He is quite calm in difficulties but he is indifferent in times of ease. He may not care for warnings but when the time of difficulty comes he shows a rare kind of persistence (firmness) and he is inflexible (unbending) in action. These gifts have made the Englishman what he is, and have enabled the Englishman to make England the Empire what it is.

In his power for endurance the Englishman is supreme. He does not care much for criticism and this is a good thing for the statesmen. That is the reason why English statesmen last longer than the statesmen in other countries. In the past generations the Englishmen used to condemn the damned foreigners. But at the present time there is an opposite tendency, that some English people say that every other country is right except England. They are mostly the people who hold certain fixed views and cannot persuade other people to adopt the same.

The English people are at heart and in practice the kindest people in the world. They have a deep sympathy for the underdog, *i.e.*, the lower classes. There is a brotherly and neighbourly feeling which is to be found among all classes. They face misfortunes with a cheerful face. It was shown to a remarkable extent during the world War I. Ruskin said that the Englishman's laugh is the purest and truest of all. There is a profound truth in that statement. As long as a people can laugh, they are saved from all kinds of vices (evils) in life. They can face all the ills that fortune may bring upon them.

In no nation can we find a greater individuality, *i.e.*, each of the Englishmen has his own peculiar qualities of character. They are a people of individuals and a people of character. All the characters of Charles Dickens are English. They are all different and we can meet people like them in some position or another in life. Englishmen never allow their individuality to be crushed

under a universal system. If the differences are smoothed out, they lose that great gift and they lose their power. Uniformity of type is a bad thing.

There is a great love for the countryside in the hearts of Englishmen. Even those who have lived in cities for a long time love to have gardens. They never knew the open countryside but their forefathers knew it and loved it. The love of this thing is inborn in the hearts of Englishmen. It makes for that love of home which is the strongest feature of their race. When they are in a foreign country they seek their new homes there, where they have room to see the open countryside so rare in their own land now. It is that power of making homes, almost peculiar to the English people, which is the source of their greatness. They go overseas and they take with them what they learnt at home, qualities, such as love of justice, love of truth and the broad humanity, which are so characteristic of the English people. In the ten thousandth century when many empires have risen and fallen people will still remember these great qualities of the Englismen.

Q. 3. What idea do you gather about the English nation from Tennyson's poem "Lines on England"?

Ans. We get the idea from this short poem that England is a perfectly free country in which men speak out their mind without any fear. It is a land which sober kind of freedom has chosen for itself as her home. Whether a person is surrounded by friends or foes he can fearlessly speak out what he likes. There is a settled government in that land, a land of the just people, well-known for their sense of justice. Among the English people the ideas of freedom grow and develop. From various kinds of instances the conception of freedom goes on broadening.

It is a land where party-factions do not gather their heads. A nation is ruined where different parties work for their self-interests, but England is free from

this dangerous vice. But ideas sometimes gather force and in course of time such kind of noble thought spreads all over the land.

From these facts we come to know that the English people have a perfect system of democracy, and also they are free from the poisonous ffects of party-factions.

Q. 3. What can you gather of the occupations and outlook on life of the society in which the Bennets lived ?

Ans. Mr. and Mrs. Bennet live in a society where people care more for material prosperity (richness and wealth) than for anything else. Their chief consideration for having social connections is to meet rich persons and to establish matrimonial relations with them. Women are especially keen to get their daughters married to wealthy young men. If a single young man who happens to be a rich person comes to settle down in a place, the womenfolk organise regular plots and schemes how to make him fall in love with one of their daughters. They are even jealous of one another. Mrs. Bennet makes the following remarks about Mrs. Long: "I don't believe Mrs. Long will do any such thing. She has two nieces of her own. She is a selfish, hypocritical woman, and I have no opinion of her."

Mr. Bennet is a little more sensible than his wife and feels disinclined to pay a visit to Mr. Bingley but he is compelled by his wife to do so. At first he refuses point blank and cuts jokes with his wife, *e.g.*, he says, "I dare say Mr. Bingley will be very glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you to assure him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he chooses of the girls; though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzy." He goes on refusing all along but he had made up his mind to accede to the request of his wife. He pays a visit to Mr. Bingley and discloses it to his wife and daughters in a dramatic manner in the evening. So we conclude that people living in that

society had very low aims and objects. They were not moved by high ideals. They were merely concerned with wealth and outward show and they judged everything in this light.

Q. 4. Lewis Carroll's poem "The Walrus and the Carpenter" is not a piece of satire but makes nonsensical fun. How far do you agree with this statement?

Ans. A satire exposes some evil which prevails in society and the author wants to focus the limelight of public attention on it by exposing it to ridicule. This kind of satire is motivated by the idea of social reform. Then again, there is another variety of satire which is the product of the bitter feelings of the author. He feels disgusted with a certain class of people, or with an individual and he makes them a butt of ridicule. He makes bitter remarks about them, exposes physical deformities (defects) or bad habits and makes the reader laugh at them.

Now when we read Lewis Carroll's poem *The Walrus and the Carpenter* we find that there is no such motive in the poem. He has no hidden motive to reform, no idea to expose the follies of anybody, and no bitterness against any class of society or any individual. It is merely fun for the sake of fun. He combines odd kinds of things which are impossible to find in real life, e.g., The sun was shining brightly on the sea in the middle of the night. Then he states selfe-vident things:

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky—
No birds were flying overhead.
There were no birds to fly.

For clearing the huge quantities of sand the Walrus and the Carpenter call oysters and take them marching along the sea-beach. He says funny things about the oysters, as if they were real human beings:

Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

When the Walrus has taken them over a mile's distance, he has the evil intention of devouring them up. At first he begins to talk of irrelevant (disconnected) things :

"The time has come," The Walrus said,
To talk of many things :
Of shoes-and-ships-and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages-and-kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings.

The Walrus and the Carpenter cunningly make up a plot and start eating the oysters one by one. The last stanza describes the funny situation which is the result of cleverness and cunning with which the Walrus and the Carpenter preyed upon the simple, credible oysters :

'O Oysters', said the Carpenter,
'You've had a pleasant run !
Shall we be trotting home again ?'
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

Q. 5. Butler describes things as they are not done instead of as they are done. What is the difference between satire and straightforward description in their effect upon the reader ?

Ans. Butler uses the method of satire, *i.e.*, exposing the cruelties and follies of law by presenting a distorted picture of society. He does not state things as they are actually done but he laughs at them in a different way. He cteates an imaginary country in which everything is done in just the opposite way. He pours ridicule over the existing laws in this manner. He wants to show that

in his society crime is treated leniently as a sort of disease, while disease of innocent people is treated as a crime, and they are punished severely for no fault of their own.. The guardian who robs the under-age person of his property is allowed to go while the young man is asked to tender apologies and pay the fines. The person suffering from the disease of consumption of lungs is treated as a criminal. He is convicted for those reasons which should prove his innocence. Also, the art of practicising medicine is presented in an evil light.

All this may appear to be absurd but Butler has created an interesting picture for bringing home the cruelty of the law. In a straightforward description things are presented just as they are The defects of society may be stated as facts with a little exaggeration. But it would not captivate the interest and the imagination of the reader. An account with satire as Butler has given here appears to be amusing, and at the same time it exposes the vices (evils) present in society. Thus, Butler has adopted a more dramatic way than that of the straightforward description.

Q. 6. What are the chief qualities in the character of the old man in *Hope* by Galsworthy ?

Ans. The first thing that strikes us in the old man described by Galsworthy is his figure, his weather-beaten face with its brown beard and his shrunken leg which gives him constant pain. This lame leg had much to do with the misery of his life. He led an active life of a deep-sea fisherman and used to go in his fishing smacks, looking through the thick mists. But due to an unfortunate accident he became lame. Since then he sells groundsel, a kind of yellow plant with seeds, which is given for a feed to the caged birds.

His daily routine of life excites our pity and sympathy. The poor fellow has to catch an early bus at five o'clock in the morning to go to the fields outside London. He collects groundsels from the damp fields. His leg gives him a lot of trouble and he has to drag it over the

damp places. He comes back home by train and then goes to a place called Bayswater in West London. He stays there for the whole day to sell groundsel to customers and comes back home at 9 o'clock in the night. Thus, his life is very hard and miserable.

He is sometimes seen reflecting while he is sitting on the pavement or standing with his basket and leaning on his twisted stick. He thinks of several things which concern his present and past life. He thinks of the old days when he used to sail round the dangerous rocks of Goodwin He thinks of the groundsel which has not yet opened properly, of dogs that would come smelling at his basket, of his wife's disease of rheumatism, of herrings for his tea, of his unpaid rent for the previous month, and mostly, of his painful leg. The cold affects his leg so much that he is compelled to talk about it to his customers. Whenever some lady remarks that it is very cold, he says : "Yes Ma'am—you wouldn't believe how I feel it in my leg." The customers think that this remark is meant to excite their pity and sympathy to get more money out of them. But nobody gives him a penny more, except on Christmas time when his usual customers give him even sixpence. The habit of referring to his leg has unconsciously become confirmed in his mind.

Finally, there is a great amount of courage and perseverance in this man. He sometimes tells his customers "I thought I would leave my leg behind (while collecting the groundsel), I was so weak I couldn't drag it through the mud at all. And my wife, she's got the gouty rheumatism. You'll find that I'm all trouble". There was no attraction for this man in life, and yet he lived patiently. He had to suffer continual toil and pain. But he never asked himself the question, "Why do I continue living ?" He was the embodiment of the human virtue—courage without hope.

Q. 7. What sort of man would you Judge Lamb to be from this essay ?

Ans. Lamb is a very charming writer of essays. The keynote of his writings is sincerity and personality. He takes the reader into confidence and discusses personal matters with him. When we read this essay we feel that a friend is having a chat with us in a free and frank manner.

Lamb takes pleasure in being given special attention by the friends, relatives and attendants. He feels like a king; and he enjoys the privileges of royalty. The visitors come and enquire after the health of the patient from the attendants. He does not care to know the names of the visitors. He feels that for the time being he is cut off from the rest of the world. The world's business is dead for him. He does not care for the murmurs of the household affairs.

He takes special delight in the careful attention given to him by the attendants. They come and go very quietly and do not slam the doors or leave them open. But the moment he is getting better they begin to behave in the same way again. Thus Lamb feels sorry that he has lost his royal position. This shows a sense of humour. Also, Lamb used to concentrate his thoughts on his ownself during his illness but now he is not the focus of his own thoughts.

From all these reflections the reader gets the idea that Lamb is an amiable type of person with a sense of humour. He can write on any trivial subject and make it very interesting. He has a rich power of imagination a playful fancy and can convert the commonplace experience into something interesting and amusing.

Q. 8. Give a critical appreciation of Shelley's poem "To The Night".

Ans. Shelley is unsurpassed as a writer of lyrics. This short poem *To The Night* is one of the best lyrics of Shelley. It has all the qualities of the best lyric. It expresses the personal feelings of the poet, his strong passions and emotions. Its theme is built up on a central

idea, it is short and musical. Thus, it has all the requisites of a good lyric.

Shelley was in love with the ethereal objects (*i.e.*, things above the earthly objects). He expresses here his great passion for the night. He prefers it to Death and to Sleep. Death will come in its own time, much too soon than we expect and Sleep will come to the poet when the night passes away. He does not want a favour from any of these, but he is charmed by the spirit of the Night :

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled,
Of neither would I ask the Boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight ;
Come soon, soon !

The expression in which the poem is clothed is unrivalled. Simile follows simile and metaphor follows metaphor. There is a force in the words and phrases which is not to be found in any of the poets. The picture of the Night kissing the Day so that it is wearied out as given in the following stanza is a beautiful example of romantic imagery :

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey, star—inwrought !
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought !

Q. 9. How was Madam Esmond's conduct towards her children affected by her theories of a mother's duty and by her natural feelings ?

Ans. Madam Esmond liked Mr. Ward, the new tutor, beyond measure. She considered that he was a very able man and she was much impressed by his quotations from the Bible which he gave on every trifling occasion. But

the boys, George and Harry disliked him thoroughly. They found him a bad scholar, a dull fellow and an ill-mannered person. The more their mother asked them to obey him, the more revolting appeared the idea to them. Madam Esmond was growing conscious that her authority was being flouted (or defied) by these two youngsters. She felt that she must assert her authority. She was supported in this theory by her advisors like Major Washington. She asked his advice as to how to deal with the two boys who were daily becoming rebels to her authority and he advised her in the following words: "Discipline is discipline, and must be preserved. There can be but one command in a house, ma'am, and you must be the mistress of yours".

These words were conveyed to George and Harry also by Mrs. Mountain who had overheard the major talk to Madam Esmond. She advised the boys to be more careful in their behaviour towards their tutor, but they grew all the more rebellious. Mrs. Esmond was, on the other hand, bent upon giving them corporal punishment. The occasion was provided by George who picked a row with Mr. Ward. George was positively in the wrong. Harry also bore the testimony to this fact when their mother asked them about it. Mrs. Esmond ordered that it was absurd to be the tutor of such wicked boys and Mr. Ward must punish him. George was horrified at the idea of punishment. So was Harry. But Madam Esmond felt it her duty to maintain discipline by this means. Harry suggested that George should ask pardon and there the chapter may be closed. But Madam Esmond still insisted on giving him the punishment. Mr. Ward took them to the study and Madam Esmond sank in a big chair, having a sigh of relief.

She was soon horrified to see Mr. Ward coming out with a bleeding head and Harry running after him with a big knife. So far she had been swayed by her theories about her duty as a mother, but now onwards her natural feelings got the upper hand. The boys had a strong sense of self-respect. Harry could not tolerate that his brother

should be beaten by a stranger, the new tutor. So, before he could raise a finger, he had given him a wound in the head. The mother looked at Mr. Ward sympathetically, bathed his wound and tied a bandage to it. But she was no longer angry with the boys. Her natural feelings convinced her that they were justified in doing this because they were compelled to behave in this manner. With a burst of tears she fell on the neck of her elder son, George, and embraced him. He kissed her on the forehead.

Her power over George was gone for ever. He had dominated her. She was not sorry for the defeat, because women like not only to conquer, but also to be conquered. Thus, there was a change in her conduct under stress and strain of her feelings.

Q. 10. How do the remains found in the geological strata show the stages in the development of the various forms of life ?

Ans. The author quotes two examples from his own personal experience and explains how the conclusions are drawn from the facts by the pre-historian. He quotes the first case of the diggings at Mentone, on the Italian Riviera, just beyond the corner of France. These caves were inhabited by man for a very long period of time and as you dig you come upon one layer after another of his leavings. But there is a great possibility of the things belonging to one age getting mixed up with those of another age. It is exactly like a boy upsetting the heap of clothes in the playground. The pre-historian is thus puzzled by this kind of rearrangement. For example, the man whose leavings ought to be in the middle layer may have buried a dead friend by digging a hole in the cave. He may also have buried a few selected articles which he thought would be useful to his dead friend in the life beyond the grave. Hence, the implements (tools) of one age will be found lying side by side with the implements of a much earlier age, even, it may be some feet below it. When this is the case the pre-historian falls back upon the general type of article belonging to a particular layer.

Luckily, the fashions were uniform in the ancient times. Hence, two pieces of flintstone with slightly different chippings may stand for separate ages of development, just as the Greek vase (flower pot) differs from a German mug for drinking beer for the students of more recent history.

The author gives another instance with regard to the sources of information of the pre-historian. A cave was dug in Jersey up to a depth of some 20 feet of accumulated clay and rock-rubbish. Probably all this had been left by the effects of the last disturbances of the Ice Age. As they dug up they found a prehistoric hearth beside which lay the bones of many animals and teeth of a human being. The bones were those of a woolly rhinoceros, of a mammoth (big elephant now extinct), of a reindeer, of two kinds of horses, of a wild ox and of a deer. There were also two big pieces of flint stone for making fire, rubbish of food and ashes. All this showed that there was plenty of game for hunting in this island in the Ice Age.

The thirteen teeth of a man found in the food heep presented a problem. On full examination it was found that the man was between 20 and 30 years of age. Therefore, the teeth could not have fallen off themselves. The teeth were grinders and had very deep roots. Such teeth are to be found in a powerful jaw and are a part of the skull of the race of man known as the Neanderthal man. They had big brains and ape-like (monkey-like) appearance. Also, there were many knives lying near about. There were small thin flat pieces of flint which had been reduced to the shape of triangles in course of time. An expert recognised that they belonged to the period known as Mousterian, from the French name Le Moustier. Putting all this evidence together we come to know that the man was a hunter of the Ice Age. He got the better of rhinoceros. He could cook a fine steak of flesh, had a sharp knife to carve it, and strong teeth to chew it. He could make himself comfortable and keep his race going.

Thus, it is in this manner that the pre-historian is able

to draw his conclusions from the small data at his disposal.

Q. 11. Bring out the significance of the conflict going on in the mind of Tennyson as shown in the lines from "In Memoriam".

Ans. Man has always believed in the strength of his faith that the soul is immortal. Man's body may perish but his soul will never die. This implies a life after death. Now in Tennyson's days science was making rapid progress and Darwin's theory of Evolution held the field. According to this theory man is one of the countless animals who have developed out of the lower kinds of animals. The life of these animals depends upon their strength to fight against their surroundings. The stronger ones live but the weaker ones are killed. Nature does not care for the life of the individual but she seems to be concerned with the preservation (protection) of the type. But even if we look carefully into the data supplied by diggings from the caves and rocks we find that many of the species of animals have been extinct (*i.e.*, no living member is to be found). So, Nature does not even care for the type. Thousands of types have come and gone. There is the law of the jungle prevailing among the animal kingdom ; the stronger devour the weaker ones and become still more strong. Thus, Nature seems to be red in tooth and claw, *i.e.*, it promotes merciless principles as the laws of life.

But the inner faith of the poet gives him a strong conviction that man is not destined to perish like all other things of this world. He must have a life beyond the grave. He believes that God is love and love is the final law of creation. He has fought battles for truth and justice. He is not simply a monster like the wild creatures living in mud and slime dragging each other to kill and devour.

The poet is compelled to ask : Does this mean that God and Nature are at strife ? As these evil dreams force themselves upon his mind he cannot help thinking

that science and religion are in conflict with each other. At the end of this long poem he declares that this world is moving towards a divine event.

Q. 12. How does Chesterton account for Tennyson's partial failure as a poet ?

Ans. In the early Victorian Age people had a strong faith in religion. They believed that the soul of man is immortal and that man is not destined to perish like all other things. But science made rapid advances in the nineteenth century, the theory of Evolution was accepted by all after some controversy. Tennyson was also affected by both these conflicting trends of thought. He tried to be fashionable, or in other words, he wanted to go with the times and he based the subject-matter of some of his poems on the scientific ideas of his time.

Now these scientific thoughts may sometimes be absolutely nonsense—Chesterton gives an example. He read the following sentence in the writings of a contemporary person : "By the light of modern science and thought we are in a position to see that each normal human being, in some way repeats historically the life of the human race." In the first place none of us knows exactly what is the life of the human race. Secondly, no person can believe that his baby is beginning to make fire with the help of stones. Then nobody would believe that the child is laying the foundation of village communities. Then encouraged by this he goes on to found the Roman Empire. He passes through the Dark Ages, the Middle Ages, the rational period of eighteenth century, until at last he reaches the nineteenth century. Here he reaches the times of the French Revolution and burns the house he has made. Does anyone believe in this ? This is a staggering kind of lie. Science, which stands for exactness, is propagating such kinds of inexactness.

This is the failure of the age, and as Tennyson is carried away by this flood, it is also the reason of his

partial failure. Tennyson is essentially the poet of popular science. His themes rest on such cloudy ideas of sciences as given above. He was perfectly educated in the classics (ancient literature) but he was a half-educated man of science. He committed the serious mistake of saying that survival of the fittest means the survival of the best. (This is a doctrine of Evolution that those who are the fittest will be able to fight against the forces of their surroundings which tend to kill them and they will live. On the other hand, the weaker members of the race will be killed by these forces). Now Tennyson did not fully understand this doctrine and said that the best would survive—Chesterton says that we might as well say that the fatest will survive.

Tennyson's position has grown shaky because it does not rest on any clear principles, whether old or new, but it rests on two or three temporary adjustments of opposing opinions. Tennyson wrote poems to justify the British Constitution. Chesterton says that the British constitution is balanced just by chance; it is an unreality of law. One can write great poetry about truth or even about falsehood, but hardly about an unreal kind of law. You may believe that man is a hopeless slave, but it is not a natural thing to believe that he is a hopeless slave and at the same time he has hopes of salvation. Tennyson believed in Evolution and at the same time declared at the end of his long poem that he is moving towards a "far-off divine event." This kind of compromise was a typical thing of Tennyson's age. His weakness not being old-fashioned or new-fashioned, but being fashionable. His feet were on temporary things. Yet he was so perfect a poet that he will still be able to stand, even upon such cloudy ideas.

Q. 13. Give a critical appreciation of Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality."

Ans. This famous Ode sums up the philosophy of Wordsworth's poetry. It is not merely a poem written for the sake of pleasure but it voices the deepest

thoughts of the poet about man's past and present existence. It expresses the sorrow on having lost the innocence and purity of childhood but in the later part of the poem (which is not included in this selection) it holds out a hope that we can recapture that glory by having a communion (contact) with Nature. Wordsworth believes that the child who has freshly come from the heavens has brought the heavenly glory with him. In his moments of joy he can peep into the secrets of Nature, into the mysteries of life and death, which even the greatest philosophers cannot find out. Thus, he is a prophet and a "Seer-blest". But as the child grows older the noble influences are driven away by the evil and corrupting influences of the world. The poet beautifully compares the boy to a traveller who must travel farther and farther away from the East.

The poet worships Nature and considers it as the priest of Nature. He believes that if we go into the quiet scenes of Nature and try to learn lessons from them we can become wiser and nobler. These few lines selected from the long poem contain some of the best lines of Wordsworth's philosophy. For example,

> Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.
> Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

Or again,

> The youth who daily farther from the East
> Must travel, still is Nature's priest.

Q. 14. Show how the theme of loyalty is illustrated by the story of Youth.

Ans. Conrad wrote novels and stories to explain the idea that seamen are constantly struggling against the forces of nature and in such circumstances they prove loyal to an object. That object may be a ship as in the case of this story, or it may be loyalty to one's duty, or to a friend, or to a cause. This story is the best example of the loyalty to the old ship.

The author was one of the crew on board of an old ship *Judea* which was laden with coal and was sailing in

a far Eastern Ocean. It suddenly started leaking and the sailors had to pump out the water for many days. Then a fire started and they had to pump in the water to extinguish it. But the fire went on spreading until the whole ship became a smouldering mass. They saw a steamer and asked for help. The captain of that ship, Captain Nash, towed the burning old ship. He had dragged it over some distance when the breeze fanned the flames on account of swift dragging. The author and his companions cut off the rope. Captain Nash shouted that he was prepared to take them to Singapore, but he could not wait as he had got the mails. Captain Beard and his men shouted that they were all right. They were so much devoted to their old ship that they did not want to leave it even though it was burning. They wanted to see the last of it. The steamer of Captain Nash disappeared and they were left to fight a heroic battle with a rare kind of devotion and loyalty.

At first they struggled hard to save the old gear for the sake of the insurance company. The author risked his life to save an old barometer. The things were placed in the long boat ready to sail away. Big flames rose high from the ship, gave out millions of sparks and produced thick columns of smoke. Then the boats began to swing to and fro. The author and two other men kept them in position for many hours, so that they might not burn along with the ship. Then he climbed up the ship and shook the captain who was sleeping, just taking rest after many sleepless nights. The sailors were eating lumps of cheese and drinking bottles of beer. He angrily told them that if they wasted their time like that there would be no boats left for them. They started jumping into the boats one by one. The author with two other companions got into a small boat, made a mast from an oar and put up the sails.

But they did not make their start at once. They must see the last of the ship. So the boats drifted, the men dozed, waked and groaned. The ship was burning brightly between the darkness of the heaven

and the sea. The old ship was going to have a grand sort of death. The masts fell just by daybreak and by daylight it was just like a burnt-up shell. The sailors moved their boats round it as if they were taking out a procession. Then they pulled across its stern. The framework of the ship went down with a great hissing noise of steam.

The sailors had to sail in small boats in the wide expanse of the ocean. All the boats were lost with the only exception of the boat in which the author and his two companions were sailing. They rowed and rowed for hours together, one man taking rest at a time. They were dead tired. At last, they reached a small coastal post in the small hours of the morning.

This story of heroic struggle shows that these rough sailors were extremely devoted to their ship. They did not wish to abandon it so long as anything of it was left. They risked their own lives and saw the last of it go down in the sea.

Q. 15. Show how Robert Bridges's poem "A Passer-by" is an imaginative reverie.

Ans. In this poem the poet indulges in a day-dreaming. The sight of the ship standing in the harbour ready to sail for the "Urgent West" starts a chain of imaginative reflections in his mind. He first lavishes praise on the beauty of the ship; then flies away in imagination to the far-off countries which is the destination of the ship; finally, he begins to make a comparison of the courage of the ship in reaching his own ultimate goal. These are the three main thoughts round which the poet builds up a splendid imaginative reverie.

In the first place, the poet is impressed by the beauty of the ship. He calls it a fair rover, a wanderer, that is, ready with its trim tackle and crowding sails on the bosom of the "Urgent West". The poet imagines that when the valleys in England will be oppressed by snow and mists in the winter season, this beautiful ship will

be lying in a safe haven (sheltered harbour) in the blue Pacific.

The second thought is full of bold imaginative ideas. The poet flies away with the help of his imagination to the harbour where the ship will enter after its voyage. He can foresee the surroundings, and pronounces that she will be the queen of the strange shipping there. Nothing will be so beautiful as this ship, from the foaming rocks to the tops of the snow-capped mountains covered with the feathery palm trees. He can clearly see with the eyes of his imagination that she would be standing stately and upright. All these reflections are based on pure imagination.

In the end, he envies the lot of the ship. He thinks that she has a purpose and her port is assured in a happier land than the foggy and misty seaports of England. But he is not sure whether he will be able to achieve his ultimate goal. He throws a vague hint only; it can mean the high ideals of this world or the salvation to be achieved in the next world. Thus, the poem is a beautiful chain of reflections which are aroused at the sight of a ship.

Q. 16. Antony pretends to be "a plain, blunt man." As you read the passage, note all the examples of his subtlety and unscrupulousness.

Ans. Antony begins his speech in a very cautious manner because he knows that the mob is entirely in favour of Brutus. The common people who cannot think for themselves are led by the nose. As Antony came to the stage to address them he knew that they were completely swayed by the reasons given by Brutus. Hence, he pretends to speak in Caesar's funeral like a plain, blunt man.

He says that he has come to bury Caesar not to praise him. This was with the permission of Brutus, an "honourable" man. There is a hidden taunt in the word "honourable" which is not yet apparent. But as he

gains confidence that the mob is moved by his appeal to their sentiments, he puts greater and greater sting into this word. We can compare the effect of the following two lines which occur in the earliest part of his speech with what follows :—

> For Brutus is an honourable man ;
> So are they all, all honourable men.

Later on as he says with contemptuous scorn that they are honourable men, the people shout that they are traitors, murderers and assassins.

Antony begins by showing cleverly how hollow were the reasons of Brutus. His main charge against Caesar was that he was ambitious. Antony goes on showing that he was not at all ambitious. He cleverly and cautiously says that if Caesar was ambitious it was a grievous fault and grievously had he paid for it. He won several victories by which he filled the treasuries of Rome and brought home captives. He gave it all as the national wealth. Was this ambition in Caesar, he asks. He does not pronounce that Caesar was not ambitious but he just puts the question and leaves it to the mob to answer. The next proof he gives is that thrice he presented the kingly crown to Caesar on the festival of Lupercal and thrice he refused it. Was this ambition ?

When he had washed off the charge of ambition he pretends that his heart is breaking, as it is there in the coffin of Caesar. He must pause till his heart comes back to him. This was also a device to arouse the sympathies of the people. Then he uses a master stroke of psychology. He tells them that Caesar has left a will, but he is not going to read that will. The people grow anxious that he should read the will but he goes on arousing their sentiments to the pitch of fever and refusing to read the will. When they are extremely anxious he reads the will. All citizens of Rome stand to gain by it.

Finally, his most sentimental stroke was to show

them the dead body of Caesar and expose the wounds inflicted by his old friends. The people not only weep at them but are fired with the wild spirit for revenge, and they shout—

Revenge!—About!—Seek!—
Burn!—Fire!—Kill!—Slay!—
Let not a traitor live.

Working up their sentiments a little more he lets them loose against the conspirators. Then he is satisfied with the mischief that he has done and says: "now let it work! Mischief, thou art afoot, take thou what course thou wilt."

Thus, it is clear that far from being a plain, blunt man, Antony is a great orator, and subtle (deep) mob psychologist.

Q. 17. What devices does Antony use to kindle the curiosity, pity and fury of the audience?

Ans. Antony employs three different devices to arouse the curiosity, pity and fury of the mob. He makes them anxious about the will of Caesar; he brings them to the dead body of Caesar and shows them his wounds by which he excites their pity; and he makes a fiery appeal to their sentiments to arouse their fury. Let us examine each of these devices.

Antony tells the audience that Caesar has left a will for the citizens of Rome. There was a parchment with the seal of Caesar which he found in his closet (small private room). If the common people heard it their minds would be stirred, therefore, he declared that he did not mean to read it. They would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds and dip their handkerchiefs in his sacred blood. They would beg a hair of him for memory if he were to read it. There are shouts from the people: "We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony .... The will, the will." To this he replies that they should have patience. He must not read it, because they were not wood or stones. They were men. It

would inflame them and make them mad. When he had aroused so much of their curiosity, there were more vigorous shouts that he should read the will. He again asks them to be patient. He had overshot the mark. He would wrong honourable Brutus and his honourable companions. The mob shouts that they were traitors, villains, murderers. He still does not read the will. He comes down from the stage and asks them to stand round the coffin of Caesar. After showing them the dead body and exciting their sentiments further he reads the will.

For exciting their pity he shows the dead body of Caesar. He begins his speech in a very pathetic manner standing round the coffin of Caesar: "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now, etc." He reminds them of the occasion when Caesar first wore that mantle (sheet of cloth). He pointed out to each of the wounds inflicted by Brutus, Cassius, Casca and other conspirators. He told them how Caesar fell at the foot of Pompey's statue while blood flowed profusely from his body. What a fall it was! It was the fall of all the Romans. At last, he removes the mantle from the face of Caesar. The onlookers weep bitterly and cry: "O piteous spectacle! O traitors! O Villains!"

Finally, Antony excites the fury of the mob by making appeals to their sentiments all along. When he does not want to read the will, he says:

> "You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
> And being men, hearing the will of Caesar,
> It will inflame you, it will make you mad."

As the people shout that they must hear the will of Caesar, he arouses their anger at the deed of the conspirators. He says:

> I fear I wrong the honourable men
> Whose daggers have stabbed Caesar; I do fear it.

The fourth citizen replies to this in great fury:

> They were traitors! Honourable men!

The second citizen shouts:

> They were villains, murderers!

After showing them the wounds of Caesar he brings their fury to the highest pitch, when all the citizens shout :

"Revenge !—About !—Seek !—Burn !—Fire ! Kill ! Slay !
Let not a traitor live !"

Q. 18. Consider Shakespeare's treatment of the crowd, as it is evident from the portion selected from the play.

Ans. Shakespeare shows that the crowds are absolutely fickleminded (changeable). They are undependable and they have no opinion of their own. Whoever comes to the stage can sway their feelings, if he has the power of speech. They do not understand the subtle things like democracy or republican form of government. They want a strong man, a hero at the head of the government. They are hero-worshippers and are ready to worship any big man who fills up the gap, whether he be Caesar or Brutus or Antony. This is particularly clear during the speech of Brutus. The noble philosopher, Brutus, had been trying with the power of his reasons to show that Caesar was the symbol of dictatorship. The citizens are at once convinced of his logic. But what is further shouted by them is really funny. The second citizen says, "Give him a statue with his ancestors." But the third citizen says, "Let him be Caesar." What a pity it is that Brutus was fighting against the principles for which Caesar stood and this citizen says : Let him be Caesar ! Throughout the speech of Brutus they are extremely respectful to him and listen to him silently. They say, "Peace ! Silence ! Brutus speaks." When he leaves, they are expressing their opinions in the following words : "First Citizen : "This Caesar was a tyrant". Third citizen "Nay, that's certain. We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him".

Then Antony comes to the stage. At first they are not prepared to listen to anything against Brutus from him. Hence, he proceeds very carefully and cautiously. Then he begins to play upon the word "honourable,"

suggesting that they were not honourable men. He gives reasons to show that Caesar was not ambitious. After hearing the first part of his speech the comments of the citizens are as follows :—

Second citizen—If thou consider rightly of the matter, Caesar has had great wrong.

Third citizen—Has he masters ?
I fear there will be a worse come in his place.

Fourth citizen—. . . . 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First citizen—If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

So, the words of the first citizen suggest what can happen, *i.e.*, somebody will have to pay dearly for it, may be Brutus himself. Thus, in a moment they have changed their opinion. Then of course, Antony proceeds with his masterly way to arouse their pity, curiosity and fury. They are brought to the pitch when they shout : Kill !—Slay ! Burn, etc.

Thus, the crowds are represented by Shakespeare as fickleminded (changeable), blind followers of the leaders that be, and incapable of understanding the deeper issues.

Q. 19. Note the passages in Winston Churchill's address which show that it could have been made by a man who trusted, and was trusted by the people.

Ans. Winston Churchill's address to his nation in the most critical hour of its history comes straight from his heart. There is no attempt at oratory and no ornamentation. He does not want to give vain threats to the enemy, nor does he boast of his own power. He states facts in a plain, straightforward manner. This could be done only by a man who fully trusted his nation. Let us examine his speech from this point of view.

At first he gives the reason why the French ships

have been destroyed by the British Navy. The French had been their comrades in arms for centuries. He gives this explanation not only to his nation but also to the French in a very tactful manner. He compares the Frenchmen to a comrade who has been stunned by a sudden blow. The weapon that has fallen from his hand must not fall into the hands of the enemy. Next, he hides nothing from his nation. He wants to prepare them for a long and grim struggle. Had there been anybody else he would have tried to encourage his nation by an unrealistic picture of the victory in the near future. But this is what Churchill says : "All goes to show that the war will be long and hard, no one can tell where it will spread." But he adds something more to this, which is his firm conviction and which gives faith and hope to the British nation :

"One thing is certain, the people of Europe will not be ruled for long by the Nazi Gestapo, nor will the world yield itself to Hitler's gospel of hatred, appetite and domination."

The next few lines are also characteristic of the same kind of trust in his nation : "And now it has come to us to stand alone in the breach, and face the worst that the tyrant's might and enemity can do." He holds up a noble principle before his nation when he further says : "We are fighting by ourselves alone, but we are fighting for the whole world, to uphold the principles of democracy and liberty. Nobody could say the following words about the impending invasion of England ; Churchill states this realistic position fully knowing that he was trusted by his nation. He says : "Perhaps it (the invasion) will come tonight. Perhaps it will come next week. Perhaps it will never come. We must show ourselves equally capable of meeting a sudden violent shock, or what is perhaps a harder test, a prolonged vigil."

He had full faith in the strength of character of his countrymen. The following words prove this : "But

Hitler has not yet been withstood by a great nation with a will-power the equal of his own. Many of these countries have been poisoned by intrigue before they were struck down by violence. But here in our island we are in good health and in good heart". He has the full confidence that there are no traitors within their ranks.

Finally, he expresses the grim determination of his countrymen to fight to the bitter end. He says that if the invader comes he will not find them calmly lying down and submitting before them. He declares, "we shall defend every village, every town and every city. The vast mass of London itself, fought street by street, could easily devour an entire hostile army, and we would rather see London laid in ruins and ashes than that it should be tamely and abjectly enslaved." He states these facts to inform his people of his determination, as well as to reassure them that they would never surrender.

Q. 20. Show how Swinburne's poem "A year's Burden" is a song of liberty expressed through the language of imagery.

Ans. Swinburne was a worshipper of liberty and he thought that the best form of liberty was enshrined in the republican form of government. A war of freedom was going on in Italy when he wrote this poem and they were striving to establish a republic. Swinburne looked at the world as torn by wars, devoid of any hope :

"Hope sits yet hiding her war-wearied eyes"
Or again he says,
"Old hope is dead, the grey-haired hope grows blind
That talked with us old things out of mind."

To him it appeared that the world was plunged in a darkness. But as he goes on imagining one thing after another the ideas comes to him in the form of images. For example, he says that Doubt had set its forehead towards the castle, as if it were seated near the heavens and were looking down towards the earth. Then there is a sudden light which burns in the heart of a star. It burns as a

beacon in our shipwrecked sight. This is the symbol of liberty expressed in the language of imagery.

The poet laments at the fate of countries which are torn by strife. For example, he says that France is given for prey to birds and beasts and Rome is rent by the struggle of kings and priests. But he asserts that the soul of man is not dead ; it rather gives life to death and hands to the dead men to strike... It is the spirit of liberty which spreads from east to west and north to south. At the end of every fourth stanza he gives expression to a cry of grief and then prays for the establishment of right on earth in the following words :

"Cry well away, but well befall the right."

Out of this darkness emerges the goddess whom he is prepared to worship. He appeals to her to wound us with love and pierce us with longing. He is prepared to offer his soul as sacrifice. This is the height of devotion to anything. He almost makes a prophecy about the future of the world. He says that there will be no more wars nor kingdoms won ; all nations will be united and the souls of all men will be united into one soul. Thus, it is a song of liberty, of hope and heartfelt devotion.

EXPLANATIONS WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

Ref. 1. It seemed, on the whole, unreasonable of this man to cling to life, since he was without prospect of anything but what was worse in this life.

Ans. This sentence occurs in John Galsworthy's essay *Hope*. The lame man stands in the streets of London selling groundsel for birds in the extreme cold. His life was very hard. He got up at five in the morning to catch an early train and went outside London to collect groundsel from the fields. He had a lame leg which gave him a lot of pain. His wife suffered from rheumatism. If he did not work for a few days he had

to pay the arrears of rent of the house in which he lived. He was all the time thinking of these objects—the pain in his leg, the groundsel, the rheumatism of his wife, the rents to be paid, and so on. The author wonders why this man was clinging to life. There was no charm for him in life. And yet he lived. He was the symbol of the great human virtue—courage without hope.

R. 2. Let tyrants fear.

Ans. These words are spoken by Queen Elizabeth to her troops at Tilbury. She had come out to the river Thames to encourage her soldiers' when the invasion by the Spanish Armada seemed to be imminent (quite near). She knew that her subjects loved her, therefore, she did not care to take any precautions for her safety. She came out without her bodyguard. In these words she says that only tyrants should fear. She assured her soldiers that she would herself take arms and fight against the enemy.

R. 3. We are people of individuals.

Ans. Baldwin in his Essay on *England* says these words. He counts the typical qualities of the Englishmen. He says that the Englishmen are born for times of crises or emergencies. In normal times they do not care for anything and are slow and lazy. But in the hours of danger they show their greatest qualities and they prove equal to the task. Then he says that the English laugh is the purest and the truest. As long as people can laugh, they are free from mean kind of evil qualities. The English nation is a nation of individuals, *i.e.*, there are various types of characters to be found among them. In the novels of Dickens we come across so many different types of characters but they are all to be found in actual life in England. In the end he says that the Englishmen have a love of justice, love of truth, and a broad humanity. For these qualities they will be remembered long after many empires have risen and fallen.

R. 4. I falter where I firmly trod.

Ans. This line occurs in Tennyson's poem *In Memoriam*. This long poem was written by the poet in memory of his dead friend Arthur Henry Hallam. He had a firm faith in God and in the life to come. But the scientific age of Tennyson had shaken the faiths of people. He believed in the scientific knowledge advanced by his age For example, he believed in the theory of evolution, and yet he believed that the world was moving towards a divine event. This he believed on the basis of inner faith in the spiritual things. Thus, there is a conflict in the mind of the poet. The above quoted line truly reflects that conflict.

R. 5. Be the ordeal sharp or long, or both, we shall seek no terms, we shall tolerate no parley.

Ans. These words are taken from the speech of Winston Churchill which he made when addressing his nation during the Second World War. He voiced the grim determination of the English nation to fight to the bitter end. Germany under the leadership of Hitler had overthrown many kingdoms like Holland, Belgium, France, Sweden, Poland, etc., but Churchill says that Germany was never matched by a nation equally strong in determination and will-power. Only the English nation has that quality. There are no traitors (faithless people) within their ranks. They would rather see London burnt to ashes than tamely submit before the enemy. A great army of the enemy would be devoured in London. He said that the English people would go on fighting but they would not seek any parleys or conclude a treaty of peace.

R. 6. Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago.

Ans. This line is taken from Walt Whitman's poem *Animals*. The poet laughs at the old established ideas of human beings. He says things about animals which indirectly reflect on the ideas of human beings. He says that he would be quite happy among the animals. They

do not toil hard and they do not worry about their miserable life. They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins. They do not discuss their duty to God. They do not kneel before each other out of respect. They do not believe in any prophet who lived thousands of years ago, and hence do not pay any respects to him. Thus the poet is indirectly criticising the religious beliefs of human beings.

R. 7. "A single man of huge fortune; four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!"

Ans. These words are spoken by Mrs. Bennet in Jane Austen's *The Visit*. Mr. Bingley was a rich man and he was a bachelor. He had come to live in the town where Mr. Bennet and his family lived. All the women of that town looked upon him as a prospective husband, for their daughters. Mrs. Bennet also tried to convince her husband that it would be wonderful to get one of their girls married to him. For this purpose she compelled her husband to pay a visit to Mr. Bingley. Mr. Bennet did not agree at first but then he went to pay a visit to Mr. Bingley.

R. 8. "You may say that it is your misfortune to be criminal, I answer that it is your crime to be unfortunate!"

Ans. These lines are taken from *Justice in Erewhon* written by Samuel Butler. Butler gives the state of an imaginary society in which everything was taken in a reverse order. A person who was cheated by his guardian when he was under-age was punished. He was required to appologise to his guardian and to pay a fine. The reason was that it was his crime to allow his guardian to cheat him. A person suffering from a consumption of the lungs was treated as a criminal. Instead of showing sympathy to him the court sentenced him to imprisonment. The judge of the jury who reads out the sentence to him gives reasons in support of the judgment. He says

that the patient might say that he was unfortunate. But misfortune is a crime.

R. 9. "The land, where girt with friends or foes,
A man may speak the thing he will."

Ans. These lines are taken from Tennyson's poem *Lines on England.* He says that it is a land where freedom reigns supreme. It is a land chosen by Freedom herself. Whether a man may be surrounded by friends or enemies, he may freely speak out whatever is in his mind. He need not fear anything. It is a land of settled government. There are no party factions in it, but good ideas sometimes gather force and spread out.

R. 10. Supreme selfishness is imposed upon him as his only duty.

Ans. This sentence is taken out of Charles Lamb's essay *The Convalescent.* He considers that a sick person is like a king. He is in heavens when he is lying on a sick bed. Everyone cares for his comforts. The servants and the staff of the hospital open and shut the doors with great care. A soft bed is made for him. Friends and relatives come to see him. But as soon as he begins to get well, the amount of care lavished on him begins to decrease. During the days of his recovery he is the most selfish person. Before his illness he was much concerned with a case affecting the welfare of his friend. But now he cares nothing for the world outside his sick room.

R. 11. "I am the master of my fate."

Ans. This line is taken from Henley's poem *Out of the Night that covers me.* The poet expresses an unconquerable spirit to struggle and never to submit. He says that he thanks the gods for giving him an unconquerable soul. He has never been cowed down by the hard knocks of fate. Although his head is bloody, yet it is not bowed down. He is not afraid of death or the punishment in store for him. He declares in the end that he is the master of his fate and the captian of his soul.

R. 12. "All the king's horses and all the king's men cannot mend it."

Ans. These words are spoken by George in Thackeray's story *The New Tutor*. George and Harry did not respect their new tutor, Mr. Ward. Their mother, Mrs. Esmond, was fed up with them. She consulted her friends and they advised her to give them corporal punishment. George one day disobeyed Mr. Ward. Mrs. Esmond asked him to take him to another room and punish him. This was too much for them. It offended their self-respect. George stood by the mantel-piece (fire-place). There was a china cup which belonged to his grandfather. He said that if he broke it, nobody in the world would be able to make it a whole cup again. But Mrs. Esmond insisted that he should be punished. So he let the cup fall down and be broken. Afterwards he said the above quoted words.

R. 13. "You may be baffled by someone having upset the heaps of clothes, or, in a word, by rearrangement."

Ans. These words are taken out of the essay *Digging for History* by Marett. He gives an example to illustrate the method of research work adopted by the historians. Suppose boys come to play football in a ground. They place their clothes in a heap one above the other. We can tell which boy came first and which later, although we cannot say how much later he came. Similarly there are layers of the earth in which articles of the old civilisation are to be found. Each age had got its own typical fashion. We can tell to which period any of the implements or tools belong. But sometimes this arrangement is upset. For example, a man buries his friend by digging a deep pit. He also buries utensils and tools of his period. These will be found in a lower layer. Thus the arrangement will be upset and confusing to the historian.

R. 14. "There was a completeness in it, something solid like a principle, and masterful like an

instinct—a disclosure of something secret—of that hidden something, that gift of good or evil that makes racial difference, that shapes the fate of nations."

Ans. These words are taken from *Youth* by Joseph Conrad. He explains that the rough kind of men on board the ship *Judea* had a unique sort of love for that old rotten ship. They did not want to desert it even when it was smouldering with fire. They had a deep sense of loyalty for it. This loyalty was something solid in it; it was like a moral principle. The author is illustrating in this story the loyalty of men to a ship. Most of those sailors lost their lives and they struggled hard in the sea but they saw the last of their ship.

R. 15. An armament is not a victory.

Ans. These words are taken from Edmund Burke's speech. Moving his resolution for conciliation with the Colonies, Burke pleaded that English people should not use force in America. He gave many reasons in support of this policy. He pointed out that the use of force has a temporary effect. It can subdue for a moment but it cannot govern a nation permanently. Also, its effect is uncertain. If you have to keep armaments, it is not a victory. When the method of conciliation fails, you can use force. But when force fails, then you cannot patch up your quarrel.

R. 16. Others abide our question—thou art free!

Ans. This line is taken from Matthew Arnold's poem *Shakespeare*. This is the opening line of the poem. Arnold says that others reply to our questions, but Shakespeare keeps silent and simply smiles. He has a towering personality which is above our knowledge. He is like a lofty mountain standing in the sea and kissing the sky. He has given expression to all kinds of griefs and weaknesses from which human beings suffer. Thus, his speech is a true copy of the passions of human beings.

R. 17. The soul of man, the soul is safe at least.

Ans. This line is taken from Charles Swinburne's

poem *A Year's Burden.* The poet feels sad at first because Doubt and Fear reign supreme in the world. There are cries of shame and an atmosphere of despair prevailing. But then the poet sees a light in a star burning like a beacon (torch). He sees a ray of hope. Mankind may yet be free. He addresses the soul ot Liberty and asks it to wound him with love. He can picture to himself a time when there will be no more wars and all souls of men will unite in one soul. The poet feels happy that the soul of man is safe at least.

R. 18. This was the most unkindest cut of all.

Ans. This is taken from *Antony's Speech on Caesar's Funeral.* Antony speaks after Brutus. In the beginning he is very cautious because he does not know the feelings of the mob. He begins to disprove very cleverly that Caesar was not ambitious. Then he rouses their feelings by asking them to come round the dead body of Caesar. He shows them the wounds caused by the different conspirators. He shows them where Cassius and Casca stabbed Caesar. Then he shows them where the noble Brutus struck him. This was the unkindest cut of all. The mob is roused to such a fury that they cry in anger and say that they would burn the house of Brutus and kill every conspirator.

R. 19. "Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day."

Ans. These lines are taken from Charles Kingsley's poem *Young and Old.* He draws the comparison between the spirit of a youthful person and an old man. In youth one likes to take part in all kinds of adventures. Young blood is hot and one must take part in the joys and adventures of life. But in old age one has to creep indoors. The poet wishes that one may have the company of one's wife in those days whom he loved in his youth.

R. 20. According to this theory, a baby begins by chipping flints and rubbing sticks together to find fire.

Ans. These words are taken from Chesterton's essay on Tennyson. He says that Tennyson was fond of scientific ideas of his age. But the scientific writers sometimes make very funny statements. One writer says that the human child repeats the history of the race. Thus, according to this theory a child first passes through the Stone Age when he is cutting pieces of the flint stones. He rubs the pieces of stones to make fire. Then he passes through the Iron Age, then through the days of Roman empire. At last he passes through the Age of Reason, *i.e.*, the 18th Century. But when he comes to the 19th Century at the point of the French Revolution, he wants to burn the whole house made by himself. Thus, it all looks very funny.

R. 21. Their coats were brushed, their faces washed, their shoes were clean and neat.

Ans. These lines are taken from *The Walrus and the Carpenter* by Lewis Carrol. In this funny poem the poet says that the sun came out at midnight which was not liked by the moon. There was a lot of sand on the seashore. So the Walrus and the Carpenter wanted somebody to clean it. They asked the oysters to do it. Four young oysters volunteered to do it. Their coats were brushed; their faces were washed; their shoes were neat and clean, though they had no feet. Then the Walrus and the Carpenter march them along a distance of one mile. At last, they devour them.

R. 22. I was angry with my foe.

Ans. These lines are taken out of William Blake's poem *A Poison Tree.* The poet compares ill-will against our enemies to a poison tree. He says that he was once angry with his friend. He spoke about his anger and it was gone. But when he was angry with his foe, he did not speak it out. So, it went on growing like a tree. He goes on to say that he watered it with fears and tears shed at night. It bore a poisonous fruit. It was like an apple. His enemy ate it and lay dead under the tree. Thus, the poem expresses in a mataphor the

truth that secret anger of the mind grows like a poisoned tree.

R. 23. Far brighter than this gaudy melon—flower !

Ans. This line is taken from Robert Browning's poem *Home Thoughts from Abroad.* Browning thinks about the pleasant spring day of England when he is abroad. Any one who is in England in April finds one morning that the small leaves are coming out round the branches of the elm-trees. The birds sing in the orchards. In May the swallows build nests. The pear trees have blossoms. The thrush sings songs. The fields look pleasant. The buttercups (kind of flowers), with which the children play, look far brighter than the colourful melon flowers.

R. 24. Blind with thin hair the eyes of day.

Ans. This line is taken from Shelley's poem *To the Night.* The poet addresses the spirit of Night and asks her to come out of her misty eastern caves. It weaves its dreams there during the daytime. He asks her to wrap herself in a dark cloak. It is wrought with stars at night. She should spread her hair over the face of day and make it blind. At last, the poet says that he will not ask favour from Death or from sleep but he asks the night to approach soon.

**R. 25. The youth, who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's priest.**

Ans. These lines are taken from William Wordsworth's poem *Ode on Intimations of Immortality.* The poet believes that we are surrounded by heavenly influences during the days of our childhood. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy". When the child grows older, he tries to imitate the ways of the elders. But still he is very close to Nature. Nature blesses him with her ennobling influences.

R. 26. But for all I have given thee, beauty enough is thine.

Ans. This line is taken from the poem *A Passer-by* by Robert Bridges. The poet saw a beautiful ship fitted with its white sales, ready to sail away to the West. He pictured to himself how it would reach some far-off seaport. It would be the most beautiful object there. It is the queen of shipping. But in spite of all these phrases written in praise of the ship, the poet feels that he has not done full justice to the beauty of this ship.

R. 27. Now let it work! Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

Ans. These lines are taken from Antony's *Speech on Caesar's Funeral*. These are the last words which he speaks to himself when he is all alone. He had worked the feelings of the mob. At first they were in no mood to listen to him. But by slow degrees and clever tricks of oratory, he inflames their feelings. He excites them against the conspirators who had killed Caesar. The mob shouts at the end that they are going to burn the house of Brutus and they would kill every member of his party. Antony is happy to see them in this mood. Thus, he addresses Mischief and says, "Now you are at work. Do whatever you like."

An Approach to English Literature

BOOK V

SUMMARIES

1. GIFT OF THE MAGI—(*O'Henry*)

This story illustrates how a young American couple, Jim and Della, loved each other sincerely. Della had saved one dollar and eighty-seven cents with great economy. The next day was Christmas and she had to buy a gift for her husband, Jim or James Dillingham Young. She had been saving every penny she could for many months with this result. She had to manage everything in 20 dollars a week. She had been planning for many hours to buy some nice present for Jim, something fine and rare and superior. But the money with her was too small for any good present.

Della stood sadly before a looking-glass. She suddenly pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length. There were two things in which she and her husband both took pride. One was Jim's gold watch which he had got from his grandfather, and the other was Della's golden hair. So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a waterfall. She looked at it for a minute and a tear or two fell from her eyes. She at once wore her brown jacket and hat and went downstairs to the street.

She stopped at the shop of a hair-dresser. She climbed up the shop and asked Madame Sofronie, the hair-dresser, whether she would buy her hair. The Madame had a look at her hair and said that she would pay 20 dollars for it. Della at once replied that she should pay the money quickly and clip the hair. In a moment she tripped outside and was searching for a nice present for Jim in all the stores. She found it at last. It appeared that it was made for Jim and nobody else. It

was a platinum chain, simple and chaste (pure) in design. It was worthy of his watch. It had the qualities of Jim himself—quietness and value. She bought it for 21 dollars and she hurried home with 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might see the time in any company. Sometimes he did not take out his grand watch because he was ashamed of the chain.

She came home and lighted the gas and started to repair the loss of her hair caused by generosity and love. Within 40 minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look like a truant (runaway) schoolboy. She had a long, careful look in the mirror and thought that if Jim did not like her she would say that she looked like a choir-girl (singing girl). But what could she do with one dollar and 87 cents. She had to do it. At seven o'clock the coffee was made and after it she was going to cook the chops.

Jim was never late, as he was this evening. Della doubled the chain in her hand and sat near the door waiting for Jim. She utterred a prayer as she heard the footsteps of Jim, "Please, God, make him think. I'm still pretty". Jim entered the room. He looked thin and serious. (Poor fellow, he was only 22 and) was burdened with a family. He (needed an overcoat and golves, and was without them.) Jim's eyes were fixed upon Della and there was an expression in them which terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor horror. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della came forward and asked him lovingly that he should not look at her that way. She said that she had got her hair cut and sold it because she had to buy a Christmas present for him. She would grow the hair again. She asked him to say "Merry Christmas!" and be happy. He did not know what a nice present she had bought for him. Jim laboriously asked her, "You've cut off your hair?" Della asked him whether

he did not like her without her hair. He again said like an idiot, "You say your hair is gone ?" Della replied that it was sold away. It was for his sake. Her hair might be numbered but her love for him was limitless. Jim woke up from his dream and embraced Della. He took out a package and threw it upon the table. He declared that a hair-cut or a shave or a shampoo would make no difference in his love for her. But if she would open the package she would see why she had surprised him so much.

Della opened the strings of the packet. She gave a scream of joy which soon gave way to hysterical tears and cries. Jim's gift was the best pair of combs for Della's hair which she had worshipped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jewelled rims. They were very expensive and she had longed to have them for a long time. They were hers. But where were her hair ? But she pressed the combs to her bosom and at last she looked up with dim eyes and a smile and said, "My hair grow so fast, Jim."

Jim had not yet seen his present. She gave it to him and asked him to show her his watch. Instead of giving the watch Jim threw himself down into the couch. He said, "Let us put our present away for a while. They are too nice to use just at present. I sold my watch to buy your combs".

The Magi were wise men who brought gifts to the Babe (Christ). They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise their gifts were also wise ones. Some may think that these two foolish children sacrificed their greatest treasures unwisely. But it must be said that of all those who give and receive gifts they were the wisest. They were the Magi (wise men who came to Christ with their gifts).

2. SONNET 116—(*Shakespeare*)

Shakespeare defines true love in this poem and differentiates it from false kind of love. He says when

the two minds are wedded together in love, they know no obstacles. Love is not love which suffers a change. But it is an ever-fixed mark which is never shaken by storms. It is the star that guides the wandering boat, whose worth is limitless although people may uselessly try to measure its height. Love is not Time's fool, although Time's sickle destroys rosy lips and cheeks. Love does not change with the brief hours and weeks, but continues to endure to the end. If this be proved to be wrong, then it would mean that I have never written anything good, nor any man has ever loved.

3. THE MASTER—(*Henry Major Tomlinson*)

The author tells how he had underestimated the abilities of his young son who became the captain of a ship. He tells us that the master of the ship was a thin lad with a shy smile. He used to come home after intervals when the members of his family had almost forgotten him. He used to bring his young shipmates who were also like him. Their eyes were downcast and they showed no self-reliance. They showed an extreme kind of shyness and politeness which was almost feminine. Their son came home suddenly and departed in the same way. They were unconscious about his presence as one does not care for a piece of furniture. One morning as he was leaving, his father noticed that he had grown taller than himself. He told his father that he was going for an examination. About a week later, he told them in a careless manner that he had got a master's certificate. They were amused and congratulated him. But they could never think that he would be the master (captain) of a ship so soon. After a few days he told them in the same careless way that he had been appointed the master to a ship.

They were rather alarmed on hearing this. They felt that he could not do it. He was not the man to command rough sort of men on the ship. He was a lad who used to come back with a telegram because he could not face

the lady-clerk in the post office. How could he direct the rough crowds of sailors on the ship? But they said nothing to discourage him. He was, of course, a delightful fellow. He was frank and gentle. The sea, where he had spent most of his younger days, had made him slow. He did not know the dangers of great cities, yet he was always on the alert for thieves and those who live on the money of others. He was proud of his alertness and his intelligence and would relate stories how he had overcome a shark in the sea. He felt that he was the only person in the house who came across such adventures.

The time came when he had to take his ship away. They did not discuss the affair at home but in their hearts they felt disappointed. They had grave doubts about his efficiency. They read the reports about the ship's progress in the *Shipping Gezette*. He took the ship successfully to St. Vincent, Gibraltar, Suez, Aden, Colombo, Singapore and at last at Batavia. He went in perfect safety and sailed back home. He performed voyage after voyage. The people at home thought that navigation was a very easy art which had been overestimated.

A day came when he invited the author, i.e. his father, to go with him for a part of his voyage. He would leave the ship at Bordeaux (on the French coast). He went to his ship for the first time. They both walked from a Welsh railway station. That young captain had a cheap mackintosh (waterproof coat) and an umbrella and was carrying a brown paper parcel under his arm. As he looked at him, the father wondered whether he was going to confess that he had never been the captain of a ship. But they reached the ship. It was a heavy freighter (ship carrying goods) fitted with many kinds of time-saving machines. He led his father up the gangway (bridge). The father was not yet convinced. Still he could not believe that he was the master of those huge engines and men. He did not fit in with them.

As soon as they were on the deck a typical sailor in a uniform approached them. He was introduced as the chief officer. He at once started relating his troubles

with the men and cargoes (goods). He did not know what to do with them and was asking for the order from the young lad (the captain). The master began to speak. The father was surprised to hear a new kind of voice from the lad ; it was firm and commanding. It resolved all doubts and set every wrong thing right. The mate listened to his orders respectfully. Then the skipper (master or captain) went to look down at the hatchway (opening in the ship's deck). He went to the other side and inspected and examined something and conveyed his orders to the men through his deputy. He made a sign to his father who also felt that he was under his orders.

Their steamer moved out at midnight. There were strange kinds of lights around them in the sea. They heard shouts, and the noise of sirens came out of the darkness. There was the skipper on the bridge, the same lad about whom they were amused at home. He was confidently controlling the ship through the darkness with his hands in his pockets. It was a dead mass of machinery moving under his orders. The searchlight showed his face, calm, serious and alert, with a little frown on his forehead and pride in his underlip. The father could not find the moral to this tale. He just went to sleep in *his berth* (seat in the ship).

4. ULYSSES –(*Tennyson*)

The underlying idea of this poem is that man has un atiable thirst for knowledge and adventure. Ulysses comes back home after ten years' long war of Troy. But he cannot sit idle and he leaves his home for good to lead a life of wandering. On his departure he says as follows :—

It is useless that an idle king like myself sitting among these barren, rocky lands having an old wife, should do justice among my wild subjects. My race is that of barbarous men who know nothing except to hoard and sleep and feed. They are incapable of understanding me. Therefore I cannot rest from travel. I wish to

drink the cup of life to its last drops. I have enjoyed and suffered greatly, both in company and alone. I have sailed over the stormy oceans. I have become a name. I have been roaming with a hungry heart. I have seen and known a lot of things—cities of men, manners, climates, councils, governments, and I have been honoured everywhere. I have fought battles on the plains of Troy. Yet all experience is like an arch which goes on expanding as we move forward and its last boundary grows dim. How dull it is to lie idle and to rust without being polished and not to shine in use.

Merely breathing is not life. Life after life would be insufficient for the aims I have in mind. Every hour must be saved to find out new things. I want to follow knowledge like a sinking star beyond the boundaries of human thought. I shall leave the government of this little island into the hands of my son Telemachus. He will wisely train these rough people to be useful and good. I am sure he will perform his duties well and will pay due respect to my household gods. He will carry on his work and I want to do mine. Here is the seaport where the ships stand ready for me to sail into the dark blue seas.

My mariners (sailors) you have toiled hard with me and endured the thunder and sunshine with cheerful hearts. You and I have grown old. Death will close up everything but some noble work can yet be done before the end of life, which is fit for men like us who fought against the gods. The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks and the moon rises in the sky. Come, my friends it is not too late to seek a new world. Let us push off and cut through the seas, because I aim to sail beyond the oceans where the sun sets. It is quite possible that we may be washed down the seas, and perhaps we may reach the Happy Islands of the West where the souls of blessed people like Achilles are kept. Though we do not possess the strength that we had in old days when we moved heaven and earth, yet we are still men of courage and heroic hearts. Though we have been made

weak by time and fate, yet we are strong in will and shall strive hard, seek and find but we shall not yeild to anything.

5. A LETTER—(*Oliver Goldsmith*)

Goldsmith tested the sincerity of an old friend who did not give him a good reception when he was in poor circumstances. He wrote all the events to his mother in this letter. • He relates that he went to Cork and sold his horse and got a seat booked in a ship sailing for America and he paid the money to the captain. But for three weeks the wind was not favourable for the ship to sail. So, he went to the countryside to enjoy the company of his friends. When the wind was favourable the ship sailed away and he was left there. He went round the city and enjoyed himself so long as he had the money. At last, only two guineas were left with him. So, he said goodbye to the city of Cork with only five shillings in his pocket and he bought the horse "fiddle-back" with the rest of the money. It was a journey of more than a hundred miles and five shillings were not enough for both man and beast. He had friends on the way and so he wished to try them.

There was a friend of college days who used to press him to come and stay with him. He lived at a distance of only eight miles from Cork. He used to say in the old days that his horses and his purse would be at the disposal of his friend. He started towards him. On the way he met a poor woman whose husband had been arrested for not paying his debts and she had eight children. He gave her half of what he had. After a short journey he arrived at the door of his friend where a fierce dog and an old woman greeted him. His friend came down in his night gown and slippers. He was recovering from a severe fit of sickness. He embraced Goldsmith and gave him a hearty welcome. He told him of his illness and said that he felt most fortunate in having under his roof the man whom he loved most. Goldsmith felt sorry in his heart that he had not given

the other half of the money to the needy woman. Then he opened his soul to his friend and told him all about his miserable condition.

On hearing this his friend began to walk to and fro in the room rubbing his hands and without making any answer. The author thought that it was due to his great sympathy because he did not wish to say anything to injure his feelings or to wound his pride. It was six o'clock. He had not taken any meals and as his spirits were raised, he felt very hungry. At last, the old woman brought the dinner in two plates and a dirty cloth. It consisted of a small bowl of sour milk, a loaf of stale brown bread and a piece of old cheese with many insects in it. His friend begged pardon that he was obliged to live on liquid food due to illness and there was no better food in the house. He also remarked that milk diet was the most healthful. Goldsmith was feeling so hungry that he wished to have another slice of the loaf, but was obliged to go to bed without even that refreshment.

This starvation diet made him think that he must leave as soon as possible. So, the next morning when he spoke of leaving, his friend did not object to it but rather praised his wisdom. He said that the more he would stay away from his mother the more he would put her to trouble and also his friends and perhaps they might already be feeling anxious after hearing of his foolish adventure. The author begged him to lend him just one guinea which he would repay as half a crown (two and-a-half shillings) were not sufficient for a journey of a hundred miles. But he said that his sickness had left no cash with him. He advised him to sell his horse and he would give him a better conveyance. The author was anxious to see which other horse he would give him. His friend took him to his bedroom and gave him a stout oak stick. He asked him to take it in his hand and it would carry him to his mother with more safety than a poor horse which he was riding. When Goldsmith took it into his hand he was feeling that he should give one blow

with it on the head of his friend, but there was suddenly a knock at the door and he ran away. The next moment he introduced the author to his friend who had come to see him. He was an adviser in a law-court and was a polite sort of man.

After spending an hour with them the lawyer asked them both to dine at his house. Goldsmith at first refused but as they both insisted, he accepted it. He had two reasons for accepting it, first, the lawyer appeared to be a good man, and second, he stood in need of a good dinner. When he went there he found a luxurious dinner. His friend also ate heartily, though he pretended to be ill. His friend asked him to take a bed with him in his house, but Goldsmith plainly told him that he would not re-enter his doors. He went away with a laugh.

He spent three days with that counsellor (lawyer). He had two sweet daughters who played very nicely on the harpsichord. They had played the first time after their mother's death and so the father's eyes were filled with tears. Goldsmith asked him every day to allow him to leave but he pressed him to stay. On his departure the counsellor offered him his purse, with a horse and servant. But he declined to have the servant and took only a guinea to meet his expenses on the way.

6. WANDER-THIRST—(*Gerald Gould*)

Gerald Gould expresses his great desire for leading a life of roaming over the East and West. He imagines that beyond the East there is sunrise and beyond the West there is the limitless sea. He has got a thirst for wandering in the east and west and this does not allow him to sit idly at home. It surges up in his mind like a madness and compels him to say goodbye. The sea, the stars and the sky call him. He does not know where the white road leads nor what the blue hills are and he takes the star for his guide. There is no end to making voyages when once a person obeys this inner voice of the mind. The beautiful objects of nature as the rivers, roads and the old ships draw towards the home by night and day and

the young ships sail away to the foreign lands. The poet feels that he may come back to his native land but he must go out again. He cannot tell the reason why. You may put the blame on the stars or the sun or the white road or the sky, *i.e.*, the beauty of these objects of nature is irresistible.

7. SOCRATES (from "The Apology")— (*Benjamin Jowett*)

Jowett gives a translation from Plato's book which gives an estimate of the noble character of Socrates, the great Greek philosopher of the ancient times. The situation is that Socrates is charged with corrupting the youth and is being tried before the public. He speaks in his own defence.

He says that the people would be feeling that they are against him. He would try to explain the reason why he got that bad reputation. He tells the men of Athens that this bad reputation had come of a certain kind of wisdom which he possessed. He had a wisdom which a human being can possess but his opponents claimed to have a super-human wisdom (wisdom possessed by beings higher than human beings). As a witness he referred them to the announcement made by the God of Delphi. Chaerephon asked the Oracle of Delphi to tell him whether any one was wiser than Socrates and the prophetess answered that there was no man wiser than he. When Socrates heard this he asked himself, "What can the god mean? What was the meaning of that riddle (puzzle) because he had no wisdom small or great. Yet the god could not tell a lie". He thought that he must try to find a man wiser than himself and then he should go to the god and say that there was a man wiser than himself. So, he went to one or two who had the reputation for wisdom. He was a politician whom he had selected for examination.

When he began to talk with him he found that he was not really wise, although he was thought wise by

many, and still wiser by himself. He tried to explain to him that he was not wise. The result was, he began to hate him and his hatred was shared by others who were present. Socrates left him saying to himself: "Although I do not suppose that either of us knows anything really beautiful or good, yet I am better than he, because he knows nothing and thinks that he knows, while I neither know nor think that I know. In this small point I have an advantage over him". Socrates went to another man and his conclusion was just the same. Wherever he went he made enemies of himself. He was disappointed and alarmed but he wanted to test the word of God. So, he went to all those who appeared to know. He swore before the men of Athens that his result was this: he found that men who had the greastest reputation for wisdom were really the most foolish, and others who were thought to be less wise were better.

Socrates had a big task before him. After the politicians he went to the poets, both tragic and comic poets. He thought that it would be proved that he (Socrates) was more ignorant than they were. He took some of their own writings and asked what were the meaning of them. He was ashamed to confess the truth that there was hardly a person who could talk better about their poetry than they themselves. So, he came to the conclusion that they wrote poetry not by wisdom but by a certain gift called inspiration. They were soothsayers who could say fine things but did not understand the meaning of them. They thought upon the strength of their poetry, to be the wisest of men in other things in which they were not wise. So, he left them, thinking that he was superior to ,hem.

At last, he went to the artisans. He was sure that they knew many things of which he was ignorant, and so they must be wiser than he. But he observed that even good artisans fell into the same error as the poets. They thought that because they were good workmen, they knew all sorts of hight matters and this defect overshadowed their wisdom. So he came to the

conclusion that he was better than they were. This kind of questioning had made many enemies of the dangerous kind for him and so false charges were made against him. He was called wise because he possessed the wisdom which was wanting in others. But the truth is that God only is wise and wants to show that the wisdom of men is worth nothing. God was only using the name of Socrates to illustrate this truth. That man is the wisest who, like Socrates, knows that his wisdom is in truth worth nothing. So, Socrates went about the world searching and making enquiries in obedience to God. He had no other interest in the world.

There was one thing more—rich young men who had more leisure come to him of their own and they were interested to see how the pretenders of wisdom were exposed. They copied the method of Socrates and examined all those who pretended to know something. Those who were examined by them were angry with Socrates. So they said that the cursed Socrates had spoiled the young men. Somebody asked them what evil did he practise or teach, they did not know and could not tell. But they repeated the usual charges against philosophers—that they teach things up in the clouds and under the earth, and having no gods, and making the worse appear the better cause. They did not like to confess that their pretence to knowledge had been detected, which was the truth. As they were great speakers, so they had filled the ears of the men of Athens with their loud charges. He had especially three accusers—Meletus, Anytus and Lycon. Meletus had a quarrel with him on behalf of the poet, Anytus on behalf of the artisans and politicians, and Lycon on behalf of the politicians.

He appealed to the men of Athens that this was the truth and the whole of the truth. He had concealed nothing. His plainness of speech made them hate him. But he did not care for their hatred as he was speaking the truth.

8. SOCRATES (FROM CRITO)—(*Jowett*)

Socrates was put in prison and it was decided to give him a cup of poison. He was to be put to death by voluntarily drinking the cup of poison. His friend Crito came to persuade him to escape from the prison. But Socrates argues with him and does not escape. This piece shows his power of reasoning as well as the strength of his character. He argues as follows:

Socrates examined the question whether he ought or ought not to try to escape without the consent of the people of Athens. If he was clearly right in escaping, he should make the attempt; but if not, he should give it up. He said to Crito that other considerations mentioned by him such as money, loss of character, and the duty of educating his children, were the doctrines of the crowd. The common people would be as willing to restore people to life as they would be ready to put them to death, without any reason. The question they had to consider was whether they were right in escaping and helping to escape, or whether it would be wrong. If it was wrong, then death or any other misfortune must not be allowed to interfere with their course of action. Crito replied to Socrates that he was right in saying so.

Socrates proceeded further and asked Crito to consider his first principles. He put the question, "Are we never to do the wrong intentionlly, or ought we to do wrong in one way and not to do it another way? Is doing wrong always evil and dishonourable? Are all our former principles to be thrown away? Are we at this age to be no better than children? Or in spite of public opinion, and in spite of consequences better or worse, shall we insist that wrong is always an evil and disgraceful to the person who acts wrongly?" Crito agreed with him Socrates further asked him whether they must do no wrong even when they were injured. Crito agreed that they should not. Then he asked him what he thought about doing evil in return for evil. He asked him whether it was right or not. Crito replied

that it was not right. Socrates said that doing evil to another was the same thing as injuring him.

Socrates asked him whether they ought to retailate (take revenge) or do evil for evil to any one, whatever evil they might have suffered from him. He asked him whether he ageed with him that neither injury not revenge nor warding off evil by evil was ever right. He asked him wether that was the basis of their argument. If Crito agreed with him he would proceed to the next step, otherwise he would like to hear his opinion. Crito replied that he agreed with him. Then Socrates asked him that in leaving the prison without the will of the Athenians whether he was doing wrong to any one. In doing so would he not desert the principles upon which they had both agreed.

He put the proposition before Crito in another way. He asked him to imagine that he was successful in running away and the laws and the government would come and question him like this: "Tell us Socrates what are you doing? By this act of yours have you not tried to overthrow us? Do you think that a state can exist and not be overthrown, in which the decisions of the law are powerless and are set aside by individuals?" Crito agreed that in that case their position would be very awkward. Then Socrates said that the laws would ask him, "Socrates, tell us what complaint have you to make agianst us which justifies you in attempting to destroy us and the state? In the first place did we not bring you into existence? Your father married your mother according to the laws and you were born. Say whether you have any objection to the laws of marriage? Or against the upbringing and education of children, by which you also were trained? Have not the laws of education trained you in music and gymnastics?"

Socrates went on to give reasons on behalf of the laws. The laws would say that since he was brought up and educated by them, was he not a child and servant of the laws, like his forefathers. If this were true he could not be on equal terms with them. He did not have the

right to do with them as they did. Would he have the right to strike or abuse or do any other harm to his father or his master, if he had been struck or abused by him ? And because the laws think it right to destroy him, should he destroy them in return, and destroy his country ? As the follower of true virtue would it be justified in doing this ? A philosopher like him must know that one's country is higher and much more sacred than one's mother or father or any other ancestor. It is to be respected and humoured when it is in anger, even more than one's father, and is to be pursuaded and obeyed. When we are punished by her (by our country), the punishment is to be endured in silence. If she leads us to wounds or death in battle we must obey her, that is our duty. Whether in battle or court of law, or in any other place, a man must do what his city or country orders him. He asked Crito whether this position of the laws was correct or not. Crito replied that it was correct.

9. SONNET—(*William Wordsworth*)

In this poem Wordsworth laments that our life is so busy that we do not pay attention to the ennobling influences of nature. He complains that this world is too much with us. We are all the time busy earning and spending and by wasting our powers, we do not care to see what is common between us and nature. We have given away our hearts to the worldly affairs, which is a mean kind of bargain. We are out of tune with the beautiful objects of nature, *e.g.*, the sea that lays here its bosom to the moon, the winds that are howling and are gathered up like sleeping flowers. He layments that these sights do not move our souls. He would prefer to be a pagan (non-believer in God) having faith in out-of-date beliefs, rather than be unmoved by such noble sights as the pleasant meadows whose glimpse can make us feel less lovely. He would rather see Proteus, the ancient Greek god, rising from the waves of the sea, or hear Triton blow his horn over the sea, rather than be a person with a dead soul.

10. DOUBTING CASTLE—(*John Bunyan*)

This piece taken from Bunyan's book *Pilgrim's progress* which is an allegory, a story in which moral qualities appear as living persons. Christian starts on a journey in the company of his friend Hopeful. They went along the bank of a pleasant river on both sides of which there were beautiful lily flowers. They passed through a meadow where they ate the fruit of the trees and drank the water of the river, and took rest for several days and nights. When they departed from that place they soon found that the path and the river led into different directions. The way was rough and their feet had become tender on account of long journey. A little ahead they saw a pleasant meadow to their left and there was a stile (passage) to cross into it. It was named as the By-Path Meadow. Christian looked through the stile and suggested that they should go into it. The path inside it seemed to be smooth and easy. Hopeful said that the path might lead them out of the way. But Christian did not think so, and they both crossed into it.

They found the path very easy for their feet and they saw a man going ahead of them. His name was Vain-Confidence. They asked him which way the path led and he told them that it led to the Celestial Gate (the gate of Heavens which was their destination). So, they followed him. But soon the night became very dark and they lost sight of the man. Vain-Confidence fell into a deep pit, which had been dug out in the ground by the prince of that place for every vainglorious fool. He was dashed to pieces as a result of his fall. Christian and Hopeful heard him fall. Hopeful asked Christian where they were and Christian felt ashamed that he had led his companion astray. Soon it began to rain and thunder, and the water rose up. Christian suggested that they should go back but by this time the water had risen and going back was very dangerous. Yet they made the adventure of going back. It was so dark and the flood was so high that several times they were likely to be drowned.

They could not find the stile (gate) but they took rest under a shelter. They were wet and tired and soon fell asleep. Quite near them lay the Doubting Castle whose owner was a giant, named Giant Despair. They were now sleeping in his grounds. He came to them early in the morning and woke them up angrily. He asked them whence they came and what were they doing in his grounds. They told him that they were pilgrims and had lost their way. But he said that they had trespassed into his ground and must go with him. The giant drove them before him and put them in a dark room in his castle. Here they remained from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread and drop of water, or light.

Giant Despair had a wife whose name was Diffidence (*i.e.* Lack of Confidence). He told her at night that he had thrown two persons in his prison who had been trespassing in his grounds. She advised him that he should beat them without mercy. So, in the morning he took up a crab-tree cudgel (stout stick) and at first scolded them and then beat them fearfully. He left them to grieve over their miserable condition. They spent their time in sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night Diffidence advised her husband that he should ask the two persons to kill themselves. So, the next morning Giant Despair told them that since they were never likely to come out of his prison, the best thing for them was to kill themselves, either with knife, or rope or poison. Why should they choose to live when life was so miserable? But they asked him to let them alone. Upon this he looked so angrily upon them that he would have killed them but he fell into a fit of the disease which came to him whenever there was sunshine. Hence, he left them as before.

In the evening the Giant came again to see if his prisoners had acted on his advice. But he found them alive, and they were barely alive without bread and water and the wounds they had received. He was very angry to find them alive and threatened them that it

would be much worse with them since they had disobeyed his advice. At this they trembled greatly and Christian became unconscious. At night the wife of the Giant asked him about the prisoners. He told her that they were sturdy rogues who chose to bear all hardships rather than kill themselves. She asked him to take them to the Castle Yard and show them the skulls and bones of those whom he had already killed. He should tell them that he would do the same with them. In the morning the Giant took them to the castle yard and threatened to tear them to pieces within ten days. He brought them back, beating them all the way. They lay througout Saturday in a very miserable condition.

At night the Giant and his wife talked of them again. The Giant wondered that he could not put an end to them either by blows or by advice. His wife replied that either they had a hope that someone will relieve them, or they had some picklocks by which they hoped to open the locks. The Giant said that he would search them in the morning.

Christian and Hopeful prayed from midnight till Sunday morning. Christian said that he had been a fool to lie there in that prison while he had a key in his bosom, called Promise, which could open any lock in the Doubting Castle. Hopeful asked him happily to pluck it out of his bosom. Christian pulled it out. As he applied it to the door of the prison it flew open at once. Then he went to the outer door that led into the castle yard, and with his key opened that door also. Similarly he opened the iron gate. But it made such a creaking noise that the Giant was awakened. He wanted to pursue them but a fit of the disease came on him. They came to the king's way and were quite safe and out of reach of the Giant.

When they came to the stile they thought that they should do something to prevent others from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So, they erected a pillar and wrote this sentence on it: This is the way to the Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who hates the

King of Heavenly country and seeks to destroy His holy Pilgrims.

11. THE NATURE OF INSTINCTS—
(*William McDougall*)

Mcdcugall explains the work:ng of instincts (natural inborn tendencies) in birds and insects and shows that the same tendencies are working in the minds of human beings. He begins the essay by saying that a large number of writers make a wrong use of the words 'instinct' and 'instinctive', and quotes examples. He concludes that these words are used as a cloak for ignorance when a writer fails to understand the exact meaning. The work of Darwin and Herbert Spencer has lifted the veil of mystery from the instincts of animals and has made the problem of 'the relation of instinct to the intelligence and conduct of human beings easier to understand.

A majority of the psychologists now use these words to show certain inborn tendencies of the mind which are common to all members of any one species (race). They indicate the qualities of the race which have been slowly developed in the process of adjustment to the surroundings. These tendencies can neither be wholly uprooted from the mind nor are they learnt in the lifetime of any one member of that species (or race).

All psychologists agree that man has evolved from pre-human forefathers whose lives were guided merely by instincts (and not by reason). But some psychologists hold the view that as intelligence and reasoning powers developed in the mind of man, his instincts wasted away because he did not use them, until now in civilised man instincts are present as the remaining parts of something which was once useful. Just as the appendix (an unnecessary part of the intestines) is removed by the surgeon's knife, similar is the position of instincts. But this view is not correct. There are other psychologists who think that as intelligence increased with the evolu-

tion of higher aminals and with man, it did not uproot the instincts and make them useless. They think that man has as many instincts as the animals have. Instincts play a leading part in the determination of human conduct and in the processes of the mind. This view is the most correct one and is now widely held by psychologists. This will be considered by the coming generations as the most important advance made by psychology in our times.

Instinctive actions are shown in their purest form by animals who are not very high in the scale of intelligence. In the higher animals with the vertebral column (bones of the back) there are very few ways of behaviour which are purely instinctive, *i.e.*, which are not modified (or slightly changed) by intelligence under the influence of those habits which are learnt by it in the course of its life or by copying the ways of other animals. Even the human child whose intelligence remains undeveloped for many months after its birth, performs very few purely instinctive actions. The reason is that in the human being the instincts are undeveloped in the first few months of life and ripen or become capable of working at various periods during the period from childhood to puberty (adult stage).

Examples of purely instinctive action are best found among the insects. There are some insects who always lay their eggs in the places where the grubs, when hatched, will find the food they need and can eat. When the larvae (undeveloped insect) comes out of the egg they will attach themselves as parasites to some living insect in a way that is necessary for maintaining its life. In such cases it is clear that the behaviour of the parent is determined by the impressions made on its senses by suitable objects or places, *e.g.*, the smell of decaying flesh leads the fly who sits on dead bodies to lay its eggs upon it; the sight or smell of some flowers leads another kind of fly to lay its eggs among the seeds of flowers before they become fertile. These serve as foods to the grubs (undeveloped insects coming out of the eggs).

There are other insects who go through a very complex chain of actions. For example, the mason-wasp lays its eggs in a mud nest and fills up the space with cater pillars (or small endeveloped insects) of another kind. She makes them incapable of moving by means of well-directed stings. Then she seals up this mud-nest. When its young ones come out they find the caterpillars which serve as fresh food to them. The parents of these young ones will never see them and they can have no idea or knowledge of their needs.

The lower vertebrate animals also show instinctive actions without being modified by intelligent control. For example, the young chick runs to his mother in answer to a call of peculiar quality and presses close against her; the young squirrel who has been living all alone, when nuts are given to it for the first time, opens and eats them and buries some nuts with the movements which are typical of the quality of her race; the kitten in the presence of a dog or a mouse takes up the attitude of the race of all the cats and behaves as all his fellows have behaved for countless generations. The domesticated dog is an intelligent animal, but it also behaves on some occasions in a purely instinctive fashion. When for example, a terrier (dog) runs after the track of a rabbit, his hunting instinct is at once aroused by the smell. He becomes so blind and deaf to all other impressions as he follows the trail, that he at once begins to bark. His wild forefathers used to hunt in packs (groups) and gave a typical bark on such occasions to call other dogs to the spot. But now when he hunts alone his excited bark helps the prey to escape. But this old habit or social instinct works so powerfully that he cannot control it.

These few instances clearly show the nature of purely instinctive behaviour. A sense-impression excites some perfectly definite kind of behaviour or some members of that species (race of animals). This behaviour is of such a nature that either it promotes the welfare of the individual animal or of the race to which it belongs, or makes the life of that race permanent.

The author says that Spencer defines instinctive action as compound reflex action (automatic machine-like action). This definition takes note only of the behaviour or movements which are produced by the instinct. But instincts are more than innate (inborn) tendencies or inclination to certain kinds of movement. Even the most purely instinctive action is the result of a clearly mental process. It cannot be described in purely mechanical terms, because it is a bodily as well as a mental process and involves physical as well as mental changes. It can be described in terms of the three aspects of all mental processes—the cognitive (knowing), the affective (feeling) and the conative (striving). That is to say, every kind of instinctive behaviour involves a knowing of something or object, a feeling in regard to it, and a striving towards that object or away from it.

We cannot directly see this threefold aspect in an instinctive behaviour but it is always present in the nervous system of the animal when it acts under the influence of an instinct. This action is started by the excitement of some sense-organ by the bodily impressions received from the object, which travel up the brain and come down as co-ordinated stream of nervous impulses and make the muscles and organs do the work. The cognition (knowing) is present, because nervous excitement travels those parts of the brain where changes in the consciousness (knowing of) senses are produced. The affective (feeling) aspect is there, because all instinctive behaviour shows a clear sign of striving towards the natural end of the process. Hence, unlike any merely mechanical process, the instinctive action is not stopped by a mechanical obstacle, but it is rather intensified by such obstacle. It comes to an end only when its goal is achieved or when some stronger tendency is excited which goes against it, or when the creature becomes extremely tired by constant effort.

The author further explains the three aspects—cognition, affection and conation. The psycho-physical process (bodily and mental action) is started by a sense-impres-

sion which plays a very dominant part in determining the behaviour of the animal. The nervous system of the animal is especially fitted to receive and to respond to this kind of impression. The sensations produced in the animal have a special meaning for him. Hence, the knowing process (or cognition) is of the nature of a perception. In the higher animals we can clearly observe signs of emotions such as fear, anger and tender feeling. The same kind of signs are found in any one kind of instinctive behaviour. For example, when the cat defends herself against an attack, or when a dog resents the presence of another strange dog, or when the hen tenderly gathers her chickens beneath her wings. Each kind of instinctive behaviour is always accompanied by some such excitement of emotions (feelings). Also, there is always a striving towards an end, which is found in all kinds of instinctive behaviour. This is a mental process and distinguishes it from merely reflex action. There is a desire or hatred for an object present in such action. In the case of animals there is a craving, or an uneasy sense of want. If there is an obstacle in the way of this striving, it results in a painful feeling ; but if there is a successful progress it results in a pleasurable feeling. When the goal is echieved there is a pleasurable sense of satisfaction.

Therefore an instinctive action is not merely a reflex action (automatic machine-like action). It is not merely a movement caused by a sense-stimulus and resulting in a series of physical (bodily) processes. Instinctive action also produces some permanent nervous basis which is passed on to the coming generations, *i.e.*, it is an inherited psycho-physical tendency. Hence, we may define an instinct as an inherited or innate psycho-physical tendency which determines its possessor to perceive, and to pay attention to, objects of a certain class, to experience an emotional excitement on seeing that object, and to act or feel an impulse to act.

McDougall names the following chief instincts and primary emotions of man :—

1. The instinct of flight and the emotion of fear.
2. The instinct of hatred and the emotion of disgust.
3. The instinct of curiosity and the emotion of wonder.
4. The instinct of fighting and the emotion of anger.
5. The instinct of self-subjection and emotion of inferiority or negative self-feeling.
6. The instinct of self-assertion and the emotion of superiority or positive self-feeling.
7. The parental instinct and the emotion of affection for the young ones.
8. The instinct of reproduction.
9. The gregarious instinct (living in groups).
10. The instinct of acquisition (possession).
11. The instinct of construction.

12. FROM AN ESSAY ON MAN—(*Alexander Pope*)

In this poem Pope points out the greatness as well as the weakness of man. Thus he shows that man is a bundle of contradictions or opposite kind of qualities. The poet says that he should try to know himself; he should give up the attempt of studying God, because the proper study of mankind is man. Man being placed on this narrow piece of land, he is being darkly wise and rudely great. (*i.e.*, he is wise inspite of his ignorance and great in an elementary way). He has too much knowledge for doubting everything and he has the weakness to take pride in controlling his passions. He is always on the horns of a dilemma whether to act or to rest; whether he is a god or a beast; whether to follow the dictates of his body or mind. He is born to die at last and though he has a strong reasoning power, yet he often errs. Whether he thinks too little or too much, he is a great being but at another moment he feels that he is alike in ignorance. There is a confusion of thought and passion in his mind. He is always being deceived and

undeceived by himself. *i.e.*, sometimes he feels that he is weak. He has been created half to rise and half to fall. Though he is a great lord of all things yet he is a prey to all. He is the sole judge of truth and yet he is thrown into endless errors. Thus, he is the glory as well as an object of mockery, of the world. He is a puzzle for the world.

13. ABOUT BATHROOMS—(*Allan Patrick Herbert*)

Allan Patrick Herbert writes in humorous strain and describes what conveniences and comforts he requires in a bathroom. He says that the most beautiful object in the shop windows is the bathroom tub with pieces of white enamel attached to it. He is usually charmed by these objects and desires to have them. But even the most luxurious of these baths fall far short of what he thinks they should be. He says that the whole attitude of modern civilisation to the bathroom is wrong. Why should it be the smallest and the barest room in the house, he asks. The Romans in the old days understood this better than we moderns do. Herbert wants to do his excercises without either breaking the light or injuring his knucles. It should be a big, well-furnished room. There should be pictures in it so that one could lie down to reflect about them, for example, a picture of troops going up to the trenches, or people standing in a queue in rain waiting for a bus or the scene of a windy day with snowfall. One would really enjoy one's bath in such a room.

There should be rich rugs and fine chairs in the bathroom. A bathroom should be equipped for comfort like the drawing-room. The drawing-room has too many carpets and curtains and is fitted for singing, but in fact, a bathroom should be equipped for singing purposes. People feel shy to join a song in chorus after the dinner, although they had been singing songs in loud voice in the bathroom before dinner. Hence, all the furniture from the drawing-room should be removed to the dining-room, with the exception of the piano and a few cane

chairs. Then everybody would be a good singer and there would be no more terrible noises in the morning and in the evening. The author thinks that perhaps this is what the Welshmen do, because they are good singers.

But if we cannot make the bathroom a perfect place we should at least make the bath (tub) up-to-date. He does not lay stress on having fifteen taps. He had once the occasion to visit a house where the bath had the following taps—a hot tap, a cold tap, hot sea-water and cold sea-water, and plunge and spray and shower and wave and flood. To turn on a tap one had to stand on a steep ladder. The author went into the bathroom an hour before it was the time to dress for dinner and turned all the taps at once. He was extremely disappointed. The only two taps that worked were the wave and flood. Wave shot out a thin jet of boiling water and flood filled the bath with cold water long before he knew it, or could turn it off. But taps are not so important as the bridges or trays (attached to the bath) where one puts the sponges and the soap. Once he washed himself two or three times for the fun of knowing where the soap was. Now and then he lost it and tried to catch it.

He would like to have an electric bell just above the bath which could be rung with the big toe. This would be used when one has gone to sleep and the water has frozen. He would also be able to send instructions to the cook by sending signals for breakfast. The most extraordinary thing about the modern bath is that there is no provision for shaving in it. It is the last word in luxury to shave in the bathroom. There ought to be a shaving tray attached to every bath, which could be swung by a flexible arm, complete with mirror and soap and strop, new blades and shaving papers, etc. Then there would not be so many beards to be seen.

The same applies to smoking. There should be some provision for throwing the cigarette ends. He smokes pipe in the bath but there is no place even for the pipe

and it is always likely to roll into the water. His brother-in-law smokes cigars in the bath. He had made a hiding place for cigar ends in the gas rings. But one day the ash would get into the burners and then the geyser would explode. Next to the shaving and smoking trays, there should be a book-rest. He does not read much but his sisters-in-law all do it. Few things make the leaves stick together than when they are dropped in a hot bath. He wants another invention to be made. This should be the progress indicator. It should show what stage the man inside has reached—the washing stage or merely the rolling in water stage, or the drying stage, or the excercises stage. It would show you at a glance whether it is worthwhile going back to bed or whether to wait outside the bathroom sitting on the mat. It would be a useful machine for hotels and large country houses where one has to knock at the door again and again and nobody takes notice of it.

Finally, there remains the telephone to be fitted in the bathroom. One could then have one's meals also there or rather to have one's meals and not the telephone. It must still remain the one room where one is safe from the telephone calls.

14. HEAVEN—(*Rupert Brooke*)

In this poem the poet gives a funny picture of heavens as the fish conceive it. It is a sort of satire on man's conception of heaven. The poet says that in the month of June the fish move lazily in their pond at noon-time. They begin to ponder, (think out) wise things and express their hopes and fears. The fish think that they have their stream and their pond, but there must be a life beyond this, they swear that this life cannot be all. Somehow good will come out of water and mud and surely the respectful eye must see a purpose in this liquid state of life. Though they are ignorant creatures, yet they believe on faith that the future is not wholly dry and they will not simply perish into the mud. Although death hovers over them, yet the end will not be here but

somewhere beyond space and time. There swims God in Heavens who swam before rivers had come into existence. He is immense (very big). He has the body and mind of fish and is covered with scales of fish. Under His big fin the smallest fish may enter into heavens.

In the Eternal streams of Heavens there will be no more hooks covered with flies (to deceive them and to catch them). But there are better weeds for shelter than are found in this world and there is heavenly fair mud. For food there are fat caterpillars (insects) flying around and grubs of paradise, unfading moths, everlasting flies and worms that never die, are to be found. In that Heaven conceived by the fish there will be no more land.

15. THE INTELLIGENCE OF BIRDS—(*Julian Huxley*)

Huxley explains in this essay how birds behave under the influence of instincts and how their behaviour shows some traces of intelligence. He points out that it has been generally accepted that there is a natural development among the animals and man is at the top of natural process. According to this view each kind of living creature represents a step on the way to man, and the nature of each of these living beings is an incomplete way of reaching the form of human beings. But after the theory of evolution was put forward, this view has be en modified. All the creatures are not rungs (steps) of the same ladder, but they are like the branches of a tree, the ever-growing tree of evolving life. Man is at the top of one pa rticular branch. There exist many other branches quite different in their nature, in which life is working out its ends in a different way. Thus we can see quite other kinds of natures from our own. Life appears to be a series of charming experiments and man happens to be the most successful experiment.

Of these experiments there are two most interesting ones—firstly the insects, with their bodies confined within their skeletons and acting strictly according to instincts, and secondly, the birds. The present essay is concerned

with the second type only. The author gives a picture of the differences between the minds of birds and those of human beings.

The most obvious way in which they differ from man is that they can do many complicated things without ever being taught. For example, flying is an activity which requires a surprising amount of balance. But the birds learn it without being taught. Young birds often make their first flight when their parents are out of sight. Practice, of course makes them perfect but they do not learn it as we learn tennis or golf or skating. The birds never "teach" flying to their young ones; they sometimes encourage them to take the plunge; there is no instruction in the movements of flight. Flying requires a complex self-regulating machinery provided with muscles and skeleton, nerves and nerve-centres, eyes and organs for balance.

But the more extraordinary thing than this is that birds learn to make their nests without being taught. There can be no doubt about this matter. Young birds, mating for the first time, can make perfectly good nests-which are the usual type of nests, of their species (race). Some people think that this is due to the fact that the birds think carefully about the structure of the nest in which they are brought up. But this is wrong. Some young ones live only a few days in the nest after their eyes are open, and are never given any lessons in nest-building by their parents. For example, mound-builders or brush and turkeys of Australia build large mounds of rubbish and decaying leaves and lay their eggs at the end of this tunnel. Their young ones are hatched by the heat given out by the decaying rubbish and leaves. When they come out their parents have long since gone away, never casting a look behind. Thus they give no instruction to the young ones how to build the mound. But when the young ones grow up and mate (mix up together) they build mounds as their forefathers had built. Secondly, the young birds which have been brought up in artificial cages build proper kind of nests when the time

comes for mating and they will not try to build up the cages. The impulse is based, not upon reason, or connecting their early ideas, but upon instinct. The finch (a small song bird), for example, weaves a rough cap from coarse material and then lines it up with finer material. The tailor-bird takes up the leaves and sews them together; the house-martin collects mud or clay and constructs a cup against the side of a rack or a house.

In the same way the bird which is in a bodily condition of sitting on the eggs to hatch them will have a strong urge (tendency) to sit on eggs or anything else, if eggs are not there. The female crows would sit on golf balls and gulls (sea-bird) would sit on tobacco tins which are substituted for eggs, and the penguin (bird of snowy regions) would sit on balls of ice.

The birds regard the central facts of their life quite differently from man. This is most clearly seen in its relations to its young ones. Birds have great emotional feelings for their eggs and young ones but it is an instinctive, unreasonable kind of feeling. In the case of human beings this instinct is mixed up with reason, memory, personal affection and foresight. When a pair of birds is robbed of all its young ones, it shows great signs of agitation. But if only one young one dies out of the whole brood, the birds feel no sorrow or agitation, but merely throw out the dead body as if it were a piece of stick or dirt. While a chick is becoming weak and ill, the parents simply neglect it, instead of making efforts to restore it to health, as human parents do. The bird-parent have the parental instinct only when some activity is made by its children, for example, when they open their mouths and create noise. When this stimulus is not there, the parental feeling is no longer aroused.

They experience certain things differently than men and women experience them. For example, Mr. Kearton removed the young ones of a starling (a kind of bird) and put in eggs there. The mother-bird after some surprise accepted the situation and sat on them. There

was no trace of grief or sorrow as a human mother would have felt. But the cuckoo presents the best example of how birds' mind differ from our own. The egg of a cuckoo is placed under a meadow-pippit or a hedge-sparrow. It is hatched out in a double quick time along with the eggs of this bird. When the young cuckoo comes out, it begins to throw out the young ones of the hedge-sparrow, and also the rest of its eggs. It is provided with a flat and slightly hollow back. It pushes them out with this back until the nest is quite empty. The young cuckoo acts blindly because he is a machine constructed to act like this. Its back is slightly concave and is very sensitive. The touch of any object on the back urges it to push out that object. He will behave just in the same way if marbles or hazel nuts are placed there. He cannot know what he is doing. He has never taught to behave like this because his parents have never been near him and his foster parents (the hedge-sparrow) are hardly likely to instruct him to behave like this. The act is purely instinctive, just as sneezing and coughing is instinctive. It has not been brought about by foresight or conscious will.

When all the foster brothers have been thrown out, we shall have another interesting look into the bird mind. When the foster mother (the hedge-sparrow) comes home and sees none of its young ones but only the cuckoo, it is not at all disturbed. Even if some of its own young ones are hanging by the side of the nest, she cares nothing for it. As long as there is something in the nest which appeals to her parental instincts, she considers all other young ones outside the nest as nothing. They are treated as foreign objects. Then the young cuckoo begins to grow. It grows several times heavier than its foster-parents, so that they have to perch (sit) on its head to drop food into its mouth. But they are not disturbed as human parents would be if their young ones were to grow up into giants. They are built to respond to the appeal for food from any young one in their nest, whether their own or another bird's young

one. At last the young cuckoo is ready to fly, leaves his foster parents and very soon migrates from the country to another country. He has no knowledge that old cuckoos migrate at a certain time of the year. He obeys the migration urge instinctively.

The birds mainly act instinctively and are not intelligent in their actions. But this does not mean that they do not show any intensity or variety in their actions. The birds find intense satisfaction in feeding their young ones, though they do it blindly and instinctively and not by intelligence. When the young birds are threatened with danger, the parents suffer grief, just as they suffer fear when an enemy drives them in a corner. When the birds sing songs, they not only express a condition of well-being but also express a deep current of feeling, even though they do not understand the feeling or reflect upon it, as a human poet or a musician would. For the moment, they are the feeling. Some birds become blind to danger when they are making courtship to the female. The big bird of the grouse tribe or capercaille can be easily shot when it is busy in courtship at sunrise.

Also, birds are capable of showing the emotion of jealousy. Rival cocks may fight to death. Two cocks and a hen were in one cage. One night one of the cocks killed the other. Though the hen had not liked the cock which had been killed, yet she turned upon the living cock and would have killed him, if they had not been separated. Also, the birds indulge in play. Dr. Gill reports that a hooded crow flew up in the air, dropped a small object it was carrying, came down suddenly making a noise and would catch it up in mid air. He did it over and over again showing that he enjoyed it. Ravens (big hill crows) sometimes show a sense of humour. A pair of them will combine to tease a cat or a dog. One occupies its attention from the front and the other gives a tweak to its tail and hop off with delight making a noise.

But in all these expressions of emotion (feelings) the

birds differ from human beings. They have no power of conscious thought. Their emotions are not linked up with the future or the past as in a human mind. Their fear is just fear and not the fear of death. They cannot worry at all. When the fear situation is past, the fear just disappears. The bird's mother is not concerned with the fate of an individual young one, as a human mother is concerned about the career of her son or the health of her son. She expresses her instinct impersonally. That indeed is the greatest difference between the birds and ourselves. We cannot help living within the framework of a continuing life. Our powers of thought and imagination bind up the present with the future and the past; the bird's life is almost wholly a patchwork, a series of self-sufficient moments.

16. TO A NIGHTINGALE—(*John Keats*)

This is a poem expressing the feelings of the poet when he sees a nightingale flying over the valley singing a song. It is one of the beautiful lyrics of Keats written in the form of an ode. The poem opens by declaration that the poet's heart is aching (giving pain) and his senses have become dull as if he has taken a poisonous cup of hemlock or dull medicine for removing pain. His soul sinks downwards. This mood has not been induced by an envy of the lot of the nightingale but by being too happy in her happiness. The nightingale passes over the green valley singing songs of summer in full throat. The poet wishes to have a beaker full of the wine from the warm South, a drink which has been cooled in the deep pits of the earth. It should taste of the flowers of spring and make him share the joys of the green country where dances and songs were going on in the south of France. It should be the red wine from the sacred springs of ancient Greece. The cups so filled up should have bubbles to the brim. When he would drink them, he would leave the world unseen and fade away with the nightingale in the dim forests.

He wishes to dissolve in the regions far above and forget the weariness, the fever and the worries of life.

The nightingale has never known those worries under which men are groaning. Some are shaken with palsy, others grow pale and old and thin and then they die. In this world of ours beauty does not keep its brightness for long and love soon dies away. He would like to fly away not in the carriage of Bacchus, the god of wine but on the wings of his poetry. The queen moon is on her throne surrounded by her fairies of the stars. There is no light around him in the darkness of the evening except the faint light of the stars sent through green dark leaves.

He cannot see what flowers are at his feet nor what kind of sweet smell hangs on the branches of trees. He can only guess how the sweet fragance has blessed the grass, the bushes, the wild fruit trees, white hawthorne flowers, the eglantine flowers, the fast-fading violets covered up in leaves and the muskrose, the eldest child of May. There is a murmurous haunt of flies on these flowers of the spring season. The poet says that he has often called Death in his rhymed verse to take his soul in a quiet manner. But it would be the happiest thing to die now when the nightingale is singing. How pleasant it would be to cease upon the midnight with no pain, while the nightingale is pouring out her soul in the joy of her song.

The poet addresses the nightingale and says that it is an immortal bird, not born for death. It is not trampled upon by hungry generations of mankind. The voice that the poet hears has been heard in the past generations also, by emperors and clowns (court fools) alike. It was the same song that filled the heart of Ruth when she was feeling sad and homesick in a foreign land. She stood there with tears in her eyes amid the corn. It is the same song which has been heard over magic windows opening on the foam of dangerous seas in far off fairy lands. In the end the poet bids farewell to the singing bird. He says that his imagination cannot cheat him into these thoughts, even though she is a deceiving fairy. The sad tunes of the nightingale fade in meadows and over the still stream. It is heard beyond the hillside

and then in the next valley. The poet wonders whether it was a vision or a waking dream. He wonders whether he is waking or asleep.

17. A LITTLE SHOPPING—(*William Morris*)

William Morris describes an imaginary society in which there was no circulation of money but everything could be had free. He tells us that he was going about London in the companv of his friend Dick. They came into a short street which was Piccadilly. The lower parts of these were shops but the people were ignorant of the arts of buying and selling. Wares (goods) were displayed in fine show-cases and people stood and looked at them or went in and came out with parcels under their arms without making any payments. They both reached a market. In the upper storeys of these houses people from all about the country used to come there from time to time. The author smiled at the old traditions (ways of life) which were dying out. Here was the ghost of London still appearing as an intellectual centre. He asked Dick to drive slowly as the things in the shops looked very pretty. Dick also remarked that it was a very good market for pretty things. Then he looked at the author curiously and asked him whether he would like to do a little shopping, as it was called.

Morris looked at his rough clothes which were in great contrast with the gay dresses of the citizens all around them. He felt a little shy because he might be considered an object of curiosity for the amusement of those people. He looked like a ship's officer. He thrust his hand into his pockets as a matter of habit to see if he had any money for shopping. To his dismay he found that he had only two rusty old keys and he remembered that he had put his cash out of his pocket to show to pretty Annie and had left it lying there. His face fell but seeing him Dick at once reminded him that they did not require any money for shopping. He at once came to his senses, as he had forgotten the customs of that country. He said that his clothes were not

suitable for appearing in any company. But Dick remarked that his great-grandfather would like to see him in those clothes. So, he should not get new clothes as yet. Morris still felt that he should not appear like a scarecrow among those beauty-loving people but he agreed to what Dick had proposed. Dick then asked him to think of anything he wanted to have. The author said that he wanted to have some tobacco and a pipe.

Dick pulled up the reins of the horse and jumped down and the author also did the same. A very handsome woman clad in a silken dress was looking into the window. Dick asked her to hold the horse while they went in. She took up the reins of the horse with a smile. (In that society everybody gladly did service to others without any payment). The author remarked that the girl was very pretty and Dick said that there were so many of them, that every Jack could have his Jill. But sometimes fights occurred over them, even in that reformed society as well.

By this time they were inside a shop which had counters and neat shelves on the walls. There were a couple of children inside, a boy of about twelve, who sat reading a book, and a pretty girl about a year older than him. They were brother and sister. Dick said, "Good morning, little neighbours. My friend here wants tobacco and a pipe. Can you help him ?" The girl at once replied that she would certainly help him. The boy seemed to be amused at the outlandish (strange and foreign) dress of the author. The girl appeared to be playing at keeping up a shop. She asked him what kind of tobacco he wanted. The author replied that he wanted Latakia. The girl took a basket from a shelf, went to a jar and took out a lot of tobacco and put the basket full of it on the counter before him. He could smell and see that it was excellent Latakia (a fine variety of tobacco).

She asked him to take out his bag. He said to her that she had not weighed it. But she replied that he

could fill up as much as he liked. He pulled out a cotton print which he used for a bag but she looked at it with disappointment and gave a fine bag of Morocco leather beautifully embroidered. She filled up the whole of it and gave it to him. Then she said she would choose one of the best pipes for him. She brought a big pipe, carved out of some hard wood and mounted in gold having little gems (precious stones) in it. He exclaimed that it was too grand a pipe for him. It was fit for the Emperor of the world. Also he was in the habit of losing his pipes. The girl remarked that it did not matter if he lost it; somebody else would find it and use it. He could again have a new one. He asked her what should he pay for it. The girl did not understand what he meant by it. Dick put his hand on his shoulder to remind him that no payments were to be made, and he felt sorry that he had again forgotten it. He thanked the girl and put the pipe in his pocket.

Then she said it was a great pleasure to serve an old gentleman like him who seemed to have come from far over sea. He said he had travelled a good deal. He told this lie for the sake of courtesy. By this time the lad brought a tray in which there was a flask and two beautiful glasses. The girl requested them to drink a glass each as they felt pleasure in serving guests like them. The boy poured out a straw-coloured wine into the long glasses. It was the best Steinburg wine (a town in Germany). The author thought that he would ask Dick how they managed to get so much wine of the finest quality because even the labourers drank it. They asked the boy and the girl also to drink the same, but the girl took lemonade and the boy took a glass of gingerbeer.

When they came outside a tall old man was holding their horse. The beautiful woman could not wait so long and so she gave it to him. He asked Dick to take him with them up to Bloomsberry, to which Dick agreed. So, they got on their way again. The author asked Dick whether children often waited on the people

in the markets. Dick replied that they did. The children liked to amuse themselves with it, and it was good for them as they handled various kinds of articles and came to know how they are made and wherefrom they came. He said there were some people in the past generations who suffered from a disease called Idleness. They were the descendents of those people who used to force other people to work for them, *i.e.*, slave-holders or employers of labour. These Idlers were compelled to serve in the shops all their time. Idle women became very ugly and got very ugly children, and so the neighbours could not stand this disease. However, that disease had become extinct (disappeared). The old man also remarked that he had seen some of those women. Their hands were like long iron rods, their arms like sticks, their waists like hour glasses; they had thin lips and peaked noses and pale cheeks. No wonder they bore ugly children.

The old man further told him that the disease of idleness was mentioned in medical books. It was an old form of leprosy. It was very infectious. All this appeared interesting to the author but Dick got tired of talking of ancient history. So he burst out laughing. He could not imagine people who did not like to work. What a strange disease it was! The author did not think that it was so funny that people should not like to work. But he laughed with Dick for the sake of courtesy.

18. SWEET CONTENT—(*Thomas Dekker*)

In this poem the poet lavishes great praise on contentment. He says that if a person is poor but enjoys golden sleep, then he possesses a sweet kind of contentment. If a man is rich but his mind is always perplexed, he cannot imagine a greater punishment. We laugh to see how fools are puzzled to amass more and more of wealth. The poet advises them to have sweet content. We should work hard, as honest labour has a lovely face. One should be contented to drink the clear and cold water of the spring. If a person swims in his

own tears, it is a great punishment. But a person who bears the burden of wants and desires is a king. How happy is the result of sweet content! Hence, we should work hard. Honest labour has a lovely face.

19. THE WEST WIND—(*Joseph Conrad*)

The author describes the power and majesty of the strong West Wind which blows in the seas west of England. He compares it to a great monarch. He says that the west wind reigns over the seas surrounding the coasts of the British Islands. It blows from the gateways of the channels, from the mouths of rivers and projecting rocks, from inlets, straits and narrow parts of the sea that run into the land. The crews of ships sailing away or coming home look to the mood of this wild ruler from the vast sheet that it spreads over the face of the sunset. The end of the day is the proper time for watching the westerly weather, because the fate of ships depends on it. The western sky reflects its mood whether it is kind or evil. There is either a sheet of gold spread over the sky or patches of clouds like the rags of a beggar. The whole North Atlantic appears to be a footstool for the feet of this monarch (king). The sailors think of the conduct of their ships by seeing these signs of the west wind. The west wind is too great a king to plot small tricks; there is passion in his moods. Even in its calm mood, with the soft and serene days when the clear blue sky is reflected in the sea, there is a grace and majesty in it. He sits like a poet upon a throne—magnificent, simple, wild, sad, generous, impulsive, changeable, and his depth cannot be easily measured. Sometimes at sunset he shows all the gems of the royal treasure-house above the sea (*i.e.*, stars shine brightly). At other times there is a sad mood and it reflects on the short-lived peace of the ocean.

He is like a war-lord who sends his armies of the waves of the Atlantic Ocean to make invasions of the seacoasts of England. At his orders there is a great disturbance in the sky about England and a great rush

of waterfalls upon the shores. The sky of the westerly weather is full of flying clouds, white and big clouds coming thicker and thicker till they form a canopy (*shamiana*), upon the lower edge of which the strong gale of wind blows with great speed. The dome of vapours grows denser and denser, coming down lower and lower upon the sea, narrowing the horizon around the ship. As a sign of the westerly weather, a thick, grey, smoky and evil tone sets in, narrowing the view of men, making their bodies wet, oppressing their souls, deafening and blinding them, driving their ships and rushing them onwards towards the coast in mist and rain. The anger of the winds like that of men is full of dangerous results. Whenever the West Wind is in anger, it spoils the effects of its generous nature. Then it seems that its heart has become corrupt with an evil kind of hatred. He lays waste his own kingdom in an angry mood. He presents his dark brow from the south-west corner of the sky. He breathes his anger in terrible showers of rain and endless clouds. He sows anxiety over the ocean and makes it look old, and makes the heads of sailors white with worry and anxiety. The courtiers of this monarch are shipwreck, disaster and death.

The south-westerly weather is entirely thick weather. It is not the thickness of the fog; but the horizon seems to have contracted. The shores seem to be mysteriously covered with clouds which make a narrow circle round the ship. It is not blindness; it is a shortening of the sight. The West Wind does not say to the seaman, "You shall be blind"; it merely narrows his vision and raises the fear of the land in the minds of sailors. The sailors often heave a sigh and say, "Can't see very far in this weather." Sometimes there is a gust of fair wind (blowing in the direction followed by the ship). It is a temporary favour of the Western king, who rules over the entire Atlantic Ocean. He does this favour from under an angry expression. He gives a rude shaking to some ships and pushes others home violently, both of which are the signs of his cruelty and his kindness, but both are equally dangerous.

Often the mate and the master of the ship both say, "Can't see very far," with a speed of 12 knots in which the wind blows. The waves rush up with great force in front of them as if they are striking at the shore. Sad and angry noises darken the face of the West Wind when it is blowing from the south-west with clouds, and from the king's throne hall stronger gusts reach you, like the fierce shouts of a mad man. A shower of rain pelts the deck and sails of the ship as if it is thrown by an angry hand, and when the night closes in, it seems more hopeless than the darkness of hell. The south-westerly mood of the great West Wind is a mood without any light, without sun, moon, or stars, with only the flashes from the great sheets of foam that, boiling up each side of the ship, throw bluish light.

There are some bad nights on the kingdom of the West Wind for homeward-bound ships going to the English Channel. These are the days of anger which come upon them colourless and vague and are awful in the monotony of their method and increasing strength of their violence. For many days it is the same wind, the same clouds, the same wildly racing seas and the same thick horizon round the ship. Only the wind is stronger, the clouds seem denser and have grown bigger and more threatening during the night. The hours pass with the breaking of ships here and there. The downpour thickens. Before each shower there is a mysterious darkness which comes like the passage of a shadow and filters down upon the ship. Now and then the rain pours upon you like streams from spouts. It seems as if your ship were going to be drowned before she sank, as if the whole atmosphere had turned into water. You gasp for breath, you are blinded and deafened, and you seem to dissolve, you watch for the clearing up mood of the Western King with every nerve in the alert.

20. ODE TO THE WEST WIND—(*Shelley*)

This poem is one of the greatest lyrics of Shelley. He makes the West Wind the instrument of his own

thoughts and gives his message for the future regeneration of mankind. The poet addresses the West Wind and says that it is the breath of autumn's being. As it blows the leaves are driven like ghosts running away before an enchanter (magician). The different-coloured leaves, yelow, black, pale and red appear like crowds stricken with plague. The seeds are driven into the cold pits where they remain lying like corpses in the graves until the spring comes and blows its trumpet when these dead creatures rise up. There they take up living colours and smells. So, this Wild Spirit, the West Wind, is both a preserver and a destroyer.

On the stream of the West Wind in the midst of the steep sky's disturbed atmosphere the clouds are sailing like the decaying leaves shed by the trees. Angels of rain and lightning are shaken from the confused branches of the sky and earth. The locks of approaching storm are spread on the blue surface of the airy waves of the West Wind. They appear to be like the uplifted hair of a Maenad (female followers of Bacchus, god of wine). These storms are spreading from the dim edge of the horizon to the highest point in the sky. The West Wind is like the sad, mourning song of the dying year, and this night will be its grave. It will be surrounded by a circle of vapours from which will burst a storm of black rain, and fire, and hail.

The West Wind awakens the Mediterranean from its summer dreams. It was lulled to sleep by its crystal clear streams. The old palaces and towers were reflected in its waters and were trembling with the waves. They were overgrown with green and sweet-smelling plants. For the passage of the West Wind the Atlantic Ocean's level powers break up to make a path. The weeds and sapless leaves in the ocean also know the voice of the West Wind, and tremble. The poet asks the wind to listen to him.

If he were a dead leaf he would be borne by it; if he were a swift cloud, he would fly with her; if he were a wave, he would share her impulse of strength. Even if

he were as he was in his boyhood and could be the comrade of her wanderings over the sky, he would never have offered such a prayer for seeking her help. He appeals most sincerely to the West Wind to lift him like a wave, a leaf, or a cloud. He has fallen on the thorns of life. He bleeds. A heavy weight of time has chained him, although he was free like the West Wind.

He appeals to her to make him her mouthpiece like the forest. It does not matter even though his leaves are falling. The tumult of its mighty music will restore a deep autumn colour, sweet though in sadness. He appeals to this fierce spirit. He asks her to identify itself with him. Let her drive his dead thoughts over the universe like withered leaves to bring about a new birth. By a magic spell of verse, she should kindly sparks as from a hearth and spread his words among all mankind. Let her be through his lips the trumpet of a prophecy, that if winter comes, the spring cannot be far behind.

21. JANE EYRE—(*Mrs. Gaskell*)

Mrs. Gaskell, herself a novelist, tells something about Charlotte Bronte's method of writing novels and her ways of life. She says that some of the friends of Bronte thought that her novel *Jane Eyre* was based on an incident which happened in her childhood. But nothing can be known about it. She did not write every day. Sometimes weeks or months passed before she felt that she had any more material for her story. Then some morning she would wake up and see clearly the progress of her story. On such days she would try to finish her household work and her duties towards her parents as quickly as possible and pen down her thoughts. But she would never neglect her duties and never call for help from another. Her maid-servant Tabby, who was 80 years old, required the help of a girl. But she would not tolerate anybody doing her work. She was very particular to peel the potatoes for dinner, though she was growing blind and would often leave the black spots or eyes of potatoes un-

peeled. Miss Bronte was a very careful house-keeper and yet she would not like to hurt the feelings of her faithful servant by asking the younger servant to do Tabby's work. Hence, she would quietly steal the tray of potatoes, cut out the spots, and place it back without Tabby's knowledge. This shows how orderly and fully she managed her household duties even when the ideas about her novel were crowding in her head.

She possessed a remarkable gift for the choice of words. She was very careful on this point. She chose the exact words which were the truthful mirror of her thoughts. No other words, however, similar in meaning would do. She would patiently search for the right term, whether it was derived from Latin or from provincial language. This care makes her style as a finished piece of mosaic (picture made with small pieces of coloured stones). She never wrote a sentence until she 'clearly understood what she wanted to say, had carefully chosen her words, and arranged them in the right order. She wrote first on small bits of paper in pencil sitting by the fireside. Her finished work was copied from these scraps of paper written in pencil, but written as legibly as print.

The two Bronte sisters used to leave their work at nine o'clock and walk up and down the sitting-room. At this time they talked about the plots of their stories. Sometimes each read out to the other what she had written and asked what she thought about it. Charlotte Bronte told the author that the remarks made by her sister would never induce her to change her writings. But the readings were of great and stirring interest to all. It was on one of these occassions that Charlotte Bronte decided to make her heroine Jane Eyre as a plain, small and unattractive girl, although it was against the established standards. (Heroines are always made as tall and beautiful girls). She once told her sisters that they were wrong in making their heroines beautiful as a matter of course. They replied that it would otherwise be impossible to make the heroine attractive. Her answer was, "I will prove to you that you are wrong; I will show you a heroine as

plain and small as myself, who shall be as interesting as your heroines." Hence, she produced *Jane Eyre.*

22. JANE AND THE GIPSY—(*Charlotte Bronte*)

In this account Charlotte Bronte describes how Mr. Rochester, master of the big estate, sat in the library, dressed as a gipsy woman and went on reading the fortunes of his guests. Jane was employed as a governess in his house. He read her fortune also and wished to find out whether she loved him or not. He did not disclose to anybody that he was Mr. Rochester, but all thought that she was a gipsy woman. He told everybody that morning that he was going to Millcote.

Jane entered the library and saw that the gipsy woman comfortably sat near the fire wearing a broad-brimmed hat. She muttered some words to herself and at last raised her head and asked Jane whether she had come to have her fortune told. Jane said that she did not care much for it. The woman said that she seemed to be an impertinent girl. She had noticed it in her steps. Jane remarked that she had a very quick ear. The gipsy replied that she had also quick eyes and a quick brain. She asked Jane why she did not tremble in her presence. Jane replied that she was not cold. She asked Jane why she was not pale. Jane said that she was not sick. She asked Jane why she did not consult her art and Jane replied that she was not silly. After this the gipsy woman said forcefully that Jane was cold because she was alone, and no contacts struck fire in her heart; she was sick, because the best feelings, the highest and the sweetest given to man, kept far away from her; she was silly, because she did not stir one step to meet a person who loved her. Jane said that she could say all this to anyone who lived alone as a governess in a great house.

The gipsy woman asked her to show her palm to her. Jane showed it and crossed it with silver (*i.e.*, gave her a silver piece—a shilling). The gipsy said that fate is not written in the palm but it was in the forehead, and the eyes. She asked her and raised her head. The gipsy woman said that she wondered with

what feelings she had come to her that night. What were the thoughts in her heart as she used to see fine people passing before her every day in the house? Was there any sympathy between them and her? Jane replied that she often felt tired and sometimes sleepy, but seldom sad. The woman asked whether she had some secret hope to cheer her up. Jane replied that her only hope was to save enough money to set up a school some day in a little house rented by herself. The gipsy remarked that it was a mean kind of food for the spirit to live on. She asked her whether she had no present interest. Was there any figure whose movements she followed with interest? Jane replied that she lived to observe all the faces and all the figures. The gipsy asked her whether she never singled out any one from the rest, or perhaps two of them. Jane said that whenever a couple were talking of love and marriage she was interested in their talk.

The gipsy woman further asked her that when a young lady, full of life and health, and charming with beauty sat and smiled with a gentleman, what did she feel then. Jane replied that she did not know any gentleman who had come to that house.

The woman asked her what about the master of the house. Jane replied that he had gone to Millcote that morning. The gipsy asked her whether she could exclude him from the list of people whom she knew, just because the master was away. The gipsy woman asked her how she felt when so many beautiful ladies talked to Mr. Rochester (the master of the house). They all told tales about marriage. Jane remarked that the eagerness of a listener was quickened by the tongue of a person who tells tales.

Jane was feeling that she was in a kind of dream because one unexpected sentence after another came from the lips of the gipsy woman. The gipsy again said whether she had noticed anything in Mr. Rochester when he sat listening to the tales of the beautiful ladies

(who had come as guests to his house). Jane now felt cross and said that she had come there to ask her own fortune and not that of her master. The woman remarked that her fortune was yet doubtful. Her face showed that one quality was contradicted by another. Chance had given her happiness but it depended on her to stretch out her hand to take it up. But whether she would avail of it or not, was a problem.

The gipsy woman asked her to kneel again on the rug. She began to mutter the following sentences about her character :—

"The flame flickers in the eye; the eye shines like dew; it looks soft and full of feeling; it smiles at my irrelevant words. There is a sad laziness weighing on the lids, which is the result of loneliness. It turns from me; it seems to deny by mocking looks the discovery which I have made. The eye is favourable; the mouth delights sometimes in laughter. It is silent on what the heart is feeling. But it is a mouth which should speak much and smile often and have human love for its talk. Only the brow is the enemy of fate. There is pride and self-respect shown in that brow. It says, 'I need not sell my soul to buy the blessings. I have an inward treasure which can give me delight when all other things are refused to me, or if their price is too heavy for me to pay.' But reason sits firm in the forehead. It will not let the passions (feelings) to overpower it. The passions and desires may wander freely but sound judgment will have the last word (*i.e.*, although Jane's feelings may try to mislead her, yet she is a girl of very good judgment). Earthquakes and fire may pass by her, yet she follows the voice of her conscience."

Then the gipsy went on to say that she had carefully attended to all these signs. She knew that youth would soon pass away. She did not demand any sacrifices to be made. She wished to create new hopes rather than cause sorrows; to earn thankfulness rather than cause tears of blood. Her harvest must be smiles. It was such

a delightful meeting with Jane that she wished that moment to become everlasting. She had so far controlled herself and acted as she had inwardly thought, but if the meeting went farther, it might be beyond her strength (*i.e.*, she had not so far disclosed that he was really Mr. Rochester but he may be tempted to disclose it.) Therefore, she asked Miss Eyre to get up and leave her. The play was over.

Jane Eyre was wandering whether she was awake or asleep, or whether she had been dreaming. The old woman's voice had changed. Her actions, her gestures, all appeared to be familiar to Jane. Jane got up but did not go. She looked and stirred the fire. The Gipsy woman tried to hide her face in her bonnet but Jane recognised that hand. It was not the withered and skinny hand of an old woman but a round, supple hand. A ring flashed from one finger with a jem in it which Jane had seen a hundred times. (It was the hand of Mr. Rochester, her master). Mr. Rochester now asked her to forgive him. She said that she would think over it whether she had fallen into any sort of foolishness. But it was not right on his part. Mr. Rochester remarked that she had acted very correctly, very carefully and very sensibly. Jane was glad to reflect in her mind that she had been on the guard throughout the talk.

He asked her what she was reflecting on. Jane replied that there were feelings of wonder and congratulation on herself passing in her mind. Then she told him that a stranger had arrived that morning since he had pretended to leave for Millcote. Mr. Rochester asked in great surprise who the stranger was, and she informed him he was a person who had known him for a long time and took the liberty of sitting in his chair. His name was Mason and he had come from the West Indies. (As a matter of fact, he was the owner of the big estate which Mr. Rochester had taken possession of). As Jane pronounced these words, Mr. Rochester repeated these words three times and was about to fall down. The smile froze on his lips and his breath was quick and restless. He said that he had

received a blow. He asked Jane to offer him her shoulder as she had once before done it. Then he sat down and looked at her with the most troubled and dry looks. He said that he wished he were in a quiet island with Jane only beside him. He would then be removed from trouble, danger and ugly memories of the past. Jane assured him that if he required her help, she would give her life to serve him.

23. THE CARD-DEALER—(*D. G. Rossetti*)

In this poem Rossetti tells about the card-dealer who pretended to foretell the fortunes of people from the cards. But as the subject of the poem progresses, it becomes a game of life and death in which all human beings are engaged. The people are dancing and they come one by one near her table to know their fortune. To look at the card-dealer is like drinking of wine. One would fall into a swoon before her splendour, just as a tune of music falls into another tune. Her eyes look into the stars and find out the fortunes of people. The gold that is lying in a heap near her is a rich prize, and the dreams which appear on her brow with a magic stillness are also rich. But really that man is rich who has been promised a bride with golden hair.

A dance is in full swing around her where she sits. The feet of the dancers do not fall more lightly or more truly than the cards from her hands on the bright table. Her smooth fingers let them fall softly. As each card falls, it reflects swiftly the precious stones of different colours fitted in the rings on her fingers. With whom does she play this game of fortune ? Does she play with you who loves those gems upon her fingers, or with me who tries to read her thoughts from her brow ? She plays this game with all men, whether they be blessed or cursed. We all play together within a vain strange land. It is a land without any order, where the day is like the night, where a person who lies down, never rises. It is a land of profound darkness and of the shadow of death.

From the cards she reads as follows :—

The heart suggests that a person desires to have something more and more. The diamond shows that a person is really mean but he pretends to be brave. The club stands for striking in the dark (without having knowledge), and the spades for digging a grave. What game is she playing, you may well ask. With me the game is lost or won, while you are still playing it, and with still another person, it is not yet begun. But it is a game which she plays with all under the sun. You can see the card that follows. In your language her game is called Life, but when she speaks, you will learn that it is called Death.

24. THE ARRAIGNMENT OF HERMIONE

(From the Winter's Tale—*Shakespeare*)

King Leontes of Sicily accuses his wife Hermione that she had unlawful connections with Polixenes, the king of Bohemia, who had been invited as a guest. In this scene the queen is being tried in the court like an ordinary criminal. King Leontes announces in the court with regret that the person to be tried is his beloved wife. He is openly trying her in the court to do justice and he may not be called a tyrant. Then the queen is produced in the court. She is accompanied by her maid-servant Paulina and other ladies. The officer of the court informed Hermione that she was accused of unlawful connections with Polixenes, king of Bohemia. Also, she had plotted to kill her husband with the help of his courtier Camillo. When it was known by the king, the queen helped Camillo and Polixenes to fly away by night. These were the charges against her.

Hermione replied that her only proof against these charges was what she could herself say that she was not guilty. Her strength of character was considered as falsehood. But if the divine powers (gods) look at the human actions, as they do, then she had no doubts that

her innocence would be proved. This would make false charges feel ashamed of themselves and tyranny would tremble at her patience. She told her husband that he best knows how her past life had been chaste (pure). Her past life had been as true as it was unhappy now. She was the life-companion of the king, a sharer in his throne, a great king's daughter and the mother of a young prince. How disgraceful it was for her to stand there and talk of her honour before the common people! She did not value life but she valued honour very much. She appealed to the conscience of her husband to say how he considered her before his friend King Polixenes came to his court. She had not acted one jot beyond the limits of honour.

King Leontes replied that he had always heard guilty persons deny those things which they had done before. Hermione said that she confessed that she loved Polixenes as much as her honour required and as much as it was fit for a lady like her, and as he commanded her to show courtesy to his friend. If she had not done it, she would have been guilty of disobedience to him and to his friend. As regards the plot to kill him, all she knew was that Camillo was an honest man. Only the gods knew why he had left his court. Leontes said that she knew of his departure as she knew what she had done in his absence. He accused her that she had a daughter born to her by Polixenes, an unlawful child. He said that she was past shame and past all truth. He had thrown out that child, as no father could own it. But it was more of her fault than of the child. So, she would feel his justice and suffer the penalty (punishment) of death.

Hermione asked him not to give her threats. Life was a cheap article in her eyes. As she had lost his favour so she considered life as useless. She knew that it was lost but did not know how it was lost. Her second joy in life was her eldest child, the prince. But she was not allowed to see him, as if her company was infectious. Her third comfort was her unfortunate baby,

who had been plucked from her breast and thrown out to be murdered. She was considered as a prostitute and was not allowed the comforts of a child-bed after giving birth to that child. Lastly, she was brought there in the open air which was beyond her strength. Now, what joy was left for her in life, that she should fear to die. She did not value her life as much as a straw, but her honour she valued most. Her honour was suspected only by his jealousies. This was harshness but not law. She appealed to the god Apollo to be her judge and asked them to find the verdict (decision) given by the oracle (temple of gods which foretold things).

By this time the two officers, Cleomenes and Dion, who had gone to consult the oracle at Delphi (in Greece) returned. They swore upon the sword of justice that they had not opened the seal of the letter brought from the great priest of the sacred temple of Apollo. Then the Lords of the court read out the verdict of the oracle. It read : "Hermione is chaste (pure) ; Polixenes blameless ; Camillo a true subject ; Leontes a jealous tyrant ; his innocent babe truly begotten ; and the king shall live without an heir if that which is lost be not found" (*i.e.*, the small baby). The Lords and Hermione blessed Apollo, but Leontes said that there was no truth at all in the oracle. He ordered the court to proceed with the case.

A servant came very much in grief. He informed the king that the young prince had died on account of the disgrace and fear of his mother. Leontes at once felt sorry at what he had said. He said that Apollo was angry and had punished him for his injustice. Hermione fell down senseless. Paulina said that the news was mortal for the queen. The king asked Paulina to take the queen away with care. His heart had completely changed. He was sorry that he had too much believed in his suspicions (doubts). He appealed to Paulina to try to restore the queen to life. Paulina took her away and the king fell on his knees to pray. He begged

pardon from Apollo. He declared that he had no quarrel with Polixenes; he would love his queen again. recall Camillo and show him mercy. He confessed that under the feelings of revenge he had asked Camillo to poison his friend Polixenes. He had threatened to kill Camillo if he did not do it, and to give him great reward if he did it. But his mind was full of honour for the kingly guest. He chose to leave the country and to save his honour. He shone in comparison with the rusty condition of king Leontes. In comparison to his nobility the deeds of Leontes appeared black.

Paulina rushed in very much excited. She cursed the king. She said that his tyranny together with his jealousy was fit for boys and girls of nine. He should go mad with what it had done. His faithlessness to Polixenes was nothing compared with his crime towards his queen He would have poisoned good Camillo. He had thrown his baby to the crows which was a horrible deed, though the devil would have shed water out of fire over such an action. He had been responsible for the death of his young prince, whose honourable thoughts for the disgrace of his mother at the hands of a cruel father killed him. But at last, the queen was also dead. (As a matter of fact the queen and Paulina had thought out this plan to tell the king that she was dead). Paulina swore that she was dead. She said to the king that he was a tyrant and there was nothing else for him but to despair. A thousand knees, ten thousand years together, naked, fasting upon a barren mountain in winter and constant storm would not move the gods to forgive him.

Leontes felt ashamed of himself and said he deserved it. When Paulina saw that he repented, she spoke gently to him. She said that he was touched to the noble heart. She said what was gone was past grief. She had spoken so rashly because she loved the queen so much. She would say no more and she advised the king to be patient. Leontes replied that she had spoken the truth, which was much better than her pity. He said that the queen and her son should be buried in

one grave. He would go there once a day to the chapel built upon their grave. His recreation will be to shed tears there. So long as nature would allow his body to bear this, he would go on doing it. He took a vow that he would do it daily. Then Leontes and Paulina went out together.

25. THE STATUE

(From the Winter's Tale—*Shakespeare*)

In this part we learn that Paulina takes the king to the statue of the queen who had died long ago. The daughter of the king had been found. She was also present with her father, a girl of sixteen years. She was going to be married to the son of Polixenes. The statue was then brought to life by Paulina and Hermione came down as a living person.

Leontes comes to the house of Paulina accompanied by Polixenes, Comillo, Perdita (his daughter), Florizel (her lover) and other lords. Leontes expressed great thanks for the services of Paulina. She said that she felt greatly honoured by the arrival of the king in her house. He said that he and his daughter were anxious to see the statue of the dead queen. As she lived a noble matchless life, so her statue must be like her. Just as sleep mocks at death (*i.e.*, it is a copy of death) so the statue mocks at her. Paulina draws back the curtain. Paulina asked the king whether it was like the queen. He said that it was exactly like her natural posture. He asked the stone not to rebuke him that he might say that she was Hermione. It was rather in a tender mood of grace. But Hermione did not have so many wrinkles on her face. She was much younger. He asked Paulina why was it so. She replied that she had tried to make her statue as she would have looked after 16 years.

Leontes remarked that the statue stood exactly as she used to stand in her life of majesty. It was a warm

life which then stood cold. There was magic in her majesty which had reminded him of his evil deeds. Her admiring daughter stood by him as silent as the stone. Perdita stepped forward to kneel and to seek blessings from her mother. She asked her to give her hand to kiss it. Paulina asked her to be patient. The statue was newly made and its colour would be spoiled by touch. Camillo consoled the king. He said that his grief had continued for 16 years, though no joy was as long as that. Polixenes remarked that he must take a share of Leontes's grief from him because he (Polixenes) was the cause of it. Leontes was so much overpowered by feelings that Paulina wanted to draw up the curtain. But he requested her not to draw it up.

He asked Polixenes to see whether the statue did not breathe, and there was blood in her veins. Polixenes said that it had been masterly done as the very life seemed warm upon her lips. Leontes addressed the statue and asked her to let her think so for twenty years. His pleasure was driving him mad. Paulina was sorry to disturb his feelings. If she had known this, she would not have shown it to him. Leontes felt that there was an air that came from her. It was such a fine chisel which made her that it had given shape to her breath also. He wanted to kiss her. But Paulina at once stopped him. She said that the colour was wet upon her lips and he would spoil it. She asked him either to stop doing all this or he should be prepared for a greater surprise. He would perhaps think that she (Paulina) was being helped by wicked powers. He asked her to do what she liked and promised to look silently.

Paulina ordered the music to be played. She made an appeal to the statue to come to life. She asked her to come down and be stone so more. She asked her to give her coldness to death. They saw that the statue began to stir (move). Paulina asked them not to be surprised. Her movement would be holy and not produced by the evil powers. She asked Leontes to

present his hand to her as he loved her in her youth. Leontes took her hand in his hand and said that it was warm. He wondered whether it was magic or a lawful art. Hermione embraced him. Paulina then asked Perdita to kneel and pray for her mother's blessings. Perdita did so. Then Hermione spoke. She prayed to the gods to look down and pour their blessings from their sacred bottles upon the head of her daughter where she had been and how she was saved, and how found. She said that she (Hermione) had lived on the hope of seeing her daughter, because Paulina had told her that the oracle said that Perdita was still alive. Paulina said that the sad tale of Perdita would spoil their joy. She would tell it some time afterwards. She asked all the winners of prizes to go happily and she would go like a turtle (pigeon) to some branch of a tree to find its mate (husband) who was dead. She would continue in her grief till she would die. (*Note.*—Her husband was sent by King Leontes to throw away Perdita and he was torn to pieces by a bear in the jungle).

26. THE SPIRIT OF SHAKESPEARE—(*Meredith*)

In this poem the poet praises the greatness of Shakespeare and says that his poetry was based on a perfect understanding of Nature. Meredith addresses Mother Earth and says that men like Shakespeare knew her thoroughly. He surveyed all the human passions and his wisdom was not such as hates human nature. This was so because he knew Nature full well. That is why there are sweet expressions in his works. He possesses a conquering smile and sails like a god who whips the white sea waves. He weaves varied kind of stories into the plots of his plays. They are the exact mirrors of human nature. It is on account of this that he has a laugh which is a copy of nature. It is broad as ten thousand cattle grazing in a pasture, *i.e.*, Shakespeare possesses broad sympathies with all sorts of human beings. His songs are so natural that they separate the grain from chaff. His words are like the strong wind which

makes the pale withered leaves fall down. If a philosophy is torn away from life, Shakespeare's teaching acts like this wind.

27. I LOVE ALL BEAUTEOUS THINGS—
(Robert Bridges)

This short poem expresses the poet's love for all kinds of beautiful things in this world. The poet says that he loves all beauteous things; he seeks and worships them. God has no better praise and man is also honoured by them. He makes up his mind to create something new and beautiful. He would feel happy in making it. In this world all beautiful things perish (die) very soon. They are like the empty words of a dream which are remembered when we wake up. But still he would create something beautiful.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. 1. It is said by O'Henry that there are more tears in life than laughter. But because of tears the laughter is touched with a tender compassion. Justify this statement with reference to "The Gift of the Magi."

Ans. *The Gift of the Magi* presents before us the picture of a loving husband and wife who want to please each other, yet their poverty stands in their way like an unconquerable rock. Della wanted to buy a present for Jim on the eve of Christmas. But she had a paltry sum of one dollar and eighty-seven cents with her. She could not buy any present worth the name with it. This little amount was the result of savings that affected her house hold expenditure for many months together. She managed the household on eight dollars a week, which is a very poor amount. Similarly Jim wanted to buy a Christmas present for Della and he had no money with him. Herein lies the tragedy of their lives. As Della stood before the mirror an idea struck her mind. She

had beautiful tresses of golden hair. She could sell them and buy a decent present. No sooner she thought of it than she executed the plan. On the other side Jim had the only precious thing with him, his gold watch. He thought it proper to sell it and buy a Christmas present for his wife. But the presents they buy create a comic situation. Della buys a platinum chain for the gold watch of Jim, and Jim buys a beautiful pair of combs for Della's hair. Neither Della has the hair now nor Jim has the watch for which presents were bought.

Life is a mixture of tragedy and comedy; it is neither completely full of tears nor all smiles. We often have hard times but their severity is relieved by the happy occasions in our life. O'Henry states that there are more tears than laughter in our lives. Della had been saving for many months and yet she could not make our happy occasions more tender. We value them all the more because they come after so much of misery and heart-breaking agonies. The story *The Gift of the Magi* is an excellent example of this theme. It is a tragi-comedy and illustrates both the aspects of life.

Q. 2. How does the character-sketch of the Young Master show the attitude of the grown-ups towards young people who are growing up?

Ans. Tomlinson has drawn a wonderful picture of contrast in showing the qualities of character of the young lad. His powers were under-rated at home but when the occasion came he proved to be a young man of strong character. The father could never believe and the story ends with the words that he was at a loss to search for the moral of this tale, *i.e.*, he could hardly believe that it was the same shy lad who possessed a commanding personality.

Before he became the captain of a ship he was considered as a shy and polite young man, almost as modest as a girl. He could not even face the lady-clerk in the post office and sometimes came back home with an undelivered telegram. The sea-life had made him polite and slow.

His companions were also of the same type. His appearance was usually shabby and unimpressive. He had a dirty cap and an outgrown jacket. He used to come home when everybody had forgotten him. He was considered to be like a piece of furniture which nobody notices carefully.

His promotion to the position of a skipper (captain) was incredible (not to be believed). He carelessly told them that he was going to take an examination, and a week later he informed them that he had been given a master's certificate. But they could never think that he would actually he called upon to command a ship. A shy lad like him could not be expected to command a rough lot of sailors. When they heard of his appointment they were not only disappointed but also alarmed. But he took his ship safely from London to Batavia (a seaport in Indonesia) and sailed back home. He went out on voyage after voyage. They got the idea that shipping is a profession which does not require much intelligence and smartness.

But they were absolutely in the wrong. With a sense of their own superiority they had underestimated the powers and capaciites of the young lad. When the father went along with him, he could hardly believe that the slim youth was the captain of the ship. But he was soon undeceived. It was a new voice giving orders on the ship. The chief officer came in the sailor's uniform and told a tale of a hundred and one difficulties. The young master gave orders, resolved doubts and made everybody obey him. He was firm and decisive in his opinions. He talked in an authoritative tone to the engineers. At night the ship began to move in the midst of strange signals of lights from the sea. It appeared to the father that the huge mass of machinery and a large number of human beings were bending to the will of that young man.

Thus, the attitude of the grown-ups was unrealistic. They were blind to the qualities of the young man

because they had never put his powers to the test. When the proper time came he proved equal to the occasion. Such a wrong attitude should never be adopted by the elders.

Q. 3. What is the underlying spirit of Tennyson's poem "Ulysses"?

Ans. Ulysses had been fighting a long-drawn bloody war in Troy for ten years. On his way back home to his island he had to suffer many troubles. After wandering for many years he reached his island home. He and his companions had been enduring so many troubles that they were used to a hard life. It had become a second nature with them to seek adventures and fight out new dangers. It was now impossible for them to lead an idle life at home.

Ulysses is the symbol (sign) of man's spirit of adventure, thirst for knowledge and the joy in making new discoveries. Man never rests from making new discoveries, however great may be his progress. He is always in search of new lands and new skies. The boundaries of knowledge are limitless; as we go on making greater and greater inventions, new vistas (scenes) open up before our eyes. Ulysses wants to sail beyond the sunset. He says that he has been roaming over the world and seen many cities of men, governments and councils. He cannot lie idle in his island home. It would be dull to pause, to rust like a piece of metal which is not made to shine. Life does not mean simply breathing; it means constant effort, constant activity and search for new kind of experiences. He describes the expanding experience in beautiful words:

"Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleans that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move."

It is a philosophy of active life which Ulysses advocates. He is ready to sail into unknown lands and seek new adventures in the company of his old companions. They are all heroic souls who had fought against the

gods in their youthful days (*i.e.*, in the war of Troy). Ulysses is conscious that they do not possess the same strength as they had in the olden days. But they are strong in will; they are ready to strive, to seek and to find, but in no case would they yield. Thus, it is a poem of courage. It inspires a person to overcome unsurmountable difficulties and never to yield.

Q. 4. How does the letter written by Goldsmith illustrate his Character, especially as it is given in the introduction?

Ans. In the introduction we are told that "his character was so humane in its strength and in its weakness that we feel a personal fondness for him. He was also sympathetic, generous, and easily moved to pity, so that more than once he got himself into difficulties, through giving away in charity clothes or money which he needed for himself." There is ample proof in the letter to show that this estimate of Goldsmith's character is quite correct. Goldsmith describes everything in a personal manner. His letter is full of warmth and feelings and as we read it we feel as if a friend of ours is describing his experiences to us. For example, he frankly tells us of his foolishness to roam about in the countryside when the wind was not favourable for the ship. He was so careless that the ship sailed away for America and he was left without money in the city of Cork. Then he tells us that he went about the city seeing everything curious so long as there was money in his pocket. At last his amount was reduced to two guineas. He relates all this with great frankness.

He was a simple, credulous type of man. He believed that all his friends of the college who used to invite him in his prosperous days would be helpful to him. Although there were only five shillings left with him after purchasing the horse, he never worried about it, because he thought there were several friends on the way. His home was over a distance of 100 miles from Cork. One of his old friends lived at a distance

of 8 miles from Cork. So, he made his way straight to his house.

We have the best example of his pity, sympathy and generosity on the way when he met a poor, old woman whose husband had been arrested. She had eight children and begged for money. Goldsmith gave her two and a half shillings. When his friend greeted him with a warmth of feelings, he felt sorry at heart that he did not give all the five shillings to that old woman. But he was soon undeceived because the warmth of his friend soon changed into a cold reception. When he came to know that Goldsmith had little money with him and had come to his door to beg for money to reach home. Goldsmith did not have any tact to handle his friend. He had a simple, frank nature and immediately on his arrival he told his real condition to his friend. When his friend walked to and fro silently, he thought that he had sympathetic feelings at heart and did not wish to infuse his pride. He did not guess at once that his friend was thinking as to how to drive out this unwelcome guest.

A further proof of how he frankly relates these event is supplied by the following account which is full of humour in a tragic situation. Goldsmith repeated his request for money to his friend But his friend told him that he had been left with no cash on account of illness. But he suggested that instead of taking his horse with him he should take a better conveyance with him. He took him to his bed-room and gave him a stout oak stick. Goldsmith was going to give a blow on his head with the same stick when there was a knock at the door and his friend fled away at once.

Thus, the whole account is amusing and reveals a person who is frank, simple, easily gullible (befooled), sympathetic and generous.

Q. 5. What is the spirit underlying Gerald Gould's Poem, "Wander Thirst" ?

Ans. The poet feels an irresistible charm for the objects of nature. He feels a strong inner urge (compelling desire) to wander in the East and West. He would roam beyond the sunrise and he would venture into the vast expanse of the sea extending to the West. The white roads, the blue hills, the bright blue sky and the birds call him to start on endless adventures. He cannot withstand this inner voice and feels that he is bound to obey it. He cannot give any reason for it because this urge cannot be accounted for. He innocently says that you may blame the stars, the sun, the white roads and the sky for it.

There are two fundamental thoughts underlying this beautiful poem—charm of the objects of nature which compels the mind of man and the spirit of exploration. Like Wordsworth. Gerald Gould worships the objects of nature. There is a charm in the hills, the sky and the stars which he cannot explain. This charm does not allow him to sit idly at home but compels him to come out and wander in their company. The spirit of exploration expressed in this poem is at the bottom of all new discoveries in the far-flung corners of the world. It is men like him who ventured into the unknown oceans of the West and discovered the New World. Thousands of islands in the Pacific and the Atlantic oceans have been discovered and taken possession of by the adventurers of this type during the last century and a half.

Gerald Gould's poem arouses those fancies which lie dormant in everybody's heart. Every young man sees dreams of adventure all over the world. He may not be able to fulfil this strong desire due to the circumstances in which he is placed, but it is a strong natural urge. One feels young again as one thinks in terms of wandering over the East and West in quest of new adventures. This poem is quite in harmony with the mood of Ulysses as depicted by Tennyson.

Q. 6. How does Socrates's behaviour as given in the passage from the "Apology by Plato" account for his unpopularity ?

Ans. There were two causes of the unpopularity of Socrates with the people of Athens—his method of questioning which proved that the wisest men were really the most foolish persons, and the same method being followed by the rich young men who had leisure. Let us take them one by on.

Socrates went out in search of finding a man who was wiser than himself because the goddess of Delphi had pronounced that he was the wisest man. He believed that the goddess could not tell a lie and yet if he found a man wiser than himself he would go to the goddess and say that there was a man wiser than himself. He examined three different classes of persons, the Politicians, the Poets and the Artisans and found that none of them was wise. He first examined a politician. He pretended to be wise but he was not really wise. Hence, Socrates thought that he was better than him and said to himself: "The politician knows nothing and thinks that he knows much, but neither knows anything nor thinks that I know. In this one small point I seem to have an advantage of him." When he exposed the folly of this politician he became his enemy and all those who were present there also became his enemies.

Next, he went to poets; both tragic and comic poets. He thought that he was more ignorant than they were and thought that they might be wiser than he was. He took to them some of the passages of their own writings and asked what was the meaning of them, thinking that they would be able to teach him something. But he was greatly surprised that other people talked better about their poetry than they themselves. He soon discovered that they wrote their poems not by wisdom but by a natural gift or inspiration They were like the soothsayers who said many fine things without understanding their meaning. What was worst was that on the basis of their fine poems they believed that they were wise in many other things as well. Socrates departed from them thinking that he was superior to them. Thus, he gained the enmity of the poets and of their friends.

Finally, he examined the artisans who really knew many fine things which he himself did not know But they also were the victims of the same folly as the poets. They thought that on account of their knowledge or skill in a particular branch of industry, they were wise in many other matters. Thus, he exposed their folly and made them also his enemies. All this comes under the first category.

The second thing responsible for his unpopularity was that rich young men who had leisure, came to him. They were amused to hear how the folly of the so-called wisest men was being exposed by Socrates. They picked up something of his method and began in turn to examine other pretenders to wisdom. This latter class of people instead of cursing the rich young men. cursed Socrates. They levelled the usual charges brought against philosophers—that they teach things up in the clouds and under the earth, that they believe in no gods, and make the worst things appear better.

Among his chief enemies, there was Meletus, who had a quarrel with him on behalf of the poets ; there was Anytus, who took up the cause of artisans and politicians ; and there was Lycon, who quarrelled with him on behalf of the politicians.

Q. 7. Show how Socrates develops his argument step by step as to make the conclusion convincing, when Crito suggests him to escape ?

Ans. A complete answer to this will be found in the summary of this essay.

Q. 8. What idea do you form of Wordsworth as a poet after reading his "Sonnet" ?

Ans. Wordsworth is a poet of nature. He almost worships nature and believes that there is something common between man and nature. If man goes out into her company and receives her influences, he will find a heavenly bliss which he can find nowhere else. He

does not like a life of hurry in which a person is so busy that he finds little time for enjoyment of natural scenes. During his time society was developing into a huge business machine. People were growing extremely busy and in proportion to it they were growing unconscious of the beauties of nature. Wordsworth hated this kind of society.

From a study of this poem we find that the soul of Wordsworth is sensitive to the sights and scenes of nature. He seems to be extremely delighted to watch the sea which lays bare its bosom to the moon. For him it is almost alive, and hence he uses a simile applied to living persons. Again, he describes with pleasure the wind howling at all hours and is now lulled to sleep like flowers. He is so much annoyed with the attitude of mind of the modern man that he prefers to be a Pagan (a non-believer in God) whose soul was alive to these noble sights of nature. He would imagine with the ancient pagans that the sea-god, Proteus was rising from the sea, or Triton, the ancient god of the Greeks was blowing his wreathed horn over the sea. It is on account of such ideas that Wordsworth is called the high priest of Nature by critics and admirers of his poetry.

Q. 9. Show how the characters and incidents of the episode taken from the Doubting Castle illustrate by allegory of religious doubt and faith.

Ans. Bunyan's story entitled as *The Pilgrim's Progress* is an allegory, a story in which moral qualities appear as human characters. Christian represents the average man who makes his journey through this world and has the goal before him of reaching the Celestial Gate, *i.e.*, salvation of the soul and gaining entry into Paradise. His path is beset with temptations and pitfalls. It is hope that sustains him through the most depressing circumstances. Therefore, Christian has Mr. Hopeful for his companion.

They start together on their journey. This world is full of beautiful sights of nature for an innocent traveller.

The river and its beautiful banks covered with lily flowers represent this aspect of the world. Christian and his companion enjoy the fruits of the trees and drink the water from the river and proceed happily on the journey. If man follows the straight path shown by religion, he will come across no difficulties. But if he leaves the straight path and is overcome by temptations to go into the by-paths of doubts, he will land himself into troubles. This is what happens with Christian and Hopeful. They see a meadow named By-path Meadow with a stile (gate). This passage debars the animals from entering the meadow but allows human beings to pass through it. In actual life it is human beings who are led away into temptations and not the animals. Hope would advise man not to go to astray but man in his weak moments falls a prey to this kind of temptations. Thus, we are told that Mr. Hopeful was not inclined to cross into this meadow but Christian led him into it. If a person has a vain-glorious attitude and over-confidence in life, he will be heading towards a fall. Hence we find in the story that Christian and Hopeful meet a person named Vain-confidence. He misleads them to think that they will reach the Celestial Gate by crossing the By-path Meadow. But soon the darkness of doubts spreads and Vain-confidence falls into a dangerous pit. He is dashed to pieces by this fall.

They have to pay a heavy price for landing into the grounds of Giant Despair. If man falls a prey to Doubts then he would be under the sway of disappointments in life, which will give him a lot of trouble. The companian of disappointment is Diffidence or lack of confidence. Thus, we are shown that Dame Diffidence is the wife of Giant Despair and their property is called the Doubting Castle. Christian and Hopeful are thrown into the dungeon and mercilessly beaten. Diffidence suggests that they shou'd be advised to commit suicide. Giant Despair threatens to tear them to pieces if they do not commit suicide. But they prove to be 'sturdy rogues and choose rather to bear all hardship than to kill themselves'. When the

Giant saw them alive next day he was so angry with them that he would have killed them but suddenly he was caught up by a fit of the disease which came upon him whenever there was sunshine. Thus, when the sunshine of faith appears doubts and despair dissolve in the air like vapour and mist. This is the significance of the fit of his disease.

Finally, man can work wonders with prayers and he has in his bosom the promise of God that all evil temptations will vanish if he applies his faith and perservance in the path of righteousness to the difficulties that come in .his way. Thus Christian pulls up from his bosom the key of promise and opens all locks of the prison-house of the doubting castle. When the last iron gate falls down with a creaking noise the Giant again makes a last bid to pursue them. But again he is caught up in a fit of the disease. Christian and Hopeful have now a strong faith and therefore the sunshine of faith causes that fit. They are clear from his domain and reach the highroad of faith, called the King's highway in the story. Thus, the whole story is a symbolic representation of man's moral struggle in this world.

Q. 10. After reading McDougall's es ay on the Nature of Instincts, distinguish between instinctive action and merely impulsive or emotional action.

Ans. An impulsive action is done under the influence of a sudden impulse to act. For example, we see a thief trying to steal our purse and trying to slip away.

We must raise a hue and cry, or we may run after him and try to catch him. Now, this action was promoted by a situation which called for our immediate attention. When we had achieved our end we stopped that action. There was no more thinking about it and no more feeling and striving after it. Similarly an emotional action is done under the sudden influence of a strong feeling. For example, I see a terrible object in the darkness. I run for safety and may even begin to shriek or cry for help. But as soon as I am in a place of

safety I shall give up all efforts and cease thinking about it, unless it happens to be a constant source of danger. An instinctive action on the other hand, employs to the full extent the three aspects of cognition, affection and conation (knowing, feeling and striving). It may not be only a stray action, as in the case of the above two examples, but it may spread over a life-long period. It will involve series of actions. For example, the well-known classical lovers spent their whole time in pursuit of their objects of love. They were devoted to it under the influence of an instinct. The scientists and discoverers spend their lives in making new inventions and discoveries under the instinct of curiosity. This instinct is at the base of all human progress. This is one difference between the two kinds of action.

Another difference is that under the influence of instinctive action all the members of the species act in the same way. But in the case of impulsive or emotional action each member may act differently. For example, when any cat is attacked by a dog it will always begin to purr and draw out its claws show its teeth and extend its mouth. All cats under similar circumstances will act in the same manner. Again, when the young offspring of the sparrow open their mouths the parents bring a grain of food and put it into the mouth of the offspring. They will show certain signs of affection towards the young ones under the influence of parental instinct. All the members of the same species (race) of sparrows will act in the same manner which is a characteristic way of their behaviour. But in the case of impulsive or emotional action the behaviour may be entirely different. For example, one man may start crying and shrieking on seeing a terrible object in the darkness, but another man may bravely challenge it to fight a battle and may ultimately overpower that object.

Q. 11. Illustrate the threefold aspect of instinctive behaviour with reference to some of the chief instincts given by McDougall.

Ans. All instinctive behaviour is marked by the

presence of these factors, knowing, feeling and striving. These are called in terms of psychology as cognition, affection and conation. Whenever an animal or a man is acting under the influence of an instinct he shows these three factors in the course of his behaviour. For example, under the influence of the instinct of flight and the emotion of fear, man becomes conscious that here is a dangerous object and his safety is at stake. This is the knowing element. Further, he gets excited and runs away, shouting or crying for help or simply terrified. This is affection or the element of feeling. Then he strives hard to be out of danger and does not rest till his goal is achieved or till he is dead tired and is overpowered by the dangerous object. This is conation.

Take the case of instinct of curiosity and the emotion of wonder. I have a desire to see the Taj at Agra. I know that it is the eighth wonder of the world and I have never seen a building equal in majesty and grandeur to it. When I see it I am extremely happy and my feeling of admiration for Moghal art and architecture is aroused. Finally, I had been striving hard to reach this place since the time I made up my mind to see it.

Under the influence of the influence of pugnacity and the emotion of anger we show the same factors. Suppose a person abuses me. I know that he has insulted me. I feel a sudden upsurge of angry feelings in my mind which compel me to give him a blow or abuse him in return. I strive to do all I can to take offensive, or if he is a stronger enemy I shall take all steps for the defensive.

In self-abasement we are conscious of our inferior position or inferior knowledge. We show it in our feelings and strive to respect the persons who are superior to us On the other hand, in the presence of inferior persons we are conscious of our superiority. We stand erect in a proud way and not creep or cringe as under the influence of the opposite instinct. We strive to show our superiority in our conduct.

Finally, under the influence of gregarious instinct we know that living together in towns is better than living alone in huts spread over the fields. We feel a joy in facing the common dangers and having the support of other members of our race. We strive to ward off those dangers, or we strive to build halls, sports stadiums, schools and colleges, for the common benefit of the group who lives with us. There are some of the chief instincts. Similarly we can give examples from all other instincts mentioned by McDougall.

Q. 12. How far is human conduct governed by instinct, and how far by reason?

Ans. Man has evolved out of the animals and so he has inherited a number of instincts from his ancestors. Their ways of behaviour were marked by certain tendencies and specific ways of acting. Something of this behaviour is to be found in man as well. For the fulfilment of our daily needs we make use of our instinctive activity. The fundamental activity that keeps us busy is the food-seeking instinct. We work hard to earn our daily bread. All the professions of mankind are the result of this activity. Under the influence of the instinct of pugnacity we fight with our fellowmen when they show enmity towards us. On a bigger scale it assumes the shape of wars fought between nations. Then, we feel that we must have the sole right of ownership over certain things, such as our tools, our articles of dress, our residential quarters, or our land. For the sake of this we have to work hard or we have to fight against those members of the race who dispute this right of ours and try to usurp them from us. Finally, under the instinct of curiosity we wish to know new things; we conquer tops of mountains, make explorations and discoveries and make scientific inventions. This complex activity is motivated by the instinct of curiosity. But here we have reached the domain of the highest kind of intelligence.

While the mainspring of our action is the instinct, the method of fulfilling our needs involves intelligence

and reasoning. The mud fly lays its eggs in the tube of mud, places a few living insects beside the eggs, seals its mouth and leaves the place. But we build palatial buildings for our comfort and convenience and we provide all sorts of facilities to our young ones.

There are very intelligent ways of fulfilling our instinct of curiosity. We have invented means of convenience, such as the motor cars, railway trains, aeroplanes, buses and steamships. But we have also invented torpedo boats, tanks, atom bombs, hydrogen bombs and guided missiles to destroy our enemies. In the elementary state of society, man's only professions have grown up which employ man's reasoning power and yet serve as the means of supplying his bread. A professor of philosophy or science is making an entire use of his powers of reasoning but by so doing he is earning his livelihood. Finally, man employs instinctive activity to fulfil his immediate needs. But for all those things which have a far-reaching effect on the future or which are done for the benefit of the whole human race, we are guided by reasoning and intelligence.

Q. 13. Give a critical appreciation of Pope's poem taken from "An Essay on Man"?

Ans. Pope was a poet of the age of reasoning, the classical period of the eighteenth century. He is the poet who indulges in philosophical thinking. Hence, he has selected a subject for his poem which should have been selected by a philosopher or a priest. There is no emotional appeal, no arousing of feelings in this poem. We begin to reflect on the greatness and weakness of man but we do not feel elated, moved at heart by strong feelings or passions and emotions as we do when we read great poems.

Pope employs certain poetical devices in producing the effect of contrast. He piles up expressions which have opposite kind of effect and employs antithesis, climax and anticlimax in his lines. The following are some of the fine examples of this :—

A being darkly wise, and rudely great
He hangs between ; in doubt to act or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god or beast ;
In doubt mind or body to prefer.
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err.
Lord of all things, yet a prey to all
The story, jest and riddle of the world.

Finally, Pope is a master of the heroic couplet. All of his two lines rhyme with each other as in old Urdu poetry. For example, 'rest' and 'beast', 'prefer' and 'err', rhyme in the abovequoted lines. This use of rhymed couplet was a source of strength as well as weakness of his poetry. It is sometimes very forceful and effective but with repetitious it becomes dull and monotonous.

Q. 14. Judging by the passage given about Bathrooms what would you consider to be the Englishman's chief peculiarities of behaviour when taking a bath ?

Ans. Alan Patrick Herbert exaggerates things and gives a picture of an ideal bathroom according to his conception. He wants the bathroom to be a perfect shrine of comfort and luxury. After reading this essay we can form some idea of the habits of an Englishman when he is taking a bath. This would be summed up as follows :—

The first thing that an Englishman wants is that the bathroom should be sufficiently commodious (large). He should be able to do his exercises there without breaking the lights or injuring his elbows. The second thing is that it should be decorated according to good taste. There should be a few good pictures so that one might reflect about them. For example, there may be a picture of the troops mounting the trenches, or people standing in rain in a quene waiting for a bus, or the picture of a windy day with some snow in it.

The Englishmen are known to be bathroom singers but they are shy of singing in the drawing-room when

they are asked to sing in a chorus after their dinner. The author says that they should try to find out the remedy for this. He suggests that all the nice furniture and rugs should be removed from the dining-room and be placed in the bathroom except the piano and a few cane chairs. Then people would have a temptation to sing well in the bathroom. There would be no more terrible noises in the morning and in the evening. Perhaps the Welsh people have done this, as they are good singers.

The next thing they want in a bathroom is a nice bath (tub) fitted with taps. The author, of course, humorously exaggerates in the examples that he gives from his personal experience. There should be fine trays attached to the bath for the sake of convenience. But they should not be so funny that it becomes a puzzle to find out where the soap had disappeared. The author makes humorous remarks in this connection also. Then, there should be an electric bell in the bathroom so as to give instructions to the servants outside, for example for asking more hot water or in connection with the breakfast.

There should also be provision for shaving. A tray for shaving should be attached to the bath with a flexible arm. It should be complete with mirror, soap, strap and new blades. There should be something for depositing the cigarette ends. Next, there should be a book-rest for anybody who is inclined to read a book.

But all this is a sort of satire on the English people who want to do so many things in the bathroom. As a matter of fact, the author is pouring a ridicule over the idea of spending too much time in the bathrooms. This is evident from two things—he suggests that one should take one's meals also there, and he wants a Progress Indicator to be fitted into the bathroom. The last device is based on a funny idea that one should be abla to find out from outside what is the stage the men inside has reached. Thus, it shows that the Englishmen

require all sorts of comforts and conveniences to be provided to them in the bathroom.

Q. 15. Rupert Brooke's poem "Heaven is a Playful Satire". Justify this statement.

Ans. Satire is a composition in prose or verse which makes us laugh at some kind of folly. Sometimes an author exposes a social vice (defect) and exaggerates it so that the reader laughs at the funny way it is presented. This is the method of Dickens in his novels. Sometimes an author pours redicule on the ideas of the people and exposes their folly, as Rupert Brooke does in this poem, to show that man's conception of heavens is moulded in his own frame of mind.

The poem *Heaven* is a playful satire. It exposes man's ideas about heavens. The poet makes the fish indulge in thinking and philosophizing about the future life. Man has always felt on the basis of his faith that there must be a life beyond this worldly existence. He cannot give a scientific proof for this belief, yet he has an inner conviction (strong belief). Tennyson who was so much influenced by the scientific ideas of his age, proclaimed in his poem *In Memoriam* on the basis of his inner faith :—

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood.

Brooke makes the fish think in the same terms. The words are almost the same as those of Tennyson and the poet excites our laughter over the idea :

One may not doubt that, somehow, Good,
Shall come out of water and of Mud.

The fish also proclaim that the idea of a life beyond this worldly existence has come to them through inner faith. There must be a purpose in life. This life is not all in all. They cannot reconcile themselves to the idea that they were born out of the mud and shall perish into

the mud. Now, these are the chrished beliefs of human beings at which the poet is laughing in these lines. The fish believe that this life must extend to another world which is beyond the limits of time and space.

Their conception of God is very amusing and it corresponds with the ideas of man about God. They think that there is an Immense Being who swam before the rivers came into existence. He has the body and mind of a big fish and even his skin is covered with the scales of fish. He is All-Powerful and kind. Under his Almighty fin (wing) the smallest fish can enter paradise. Their conception of heaven is still more amusing and it is typically fish-like thought. They imagine that in the Eternal streams of heaven there will be no more hooks covered with worms to deceive and catch them. There will be instead shelter-giving weeds and beautifully fair mud. There will be endless supply of food and a vast variety of insects and caterpillars for the fish to hunt—caterpillars, grubs, unfading moths, everlasting flies and worms that will never die. Finally in that Heaven of their conception there will be no land at all but water, water everywhere.

Thus, the poem is written in a playful mood and pours ridicule over man's conceptions of immortality, of the soul, God and Heavens.

Q. 16. How does Huxley's essay on "The Intelligence of Birds" illustrate "The Nature of Instincts" by McDougall?

Ans. McDougall in his essay enunciates the theory while Huxley explains in his essay the applications or practical examples of those principles. McDougall has stated how man and animals are moved by instincts, what are instincts and what are the emotions connected with instincts. Julian Huxley has taken up certain specific examples of instinctive behaviour of birds. There are two categories of animals—the insects and the birds. The insects are sheltered by the armour of their skeletons and their minds work strictly according

to the dictates of instincts. They have no intelligence. But the birds are higher up in the scale of intelligence and show some signs of intelligent behaviour, though mostly they are guided by instincts. Huxley gives interesting examples from the instinctive behaviour of birds to show their difference with the behaviour of human beings.

Huxley shows this difference from the instinctive action of the birds in respect to the following :—first, flying ; second, building of nests ; third, the relations of the mother-bird with her offsprings (young ones) ; and fourth, the intensity and variety which they show in expressing their emotions. He gives a good many examples of all these kinds of behaviour.

The birds learn flying without being taught by their parents. The parents never give instructions in flight, though they sometimes allure the young ones to come out, and only encourage them to fly. It is a very complex process requiring adjustment and balance. The machinery of the wings, skeleton, muscles and nerves is provided by nature and the inner urge to fly is also provided by nature. This example illustrates McDougall's principle that in the case of instinctive action we inherit these tendencies from our forefathers ; they are inborn and are not learnt from anybody, or in the words of psychology they are not "acquired" tendencies.

Secondly, the birds learn to build their nests without being taught. They do this under the influence of the instinct for construction. But they do it at the time of mating, *i.e.*, when they are going to lay eggs and have young ones. It has been found that young birds, at the time of mating, can make perfectly good nests, the typical nest made by all members of their species (race). Some people think that this is due to the fact that they absorb the necessary knowledge about the nest by thinking about it carefully in the early phase of their life. But, Huxley proves that this is wrong. The first example against this is that some young ones of birds live only for a few days in the nest after their eyes are opened and

are never given any lessons in nest-building by their parents, and yet they build perfect nests when they grow up. Second example is that of the brush-turkey. It builds a mound of rubbish and decaying leaves, lays eggs in its tunnel, provides food in it, and seals it up. He never returns to see how its young ones are doing. When the young ones grow up they also build a similar tunnel for their eggs and young ones. A third example against the above theory is the birds which have been brought up in artificial cages, build up very fine nests when they grow up and have the urge for mating. They do not make any attempt to build their early homes, *i.e.*, the cages. The finch makes a fine cup; the tailor-bird sews leaves and the house-master makes a cup-like house against the side of a rock or a house. All these are fine illustrations of the instinct for construction as well as the mating instinct.

Next he illustrates the parental instinct. He takes up the behaviour of birds during the period of broodiness (sitting on eggs and hatching them). The female bird feels a strong urge during these days to sit on eggs. If the eggs have been taken away they would sit on pieces of stones. Crows sit on golf-balls, gulls sit on tobacco tins and the penguins sit on lumps of ice. The next example Huxley gives is that of a cuckoo hatched in the brood of a hedge-sparrow. It throws out all the young ones of the foster-mother and she does not care anything for it. How much does it differ from the behaviour of a human mother! This is the difference between instinctive action and intelligent action. Moreover, the .mother-bird is not concerned with the welfare of each one of the young ones. If one individual is growing weaker and weaker on account of illness, she will not try to restore it to health, but she will throw it out. As long as there is something in the nest the mother-bird considers any young birds outside the nest as so many foreign objects. On the other hand the human mother is concerned with Johnny's career or Tommy's poor health. The one is instinctive behaviour, the other

is intelligent behaviour linked with the past and the future.

Finally, the birds show intensity and variety in the expression of their emotions. The grouse tribe perform courtship with great ceremony. This illustrates the mating instinct. The cocks and hens show rivalry. Two rival cocks may fight to death. This illustrates the insticts of pugnacity (fighting) as well as sex, for mating. Also the birds amuse themselves, *e.g.* crows and ravens play tricks with cats and dogs.

Q. 17. Give a critical appreciation of Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale."

Ans. Keats's *Ode To a Nightingale* is one of his best lyrics, a song full of personal feelings, passions and emotions. The poet's soul is deeply stirred by the song of the nightingale. He begins to reflect that the care-free bird knows little of the sorrows and worries of mankind. He contrasts the sad lot of mankind with the happy condition of the nightingale. He is reminded of the painful facts of life, that mankind is oppressed by dissease, weakness and death, that beauty loses its lustre so soon; and love pines away in a short time. These are the things which come from the depths of his heart. They are also the sad reflections of his own iife, which was not happy.

The effect created in the opening stanza is simply charming. By hearing the song of the nightingale he feels as if he has taken a cup of poison or sleep-inducing drug. His soul is sinking lethewards (lower regions of the earth). He is so much delighted with the happiness of the nightingale that he forgets where he is sitting and what objects are around him. Thus the poet creates an atmoshere of forgetfulness and charm.

Keats takes delight in pleasures of the senses and no better example of this can be found than in this ode. He takes pleasure to describe charming things which appeal to our eyes, our ears, our sense of smell and colourful objects. His eyes can see the green shady valleys which he describes

so beautifully that the reader begins to share his joy. His ears hear the music of the nightingale's song which is so charming that it rings through the past generations. Its echoes are heard in far-off lands where Ruth stood sad with tears in her eyes amidst alien corn. It is the same song which has charmed the people looking through magic windows opening on perilous seas in the far-off fairy Lands. Keats describes the colourful flowers and their fragrance with such delight that we begin to hear the murmurous haunt of flies round our ears.

Finally, Keats possesses a rich imagination. He flies heavenwards on the viewless wings of his poetry. He imagines the moon as a queen surrounded by the fairies of the stars. He also imagines far-off magic lands where a lonely girl stands alone listening to the songs of the nightingale. He coins beautiful phrases which no other poet could have created, such as fast-fading violets, Mid-May's eldest child, leaden-eyed despair, and murmurous haunt of flies, etc.

Q. 18. Discuss the compatibility of human society as described by William Morris in "A Litt e Shopping", with what you have observed of human nature?

Ans. William Morris imagines an ideal state of society in which there is no circulation of money and everything is supplied free. But this is an impracticable idea. Human nature is not so simple as that. Man is by nature a greedy creature. In such a society where no-body has to make payments everybody would like to consume the best things and he would have them in plenty. In fact, the temptation to wastefulness would be too great to withstand. There is an essential law of supply and demand which works in society. Whereas people would consume plently of articles, how would their supply be assured? The stores would be empty in a few days, but how would you replenish them? There would be no compulsory labour and hence there can be no gaurantee that everybody would work to the maximum of his capacity. Whenever there is a rush for good things the governments are compelled to introduce rationing of the good articles. But in a society which

Morris imagines nothing would be left in the stores and shops by the evening of the first day. Man has by nature the instinct for acquisition. Everybody would like to hoard and keep extra things of the finest quality. What could be more alluring than to go to shops where not only the articles would be had free, but also the so-called customers would be served with free drinks. Morris himself feels a doubt in his mind and reserves a question for Dick. He could not think how so much quantity of the finest wine could be got, when even the labourers did not drink the rough kind of wine, the rot-gut.

Although Morris imagines that the disease of idleness had disappeared altogether and was only to be read in books of history, yet we are sure that in such a society most of the people would be idlers. They would have plenty of things to eat and to waste but they would have no incentive (enthusiasm) to work. It is the spirit of competition, the desire to earn more, that keeps people working from dawn to dusk. Human nature wants the sole ownership of certain things which are the source of comfort later on. These things have to be paid for which in turn requires hard work. But when everbody is assured of the same kind of comfort, there would be no more hard workers, unless the State assumes the job of a big slave-dealer.

Moreover, all men do not possess the same capabilities. Some are endowed with exceptional powers of the body or the mind, others are poor sort of workers. Their rewards should also differ according to the quality of their work. What is wrong with the capitalist society is that there is no just and equitable distribution of wealth. Able persons are sometimes denied the opportunities to shine. Their brilliant powers are allowed to go waste or are crushed under the weight of poverty. If these defects are removed, it is a much better system than the dreamland or Utopia imagined by William Morris.

Q 19. How far can it be asserted that Joseph Conrad's Essay on "The West Wind" is a prose poem?

Ans. The distinctions between prose and poetry are

fast vanishing, especially those based on the form of composition. It does not hold water any longer that the one is a rhymed verse and the other is simply prose. A rhymed verse may be dull and prosaic but a prose piece may be inspired and full of imaginative thoughts. Herein lies the keynote of Conrad's essay it is inspired and full of imaginative reflections. The essence of poetry is rich imagination, expression of personal feelings and a force of language coupled with exactness of language. Let us see how far these elements are present in Conrad's essay.

The passage on the West Wind is surcharged with imaginative thought. The poet imagines the West Wind as a powerful monarch (king). He holds sway over the whole of the Atlantic from the islands of Azores to the British Isles. He is depicted as wild and capricious. His moods often change. Usually he is in an angry mood, sending squalls of rain, howling winds and dark clouds. But sometimes he is in a good mood also. In that mood he sends a strong wind which drives the ships homeward at a terrific speed. Thus, his kindness is also very dangerous. His courties are shipwreck, disaster and death. He is a mighty monarch who determines the fate of ships and sailors. Conrad's mind is so full of pictures of the dark, gloomy atmosphere that prevails due to the West Wind that each of his sentences brings home a scene with great force. The following sentence can be quoted as one of the several descriptions of this type :

"Awful and threatening scowls darken the face of the West Wind in his clouded south-west mood; and from the king's throne hall in the Western board stronger gusts reach you, like the fierce shouts of raving fury to which only the gloomy grandeur of the scene imparts a saving dignity."

This passage is replete with (full of) personal feelings of the author. It is not an impersonal description of a strong wind blowing over the high seas. But it is full of personal experiences which are made alive by the author's power of description. As we read this passage it appears almost like a lyric in which the poet gives his personal emotions For example, he says, "I have heard a weary sigh shape itself

into a studiously casual comment. 'Can't see very far in this weather'. And have made answer in the same low perfunctory tone; "No, Sir." Again, he describes the showers of rain which are brought by the West Wind. It sends a shiver through the body as he relates his personal experiences in this respect. For example, he says, "Now and then the rain pours upon your head in streams as if from spouts. It seems as if your ship were going to be drowned before she sank, as if all atmosphere had turned to water. You gasp, you splutter, you are blinded and deafened, you are submerged, obliterated, dissolved, annihilated, streaming all over as if your limbs too had turned to water."

Finally, this brings us to the expression. It is poetical, yet most exact. The author describes the thick, dark atmosphere with a wealth of vocabulary which no other writer could have done. He does not give us vague and indefinite descriptions but he gives us an exact picture of the atmosphere that prevails. The following lines will illustrate this:

> "The South-westerly weather is thick weather par excellence. It is not the thickness of the fog; it is rather a contraction of horizon, a mysterious veiling of the shores with clouds that seem to make a low vaulted dungeon around the running ship!"

The personification of the West Wind as a powerful monarch continues till the end. Moreover there are beautiful similes and metaphors in each of the descriptions.

Thus, we find that from all standards of poetry, this passage is a good example of a prose poem.

Q. 20. Give a critical appreciation of Shelley's poem "Ode to the West Wind"?

Ans. Shelley's *Ode to the West Wind* is a masterpiece of his poetic art. His gift as a singer of beautiful songs appears at its best in this poem. There is a melody (sweetness) of verse which finds expression in lyrical outbursts. The passionate appeals of the poet to the West Wind are expressed in sweet and forceful tones :

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if the leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies,
Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness.

According to Shelley "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought", and the same is true of this *Ode to the West Wind*. A note of melancholy (sadness) runs through this poem. The poet is suddenly reminded of his youth. He finds that his vigour and force has left him. He feels utterly disappointed and disgusted. This mood finds expression in such words as the following:

Oh lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
Me too like thee; tameless, and swift and proud.

Shelley was a rebel and a revolutionary. In his youth he was known as "mad Shelley". He was untamed like the West Wind in which he finds a similar spirit as his own. He wants to be at one with it, and hence he cries:

. . . . . . Be thou, fierce spirit
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

The *Ode to the West Wind* is a fine lyric of great power and suggestiveness. In it the poet passes from an intimate union of himself with Nature to the deep tone of prophecy and the future regeneration of mankind. Poets, philosophers and prophets have seen visions of a golden time when evil will be banished from this earth. Shelley sees force of evil and destruction at work in this world. But he is not disappointed. He feels confident that this world order must go. It will be replaced by a perfect world order in which goodness, justice and peace will reign. The new world must come with the Spring, laden with fresh sweet promises for suffering humanity:

O wind,
If winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

Shelley considers the West Wind both as a destroyer and a preserver. As the wind purifies the wood, so does

the wind sweeten the sky, clarify the ocean, and make stronger and sounder the heart of man. With each fresh change of thought the poet gives us a flood of fine imagery, strengthening the main theme. We thus pass over earth, the sky and the sea, the music growing fuller and more majestic as the poem sweeps on. Shelley was more in love with strong and vigorous elements of Nature, the winds and storms, the sky and the higher regions, rather than with the objects of the earth. In this poem his fiery temperament finds a fit object in the furious West Wind.

Q. 21. How does Mrs. Gaskell's passage on "Jane Eyre" throw light on Charlotte Bronte both as woman and as author.

Ans. Mrs. Gaskell in the short passage gives a clear pen-picture of Charlotte Bronte as a woman and as novelist. Bronte was very careful about her household work as well as her duties to her parents. She would not miss these even when her mind was completely possessed by the ideas of her plot. On such occasions she would rush through her duties and then sit down to pen her thoughts. She would never neglect any of her duties nor call for help from anybody. Another incident gives a noble picture of her as a woman. Her old servant Tabby was eighty years of age. She badly needed the help of a young girl. But she would not tolerate anybody's interference in her work She had grown almost blind, but she was very particular to peel the potatoes herself without anyone's help. The result was that she left black spots (or eyes) of the potatoes unpeeled. Bronte was a very careful housekeeper and could not serve badly peeled potatoes. Yet she would not like to offend the feelings of her old, sensitive servant (Tabby). She would, therefore, herself go and quietly steal the tray of potatoes, remove the black spots and replace it again without Tabby's knowledge Although this interfered with her work, yet, she did it in a noble manner.

From this account we learn that as an author she had certain habits of mind. Firstly, we are told, that she did not write her novels continuously. Sometimes there were gaps of weeks or even months, when she could not think out

anything about the progress of her plot. Then one fine morning as she got up, her tale lay clear and bright before her in distinct vision. Her mind was then possessed by these ideas which she wanted to pen down. But she would not sit down to write until she had finished her household jobs

The second thing about her as an author is that she was extremely careful in the choice of words. She wanted that her words should be the truthful mirror of her thoughts. She would wait patiently and search for the right word or term. She did not care whether it was provincial or derived from Latin, if it truthfully expressed her idea. On account of this quality her style looks like a piece of mosaic (pattern made with small pieces of coloured stone). Each part seems to be dropped in its right place.

The third thing is that she first wrote everything in pencil on small pieces of paper. She would never write a sentence until she clearly understood what she wanted to say, had carefully chosen the words and arranged them in their right order. She used to sit by the fireside and write these scraps of paper in pencil in the twilight hours or when she was awake till late in the night. Her finished work was copied out from these scraps of paper.

Finally, the two sisters, Emile Bronte and Charlotte Bronte, used to read out to each other what they had written in the previous week or two. They would leave their work at nine o'clock and walk up and down the sitting-room discussing things with each other. But Charlotte told the author that she never changed anything of her writings as a result of her sister's comments (remarks). One day she told her sister that it was not necessary to make the heroines always tall and beautiful. Her sister replied that they would not otherwise remain attractive and interesting figures. Charlotte said that she would make Jane Eyre as a plain, small and unattractive girl, and yet in spite of this she would be as interesting as any of her heroines. She proved this to be true by creating the figure and character of Jane Eyre in her novel of that name.

Q. 22. Show how the Gipsy's main purpose is to bring Jane to admit her love for Mr. Rochester, and how Jane avoids betraying herself ?

Ans. Mr. Rochester was the owner of a big estate (landed property). He had employed Jane as a governess (or manager of his household). Many cultured ladies were desirous of being married to him and talked to him in sweet tones But he had discovered the great qualities of Jane's character, though she was a plain and short girl. When a large number of rich guests had come into his house, he pretended one day to go to Millcote. Then he came back dressed as an old gipsy woman and offered to tell their fortunes. One after the other the guests came in and at last it was the turn for Jane. The following conversation between them shows that his whole purpose was to find out whether Jane also loved him secretly or not. But Jane was very cautious (careful) and did not give him any hint at all.

Jane came to the old gipsy woman rather indifferently, not very anxious to know her fortune. The gipsy asked her why she did not tremble before her. Jane replied that she was not cold. Then she asked her why she did not turn pale. Jane replied that she was not sick. She further asked her why she did not want to consult her art. Jane replied that she was not silly. The old woman laughed in a half-suppressed manner and said these words deliberately, " You are cold ; you are sick, and you are silly. You are cold because you are alone, no contact strikes the fire from you that is in you. You are sick, because the best and sweetest feelings given to man keep far away from you. You are silly, because you do not move a step to meet those who want to welcome you." These were sufficient hints for a young girl to unpack her heart and to disclose her secrets. But in reply to all this Jane replied very calmly that such remarks could be made about anyone who lived as a solitary dependent in a big house. Then the gipsy woman asked her to show her palm. According to the old custom Jane crossed it with silver (*i.e.*, gave a silver coin). The woman looked at the hand and said that

fortune was not written in the hand but it was written on the face and the forehead. So, she asked her to kneel down. Jane obeyed her.

Now the gipsy woman slowly and gradually came to talk about Mr. Rochester. She did this very cleverly. She said to her "I wonder what feelings pass in your heart when you sit in that window seat and see fine people pass before you like so many shadows". Jane replied that she often felt tired, sometimes sleepy, but seldom sad. The woman asked her that she must have got a secret hope to cheer her up regarding her future. Now this again was a very clever remark. Jane replied that her only hope was to set up a school in a building rented by her. The gipsy woman said that it was a mean kind of hope, or food for the spirit to live on. She further tried to corner Jane and asked her, "Have you no present interest in any of the company? Is there not one face you study? "One figure whose movements you follow with curiosity?" Jane's careful reply was "I live to observe all the faces." She further asked her whether she singled out any one person out of the rest, or perhaps two persons. Jane told her that she was interested in a couple whenever they talked about marriage. She asked Jane whether she liked this subject. Jane replied that was nothing to her. Then, she said to Jane, in a surprised tone, "Nothing to you? When a young and beautiful lady sits and smiles in the eyes of a gentleman, how do you feel"? Jane said that she did not know the gentlemen in that house. The gipsy woman said that she could not say this about the master of the house. Jane avoided to reply this straight question and said that he was not at home.

The gipsy woman further talked about Mr. Rochester, which was the original purpose of her talk. She said that the circumstances of his being away from the house should not exclude him from the list of her acquaintances (friends). She further asked Jane how she felt when so many people had been smiling with Mr. Rochester. They had been all talking stories about marriage. Jane made a brilliant remark in reply to this. She said "The eagerness of a

listener quickens the tongue of a narrator (one who tells a story)". The gipsy woman asked her whether she had ever pictured to herself the bride of Mr. Rochester. Jane got annoyed by this time and said to her, " never mind mother; I did not come to hear Mr. Rochester's fortune; I come to bear my own, and you have told me nothing of it" After this the gipsy woman goes on reading her qualities of her character from her face.

Thus, it is clear that the sole object of Mr. Rochester was to find out the secret of her heart. But Jane was very cautious and careful in her replies.

Q. 23. Discuss the following statement about "The Card-Dealer" by Rossetti: "The feeling is that of a dark, mystic, and relentless power which holds all humanity in its grip."

Ans. The poet creates the figure of the card-dealer, a woman sitting round a table and telling the fortunes of people from the cards. She is a mysterious figure. She is a strange and awe-inspiring person. She sits calmly by the table softly turning the cards through her fingers. She lets them fall on the table very smoothly. There is a dance going round her and the couples come to her turn by turn to know their fortunes. Although she is an old woman sitting round the table telling the fortunes of people, yet from the beginning we get an impression that she is the fate itself. All human beings are powerless against fate. As the poem advances we find that she is playing with the lives of men and women. The following description proves that this is so.

There is a heap of gold lying before her which is a rich prize for her labours. There are rich dreams woven on her forehead. She sits with a magic stillness dealing with the fates of men and women. She promises to some-one that he would be married to a girl with golden hair. This is a much richer prize.

Whom does she play with, the poet asks. Then he replies that she plays with you people who love the precious

stones on her fingers ; she plays with me who tries to read her secrets, and she plays with all men whether they be blessed or cursed. This shows that she is the mysterious figure of Fate. She is reading the fortunes of men and women in this vain strange land. Then the poet begins to pass reflections on this world. He says that this world is a dark place where the darkness of the night spreads for ever. If a person falls down, he never gets up and a sleeper never awakes. There is a shadow of death spread over everything. These words in the poem create a sad and gloomy atmosphere. This world appears to be merciless and human beings have to suffer a lot.

In the next stanza the poet describes what the cards stand for. The cards of heart stand for greed ; a desire to have more and more. The diamond stands for a person who is skilled to make a mean person appear as brave. The club is a sign of striking in the darkness, *i.e.*, without any knowledge or hope of achieving one's object. The spade is a symbol (sign) of digging a grave, *i.e.*, the person who wants to know his fortune and finds that a card of spade has come, he would die. Thus we find that human beings appear as mere pawns in this game of fate.

Finally, the last stanza completes this impression created by the poet. He says that we can only see the card that falls but she knows the card that follows. In our tongue her game is called Life but when she will speak, we will learn that it is the game of Death. Thus, the poem first gives us the picture of a woman sitting in a dancing hall, and then slowly and gradually she looks as a mysterious figure. She stands for the dark fate of all human beings.

Q. 24. In the first, part selected from Shakespeare's 'Winter's Tale' entitled 'Arraignment of Hermione', what are the situations where you find the following : (a) suspense (b) surprise, and (c) tragic climax?

Ans. This is a piece from Shakespeare's play *Winter's Tale*. The part selected here has a dramatic importance because the reader anxiously awaits the results of the

events. There is great uncertainty and suspense. Then there is a sudden surprise and finally, the events reach a tragic climax. These elements are found in the following situations.

Hermione is accused of having unlawful connections with King Polixenes, king of Bohemia, who was a friend of her husband's. Leontes had invited him to stay with him for some time and has asked his wife, Hermione, to show courtesy to him. After some time he suspected that his wife was not faithful to him. He was also informed that Hermione wanted to kill him secretly with the help of Polixenes. Leontes asked Camillo to poison Polixenes. But Camillo knew Polixenes to be innocent and so he helped him to go back to Bohemia and they both fled away at night. The king suspected that they had fled away with the help of the queen. The scene opens here that the queen is charged of these crimes before the judges in an open court.

After hearing the false accusations (charges) Hermione replies in a dignified manner. She said that Leontes best knew what had been her past conduct. It is chaste and truthful. She appealed to him that she was the daughter of a great monarch, wife of a great king and his sharer in throne, the mother of a hopeful prince. She was being disgraced in an open court before the common people. But Leontes was not prepared to listen to any of these things. Then she told him that she acted towards Polixenes as her sense of honour required. She would have been guilty of disobedience if she had not shown courtesy to his friend. But Leontes held out the threat that she would be put to death. Hermione said that she did not care anything for her life, but she cared a lot more for her honour. She had nothing left in life to tempt her to live. She was being dragged out in a weak condition from her child-bed to appear in the court as an ordinary criminal. There is suspense all along as we read this dialogue. The suspense is at its height when Hermione makes the appeal :

. . . . Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle ;
Apollo be my judge.

We are anxiously waiting for the verdict (decision) of the oracle.

The element of surprise enters when the verdict of the oracle is read out. Hermione is declared as innocent and Leontes, a jealous tyrant. The lords exclaim in surprise, "Now blessed be the great Apollo". Hermione utters only one word in surprise and admiration—"Praised."

The situation of surprise is followed by a tragic climax. A servant rushes in to inform the king and the queen that the young prince is dead. The king feels that this is a clear proof of the warth (anger) of God. Apollo is angry because he had disgraced his verdict. The queen falls down unconscious and from this moment we see a sudden change in the attitude of the king. The tragic situation is further heightened when the king is informed by Paulina that the queen is also dead. Paulina and the queen had, as a matter of fact, thought out this plan to pretend that she was dead.

Q. 25. Show how step by step the feeling is increased that the statue of Hermione is in some way alive.

Ans. King Leontes had been invited by Paulina to see the statue of the so-called dead queen Hermione. He was accompanied by King Polixenes and the latter's son Florizel, his own daughter Perdita, Camillo and other courtiers. As they crossed the galleries and Paulina drew back the curtain they looked at the lifelike statue of Hermione. Leontes remarks that it is just her natural posture. But he is surprised to find that there are wrinkles on the brow of the statue which the queen did not possess. We have a slight feeling from this remark that perhaps the statue is alive. But Paulina answers away this doubt by saying that she has represented the queen as she would have looked now after sixteen years. She would have looked older by this time than when she was alive sixteen years ago.

Next, Perdita proceeds to kiss the statue and to ask for blessings. But she is suddenly stopped by Paulina. She tells her that the colour of the statue is not yet dry. Polixenes notices that the statue appears to be almost alive. He says, " Masterly done! The very life seems warm upon her lips." Leontes also remarks, " The fixture of her eye has motion in it and we are mocked with art." When the feelings of Leontes are stirred, he also wants to kiss the statue. But Paulina gives the same argument again and stops him. All these things strengthen the feeling that the statue may perhaps be alive.

Then Paulina asks the statue to come to life. She makes an appeal to her and lets the music play. The statue begins to move and comes towards Leontes. As Leontes meets her, he says in surprise, " O, she's warm!" Then she embraces him and later on gives her blessings to her daughter, Perdita. Thus the feeling that she is alive is strengthened by and by as we go on reading the play.

Q. 26. Wherein lies the greatness of Shakespeare according to Goerge Meredith ?

Ans. George Meredith declares in his poem on *The Spirit of Shakespeare* that Shakespeare was one of the greatest sons of the Mother Earth. He knew perfectly the human nature and understood the feelings and passions of humanity. His art holds the mirror up to nature, *i.e.*, it is a faithful copy of what we find in actual life. He has represented all kinds of human passions in his plays. That is why Meredith says that " He proved from hell to hell of human passions". His wisdom was warmly human. His smiles are reflected in his plays, that is, he was sympathetic to the problems of human beings. He did not pour satire over the vices (evils) of human beings but rather he sympathised with them in their troubles. His laugh was as all-embracing as a big pasture where ten thousand cattle are grazing. His songs were not divorced from the actual conditions of life. But his words were like the strong wind which separates the chaff from the grain. The grain is true problems of life and chaff is that kind of philosophy which is

not based on life. Thus the greatest homage that Meredith pays to Shakespeare is that he is true to life and gives us a realistic picture. Also his broad sympathy includes all sorts of human passions and emotions as the objects of his study.

EXPLANATIONS WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

R. 1. Notwithstanding this 'possession'......never was the claim of any duty, never was the call of another for help, neglected for an instance.

Ans. These lines are taken from *Jane Eyre* by Mrs. Gaskell. She tells the habits of Miss Charlotte Bronte, who was the author of the novel *Jane Eyre*. Bronte did not get the inspiration to write every day. But on some days the plot of her story seemed to be quite clear before her mind. She would try to finish up her household work early to sit down to write. But she would never neglect any of her duties. This shows her greatness of character.

R. 2. He is too strong for small artifices.

Ans. These words are a part of a sentence which occurs in Joseph Conrad's essay *The West Wind*. The author calls the West Wind as a mighty emperor. He has different moods but each of his angry moods is accompanied by strong gales of wind, rain and hailstorm. The sailors and ships are at his mercy. In the evening the seamen look to the mood of this master and think of their programme. The West Wind is too great a master to play dirty thicks. He does not plot any deep schemes in his mind. He is too strong for such small tricks. There is passion in all his moods. The author further describes how the thick fog and mist spreads around the ships, narrowing the circle of vision. The sailors cannot see anything over a small distance and heave a sigh and say, "Can't see very far in this weather".

R. 3. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for.

Ans. This sentence is selected from the story *The Gift of the Magi* by O'Henry. The author relates the story of a devoted couple, Jim and Della They were poor but each of them wanted to buy a fitting Christmas present for the other. Della went to a barber's shop and sold her golden hair which was cut off. She bought a beautiful chain for her husband's watch. Jim selected a costly comb for Della's hair and sold his watch to buy it. As he came home, he looked at Della's eyes. There was an expression which he could not read. It was neither anger, nor surprise nor any of those feelings which he expected to find on her face. She presented him the chain which she had bought for his watch.

R. 4. Our country is more to be valued and higher and holier than one's mother or father or any other ancestor.

Ans. These words are spoken by Socrates in the essay of that name translated by Jowett. Socrates was put into the prison by the people of Athens for certain charges against him which were really false. They decided to give him a cup of poison and thus to kill him. Crito, the friend of Socrates comes to him in the jail and asks him to escape. Socrates gives him reasons against such a course of action. Among other reasons he gives, he says that if one's master or father were wrongly angry with the child, the latter has no right to go against the former. Similarly our country is even more sacred than our forefathers. We have no right to do anything against her. If he ran away he would be violating (breaking) the laws of the country.

R. 5. The forehead declares, "Reason sits firm and holds the reins, and she will not let the feelings burst away and hurry her to wild charms.

Ans. This sentence is taken out from *Jane and the Gipsy* by Charlotte Bornte. Mr. Rochester pretended to be a gipsy woman. So he sat in the library reading the fortunes of the guests who had come to his estate. Jane also came in. He wanted to discover whether Jane also loved him and

thought of him, as he loved her. But Jane gave very cautious replies and did not tell him her mind. At the end the gipsy woman started reading her qualities of character from her face and forehead. She said that Jane was guided by a strong sense of reason. She was never led away by her feelings and passions. So, she could not be thrown into the deep pits of error by her feelings. In the end, Jane found out that he was her master.

R. 6. Once upon a time people were still anxious about that disease of Idleness.

Ans. These words are selected out of Swinburne's essay on *A Little Shopping*. The author describes an imaginary state of society in which there is no circulation of money and everything can be had free by everybody. The author and his friend Dick roam about the streets of London in that golden age The author gets a tobacco pipe and fine quality Latakia (tobacco) free of cost. Then they exchange views on the subject. There is nobody idle in that state of society. Dick says, Idleness was a disease which was found in the previous generation but it is extinct now, or is found in very mild forms. ' The women who did not work, produced very ugly children. Idle men were those who were accustomed to be served by others.

R. 7. The emotion is not linked up with the future or the past as in a human mind.

Ans. These words are taken from Julian Huxley's essay's on *The Intelligence of Birds*. The author mentions very interesting examples of the differences between the working of the human mind and the bird mind. Among the many other differences, he mentions the attitude of the mother towards her offspring. The female bird cares nothing for a young one who falls ill or is going to die. So long as there is one of the young ones in the nest, the mother does not care anything for the rest. She is not concerned with the past or the future of her young ones, as the human mother cares for Johnny's career or emotion works blindly under the influence of an instinct.

R. 8. Why, said he, should they choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness.

Ans. This sentence is taken from *The Doubting Castle* by Bunyan. Christian and his companion Hopeful entered the territory of Giant Despair. There was the Doubting Castle nearby. The giant gave them a lot of thrashing and threw them into his prison. His wife Diffidence advised him that he should suggest to the two prisoners that they should kill themselves. The Giant threatened to kill them, or else they should kill themselves. But they endured all the misery and did not lose hope. The giant beat them black and blue and said that there was no good in carrying on with a life which was so miserable for them.

R. 9. With a shrewd air he would inform us that he was about to put the savings of a voyage into an advertised trap which a country person would have stepped over without a second contemptuous glance.

Ans. This sentence is selected from *The Master* by H. M. Tomlinson. The author underestimated the abilities of his son. Everybody at home was surprised when the young man got a certificate for being the captain of a ship. But he actually took a ship to Batavia and brought it back safely to England. He was so simple a youth that nobody believed in his power of command over the rough sailors. He would relate stories how he had overpowered a clever shark in the sea. Sometimes he would say that he was going to invest all his savings of the last voyage in a venture by some country priest who was going to send an expedition somewhere. Such advertisements are a hoax (bogus). But he believed in them seriously.

R. 10. Some maintain that man has at least as many instincts as any of the animals, and assign them a leading part in the determination of human conduct and mental process.

Ans This sentence is taken from *The Nature of Instincts* by William McDougall. He explains that instincts play an important part in the case of animals. Some psychologists believe that instincts are the remains of man's un-

civilized form of conduct. They are like the appendix which the surgeon's knife can remove without injuring the digestive system of the human being. But this view is wrong. Other psychologists hold the view that man has as many instincts as the animals have and they play an important part in determining his conduct. McDougall says that this is a correct view.

R. 11. There ought to be pictures in it, so that one could lie back and contemplate them.

Ans. This sentence is taken from *About Bathrooms* by A P. Herbert. He complains that the bathrooms are not made comfortable and luxurious as they should be. There is not sufficient room for taking one's exercises without breaking the light or his own limbs. Then, the bathroom should be properly furnished. There should be pictures in it for reflection. For instance, there may be a picture of troops marching into a trench, or a picture of people standing in a queue waiting for a bus, or the picture of a windy day with some snow in it. The author goes on to suggest various kinds of luxuries for the bathroom.

R. 12. We happen to be the most successful experiment, but we are not therefore the most beautiful or the most ingenious.

Ans. This sentence is taken from *The Intelligence of Birds* by Julian Huxley. The author says that according to the theory of evolution man has developed out of the lower animals. But it is wrong to suppose that each animal or insect is a step in the ladder and that man is at the top of the ladder. It is now believed that the various insects and animals are like the branches of a tree, the ever-growing tree of evolving life. Man is at the top of one of these branches. There existed many other branches, quite different in their nature, in which life was working itself in a different manner than it has worked in the human branch. Life appears to be a series of experiments to deal with the problems of life. We happen to be the most successful experiment, though not the most beautiful one. The author then goes on to describe the difference between the behaviour

of birds and human beings under the influence of instincts. He gives many interesting examples of these differences.

R. 13. I will show you a heroine as plain and as small as myself, who shall be as interesting as any of yours.

Ans. These lines are taken from *Jane Eyre* by Mrs. Gaskell. The author gives the habits of Charlotte Bronte, the writer of the novel *Jane Eyre*. She used to discuss the plots of her stories with her sister, Emile Bronte. But she never changed her stories as a result of such discussions. It was on one of these occasions that Charlotte decided to make her heroine a plain, simple girl, short in stature and unattractive in the ordinary sense of a heroine. Emile remarked that such a heroine would not interest the readers. It would be in violation of the accepted rules. In reply to this Charlotte said that she would prove to her sister that she was wrong in making her heroines beautiful as a matter of course. She would not give her heroine any of those qualities which the novelists usually bestow on theirs. But she would prove that her heroine would be as interesting a figure as any. So, the result was *Jane Eyre*.

R. 14. I met his eyes with a comical expression in them which warned me against another exhibition of extinct commercial morality.

Ans. These lines are taken from a *A Little Shopping* by William Morris. The author imagines a state of society in which there would be no circulation of money and all goods could be had free by everybody. He imagined that he was going through the streets of London with Dick. He went inside a shop and got a fancy tobacco pipe and a good quantity of fine Latakia tobacco. Forced by the habit of making payments he asked the girl who was managing the shop as to how much he had to pay her. She did not understand what he meant by saying this. As the author turned round he looked into the eyes of his friend Dick, who stopped him from putting such questions. He gave him the hint that he had forgotten that no payments were to be made. These things were done in the old days.

R. 15. 'Sell your horse, and I will furnish you with a much better one to ride on'.

Ans. These words are spoken by the friend of Goldsmith which he quotes in *The Letter* that he wrote to his mother. Goldsmith had to go to America and paid the fare to the captain of a ship. But for many days the wind was not favourable. He went to the countryside to enjoy. Suddenly the ship sailed away and he was left with little money in his pocket. He went to the house of a friend who gave him a very cold reception. Goldsmith asked him for the loan of a few pounds to enable him to reach home. He said that Goldsmith should sell his horse and he would give him a better thing to ride on. He showed him his stick which would serve a better purpose. Goldsmith was so much annoyed that he wanted to give him a blow with the same stick. But there was a knock at the door and his friend ran away.

R. 16. Because they were good workmen they thought that they also knew all sorts of high matters.

Ans. This sentence is taken from *Socrates* from Plato's book translated by Jowett. The oracle at Delphi (*i.e.*, the god speaking in the temple at Delphi) announced that Socrates was the wisest of men. He set out to see if there was any wiser man than himself and to test the truth of this statement. He first went to the politcians. He found that they pretended to be wise but they knew really very little. So, he thought that he was better off than they, because they knew nothing and thought that they knew, while he neither knew nor thought that he knew. Then he went to the poets. He found that they did not know as much about their own poems as others knew. Then he went to the artisans. They knew many things which he did not know, and so in this matter they were wiser than he. But they also committed the same error as the poets, because they were good workmen, they thought that they knew all sorts of high matters.

R. 17. He devastates his own kingdom in the wantonness of his force.

Ans. These words are spoken about the West Wind by Joseph Conrad. He compares the West Wind to a mighty monarch who is wild and fierce. The sailors try to study his mood and they regulate their programme for sailings. When he is in an angry mood he sends a fierce gale of wind accompanied by showers of rain and hailstorm. He sends his battalions over the Atlantic Ocean and whips its waters mercilessly. His wild mood is full of dangerous results. He is a monarch who causes ruin and destruction in his own kingdom.

R. 18. Another of my inventions is the progress Indicator.

Ans. This is taken from A. P. Herbert's essay *About Bathrooms*. He suggests various kinds of improvements in the bathrooms to make them more comfortable and luxurious. He says there should be pictures to think over them, fine kind of furniture and musical instruments, so that one may sing in the bathroom. There should be articles for shaving and nice kind of bath fitted with trays for soap and other articles. Finally, he suggests that there may be an indicator attached to the bathroom, so that people sitting outside and waiting for their turn may know what is the stage at which the person inside has reached. They should know whether he is yet taking the exercises or is taking bath, and so on.

R. 19. 'It depends on yourself to stretch out your hand and take it up ; but whether you will do so, is the problem I study'.

Ans. These words are spoken by Mr. Rochester to Jane in *Jane and the Gipsy* by Charlotte Bronte. Mr. Rochester was the owner of a big estate and Jane was a governess employed in his house. He wanted to find out the secret of her heart whether she loved him or not. He pretended to be an old gipsy woman who told the fortunes of all the people that had come to his house. When Jane came inside he told her fortune also. He remarked that she was silly because she did not respond to the love of those who

loved her. He had offered his hand of love to her but he was studying whether she accepted it or not.

R. 20. Now more than ever seems it rich to die.

Ans. This line is taken from Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale.* The poet was sitting in an orchard in the evening when he heard the song of a nightingale which was flying over the valley. This started a chain of reflections in his mind. At first he felt that he had taken a draught of some sleep-inducing drug and he were sinking into the lower world. He envied the lot of the nightingale who sang happy songs and did not know the miseries of this world. He wished to fly along with her, not on the chariots of the god of wine but with the help of his power of fancy. He had often been in love with death and called him in soft rhymes to come to him. But he felt that it would be the most pleasant thing to die at that moment, when he was listening to the song of the nightingale.

R. 21. Those eyes unravel the coil'd night.

Ans. This line is taken from D. G. Rossetti's poem *The Card-Dealer.* The poet describes the strange figure of the woman who is reading the fortunes of people from the cards. She is sitting round a table and a party of men and women is dancing in the hall. They come to her turn by turn to know their fortunes. The looks of the card-dealer produce an effect which is nothing short of an intoxication of wine. Her eyes reveal mysteries of the night and can see the stars at noontime. He further tells us that the game she is playing is the game of Life and Death

R. 22. Tears shed there
Shall be my recreation.

Ans. These words are spoken by King Leontes in Shakespeare's play *Winter's Tale* out of the portion called *The Arraignment of Hermione.* Leontes had charged his wife Hermione of having been unfaithful to him. She defended herself in the open court and at last appealed to the god Apollo to give his verdict. The courtiers brought

the letter from the temple of Apollo in which it was written that Hermione was innocent and Leontes was a cruel tyrant. Leontes said that it was a false verdict. Immediately the news was brought that his son, the young prince, was dead. Hermione fell down unconscious. She was removed by Paulina. Some time afterwards Paulina brought the news that Hermione was also dead. The king ordered that both of them should be buried in the same grave. He would daily shed tears of repentance at their grave. These words show the great change that has taken place in the king.

R. 23. God hath no better praise.

Ans. This line is taken from the poem *I Love All Beauteous Things* by Robert Bridges. The poet says that he loves and adores (praises) all kinds of beautiful thinges of this world. God bestows his best praise on them and man is honoured by them. Then he says that he, too, will try to create something beautiful and feel joy in the making of it, even though in this world things of beauty perish soon.

R. 24. This glory, jest and riddle of the world.

Ans. This line is taken from the poem *Essay on Man* by Pope. The poet counts the great qualities of man as well as his weaknesses. He says that man should try to know himself rather than attempt to know God. The proper study of mankind is man. Man is a strange combination of good and bad qualities. He is a bundle of contradictions, he possesses greatness as well as weakness. He is a being who is wise as well as ignorant. He hangs between the spiritual considerations and bodily considerations. He is created to rise and half to fall. He is the great lord of the whole of creation and yet he is the prey to all. He is the glory of the world and yet he is an object of mockery. Truly he is a great puzzle.

R. 25. The old ships draw to home again, the young ships sail away.

Ans. This line is taken from Gerald Gould's poem

Wander-Thirst. The poet feels a strong urge to roam all over the world. He wants to explore the countries beyond the sunrise in the East and beyond the seas in the West. He feels that the sea calls and the stars call, and there is the call of the sky. The white road leads to many lands. The objects of nature like the rivers, mountains and birds have an irresistible charm for him. From the horizon day and night there appear the ships—the old ships coming back home and the young ships starting on their adventurous voyages. Thus, the poem expresses the great urge in the mind of the poet for a wander-thirst.

R. 26. Some work of noble note may yet be done.

Ans. This line is taken from the poem *Ulysses* by Lord Tennyson. It is a poem representing the spirit of adventure with which the mind of man has always been filled. The old hero of the Trojan war. Ulysses, comes back home after a life of wanderings over the sea and land. He cannot reconcile himself to a lazy kind of life. So he decides to go out in search of adventures once again. He would go out for good, never to return home. He recounts how he and his companions have struggled against the fearful odds. Now they find it impossible to lead a life of indolence (laziness). So he says that he might still be able to do some useful work.

R. 27. This life cannot be all, they swear,
For how unpleasant if it were.

Ans. These lines are taken from the poem *Heaven* by Rupert Brooke. This poem gives an imginary picture of paradise as imagined by the fish It is really a satire on man's conception of Heavens The fish begin to express their hopes and fears. They feel that this life is not all ; there must be a life beyond. They think that somehow good will come out of water and mud. There was a Creator of this Universe who swam before there were rivers. When they will go to heaven they will swim in the Eternal stream where there will be plenty of insects and grubs to eat and no worm will hide a fishing hook. Thus, it is a picture of the life beyond, as imagined by the fish.

R. 28. Be through my lips to unawakened earth
The trumpet of a prophecy !

Ans. These lines are taken from Shelley's poem *Ode to the West Wind*. The poet is impressed by the free and wild nature of the West Wind which is exactly akin (similar) to his own. He calls the West Wind a destroyer of the withered leaves but it preserves the seeds for the next year. The leaves are driven before it like the ghosts fleeing before a magician. The poet wishes that he were a dead leaf or a cloud so that he could roam with the West Wind. Finally, he makes an appeal to it to spread his thoughts over the universe like sparks from an extinguished hearth. Let it be the trumpet of a prophecy to the earth was has been sleeping, and he says,

O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

R. 29. Thence came the honeyed corner of his lips.

Ans. This line is taken from the poem *The Spirit of Shakespeare* by George Meredith. The poet says that Shakespeare was one of those great men who knew the Mother Earth thoroughly. He understood the wide range of human passions. But his wisdom was not spoiled by love. This was so because he was faithful to nature. That is why there is a sweetness to be found in his words. His plays are a faithful copy of nature. His laugh was liberal and as broad as the big pasture over which ten thousand cattle graze.

R. 30. Would you not deem it breathed, and that it verily draws blood ?

Ans. These words are spoken by King Leontes in *The Statue* by Shakespeare. Paulina brings Leontes to see the statue of Hermione who was supposed to be dead sixteen years ago. There was Perdita, the daughter of Hermione, with him, as also Polixenes, Camillo and Florizel. When they look at the statue they feel that it is exactly lifelike. Leontes remarks that her posture is natural but there are

more wrinkles on her face. Paulina explained this by saying that she had taken into consideration the sixteen years that had passed. Perdita and Leontes proceed to kiss her but she is stopped by Paulina. She says that the colour is no yet dry. Leontes draws the attention of King Polixenes and says these words. He says that it appears as if she were breathing and there was blood in her veins. Finally, Paulina asks the statue to come back to life and she begins to move. She embraces her husband and gives her blessings to her daughter, Perdita.

R. 31. Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplex'd?

Ans. This line is taken from the poem *Sweet Content* by Thomas Dekker. The poet asks whether you are poor and enjoy a golden sleep. What a sweet content you have! But if you are rich and are always troubled at heart, what a punishment it is! Accumulating wealth is no good. Honest labour bears a lovely face. Thus, the poet praises sweet contentment which does not depend on wealth.

R. 32. It is the star to every wandering bark, whose worth?

Ans. These lines occur in Shakespeare's Sonnet 116. The poet defines what is true love. He says that it is not love which changes with the changes that take place in the beloved or in the course of time. But it is an ever-fixed mark which stands firm like a rock in the midst of storms. It is like a star to every wandering boat. Nobody can measure its volume, its value, although people may try to take the height of that star. Love is not Time's fool, although rosy lips and cheeks fade with the passage of time.

R. 33. We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon.

Ans. This line is taken from William Wordsworth's Sonnet 23. Wordsworth is a worshipper of Nature. He laments that men of his age are so busy that they find no time to appreciate the beauties of Nature. They are all the time thinking of earning money and they waste the

valuable talents given to them by Nature. He feels sorry that men have given away their hearts to the mean pursuit of wealth, and care nothing for the noble influences of Nature. It is a mean kind of advantage. He would rather prefer to be a pagan and have glimpses of the old sea-gods blowing their horned trumpet rather than be a modern man.

**R. 34. How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use.**

Ans. These lines occur in Lord Tennyson's poem *Ulysses*. Ulysses had fought in the war of Troy and then he wandered for a number of years in search of his island home. Wandering had become a second nature with him. When he came back home he could not think of an idle life. He started again in quest of adventures. He said that he could not rest from travel. He would drink life to the last drop of it. He had wandered over many lands; seen many forms of governments, different kinds of manners, climates and councils. He could not sit idle. It would be extremely dull that an active man should adopt a life of inactivity, to make an end. It would be just as an unused metal which becomes rusted rather than shine in use. The underlying philosophy of the poem is the spirit of adventure and the search for knowledge which is present in the mind of man. It is such a thirst which can never be quenched.

R. 35. Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves.

Ans. This line is taken from *Ode to the Nightingale* by Keats. The poet was charmed by the song of the nightingale who flew over the valley. He started reflecting on the hard lot of man and compared it with the carefree life of the bird. He also thought of the beautiful flowers around him and enjoyed their smell. The stanza from which this line is taken is famous for his delight in the pleasures of the senses—the colours and the smell, etc. He says that he cannot see what flowers are at his feet. But he is conscious of the soft fragrance hanging upon the branches of the trees around him. There are the wild fruit-trees, the haw-

throne and eglantine flowers and the violet flowers which fade away very soon covered with leaves.

R. 36. You speak a language that I understand not.

Ans. These words are spoken by Hermione when she replies to the threats of Leontes in the *Arraignment of Hermione* by Shakespeare. Hermione had been accused by her husband to have been faithless to him. She defended her position but her husband gave her threats that she would lose her life. She replied in these words, meaning thereby that she cared little for her life. She valued honour more than her life. (for ref., see also No 22).

R. 37. Wild spirit, which art moving everywhere
Destroyer and Preserver ; hear, oh hear !

Ans. These lines are taken from Shelley's poem *Ode to the West Wind.* The poet addresses the West Wind as a spirit which destroys as well as preserves. (See also No. 28). The violent wind that blows drives away the withered leaves before it like a magician driving away the ghosts. But at the same time it takes the seeds and protects them for the next year by depositing them in the pits. Thus, it serves the double purpose of a destroyer and a preserver. He asks the wind to be his mouthpiece, to spread his thoughts over the universe and to be the trumpet of his prophecy :

O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

R. 38. Fat caterpillars drift around,
And paradisal grubs are found.

Ans. These lines are taken from the poem *Heaven* by Rupert Brooke. (For ref., see also No. 27.) The poem is a satire on man's conception of Heavens. The fish are thinking how happy and luxurious will be the paradise for them. There will be no fishing hooks hidden in worms and thrown into the water to catch them. There will be

nice weeds in water to give them shelter. They will have abundance of food in the Eternal stream of the Paradise. There will be lots of insects, and grubs in that stream.

R. 39. Her game in thy tongue is called Life,
As ebbs thy daily breath;
When we shall speak, Thou'll learn her tongue
And know she calls it Death.

Ans. This stanza is taken from the poem *Card-Dealer* by D. G. Rossetti. (For ref., see also No 21.) The poem opens in a description of the Card dealer and the dancers who want to know their fortunes. But as the poem proceeds further, it becomes the gloomy and dark fate of all mankind. It relates how the mysterious woman, the card-dealer, is playing with the lives of men and women. There is a tragic note in this last stanza. It is a sad reflection on the fate of mankind in general. The poet says that the game which she is playing is called Life in our language, but as she will speak, you will come to know that it is called Death in her tongue. That is to say, she is telling us all sorts of gloomy things and miserable plight of human beings.

A BOOK OF ENGLISH PROSE

I. SUMMARIES

1. THE IMPORTANCE OF ART

Science cannot give us any explanation of the quality of a piece of music. It is unable to distinguish between good music and bad. Not to speak of music, it cannot tell us the quality of any work of art. It can give you the exact measurements of a man's body but cannot tell you anything about his quality, *i.e.*, his personal character. It cannot enlighten us about the quality because quality or character belongs to the world of values, while science is limited to the material world, the world which it can measure.

A clumsy, shabby and roughly-built toy made by a little boy who is dead has no value in the material world. Nobody would give a half penny for it. But to the mother of that boy, this wooden object would be the most valuable thing. This value has nothing to do with its price which is measured by science.

This means that this world of values is concerned with our feelings. We can enter this world through music, through painting, through religion, through anything which moves our feelings and touches our inmost lives. Every one who is human enough to feel affection for people or places must know something of this world, we cannot measure the value of a person or a place we love, in terms of pounds, shillings and pence. If a person cuts himself off from all forms of art he is depriving his life of many chances of happiness and strength. The shabby wooden toy exists in both the worlds. For the mother it has an immense value as a souvenir (نشانی) of her dead son. For a stranger it is merely a little dirty, piece of wood, having little value. Both these worlds are real. We belong to both the worlds. If we think we only belong to the material world we would get out of touch with the world of values and vice versa. We have to live in both the worlds. If we want to live in the world of values we should keep in touch with the best works of art, music, painting and books. The best works of art have a universal appeal. They might be thousands of

years old, but they still appeal to us and move our hearts. The world of values is independent of time.

Among the works of art we are here concerned with books, not the text-books, books on science, medicine and engineering which give us information, but books whose value is only artistic. These books do not help us in building houses, roads or bridges. They do not give us any practical information.

Some people say that the world would go on as usual if Chaucer, or Shakespeare, Plato or Homer had not been born or had not written their great books. Such people cannot understand and appreciate the works of art. They look upon them only as a means of recreation. They cannot imagine the loss that we would suffer if the great books (books of stories, of poetry, or fiction) were destroyed. We can get an idea of this loss if we consider for a moment what would happen in the practical world, if all the technical books (books on science, engineering or medicine) were suddenly destroyed or were not written at all. It would be a tremendous (huge) loss. Each generation would have to start all over again. The world would be deprived of the services of its great doctors, engineers and architects and we would be a race of savages. In the same way if all the novels, poems and plays were destroyed we should be as poor in the world ef values. We should be savages in this world. The Nazis realized this and that is why they destroyed so many books of literature and philosophy while they preserved all their technical books. If they had faced the books of the first category and read them they would have felt ashamed of what they were doing. These books contain the record of what men have found out and learned about their inmost selves and not about other things. They deal with their feelings, emotions, hopes, fears, their sense of beauty, their religion, indeed everything that belongs to the inner world of values.

The history of man is not only a history of battles against nature and of victories over other things but it is a history of his battle with himself and of his victory over himself. That inner history has no text-books. It is not found in the technical books, but in the works of imagination ; in litera-

ture, music and paintings. It is only in these books that we find the story of what men have felt and hoped, believed, suffered, mourned and laughed at in every age. It is in these books that we learn that the little things of life, joys and pleasures, annoyance, and sorrows have always been the same. When we read about the feelings and emotions of the great characters of fiction, we feel that we have friends, recognisable friends all through human history. This discovery has a real value but it cannot be measured in terms of pounds, shillings and pence. It has a strange influence on our growth as human beings.

These books have also a great part to play in making us understand the people of other nations. Novels which reflect the character of the people about whom they are written are the best ambassadors that a country can produce.

We realize that the foreigners who otherwise seem so strange have the same feelings. They hope for the same things, love in the same way, suffer jealousy, disappointment and fear and respond to kindness and friendship in the same way as we do.

When we discover this, we feel a great relief to find that we and they have so much in common. And in spite of so much difference we are brought so close to them. This is the great contribution of these books.

2. THE MYSTERY OF THE MARY CELESTE

On the 13th December 1872, the Nova Scotian ship, the "Dei Gratia", arrived at Gibraltar harbour along with a small, two-masted ship which had been found neglected and deserted by her crew. Captain Morehouse, master of the "Dei Gratia" told an amazing story about the discovery of this small ship.

On the 4th December the "Dei Gratia" had sighted a ship sailing towards the coast of Spain. It did not answer the Captain's signal. When he watched it through the binoculars he found that there was nobody on its deck. Fearing that this ship had been attacked by the pirates or some other

calamity had befallen it, the Captain ordered that it should be chased. But it was sailing at such a fast speed that they could not come up with her for many hours. On reaching near her they again signalled but there was no response. A boat was at last lowered and three men were sent to board the strange ship and find out the facts.

They learnt that it was the "Mary Celeste" of New York. They shouted for her sailors and searched for them but they could not find even a single human being on the ship.

In the cabin they found that breakfast had been set for three persons. It seemed that they had just started the breakfast when they had heen called away, as among the things on the table there were three cups of tea hardly tasted and a boiled egg with the top chipped off.

There were three shirts hung out to dry, various valuable including a five-pound note, a harmonium, books on music, and a chest of a woman's clothes had been left behind. Everything was in its place except the Captain's own clothes which were scattered about. His gold watch and chain hung over a hook.

It was not celar why the ship had been abandoned (deserted). Almost all the things were in their place. It showed that the ship had not encountered (faced) bad weather. There was also no sign of panic or haste. The boats were in place. They bore no sign of having been afloat.

Though most of the ship's papers were gone, they found the official log book. The last entry in this log book had been made on the 24th November. It seemed that the ship had been left on that day and had sailed the Atlantic ocean without a human being on board covering a distance of 750 miles and without diverting from her normal course on her way to Gibraltar.

This was the story told by Captain Morehouse when he reached Gibraltar.

The authorities took a very serious view of the affair. They suspected that foul play had occurred. A board of Examiners was appointed. On examining the ship they discovered deep cuts on the top rail and some blood stains

on it and also a blood-stained sword.

They also found a portable sewing machine with a reel of cotton, a thimble and a phial of oil. In the sewing machine was a half-made garment apparently a child's pinafore. This showed that a woman and a child were also involved in the crime.

The U. S. Consul ordered an independent inquiry. They did not believe in the idea of a crime and discovered that the blood stains found on the sword and the top rail were in fact a mixture of rust (زنگ) and linseed oil.

The whole story was full of mystery. Reports appeared in the newspapers and public interest increased. There was no further information except that "Mary Celeste", a small ship of 282 tons had sailed from New York laden with barrels of alcohol, destined for Geneva. She had on board Capt. Briggs, his wife Sarah, their child aged two, and seven sailors. All the ten persons on board had completely disappeared between the Azores and Gibralar, leaving no trace behind. Since nothing further was known, strange stories were invented by story-writers. Arthur Conan Doyle too put forward an adventurous story involving black sailors and ferocious negroes. But judging from the fact that there were no blacks on board the ship, this story too seemed to be just a piece of fiction.

Another explanation offered was that some giant fish had risen from the sea and devoured the crew one by one.

Mr. Solly-Flood believed that the crew had drunk some of the alcohol on board and had murdered their officers and left the ship in panic. The owner of the ship did not believe in this story. His theory was that the crew had been frightened at the idea that the gases escaping from the cargo of alcohol might cause an explosive, and had left the ship. But the presence of boats disproved this theory.

The latest explanation of the mystery was offered by John Pemberton, the cook of the ship. According to this story the "Mary Celeste" and the "Dei Gratia" lay in New York harbour. The former vessel carried a cargo of timber and whale oil. The crew did not want to go with a cargo

of whale oil which in hot weather gives off a sickening smell. There was some trouble over this issue. Captain Briggs of the "Mary Celeste" borrowed three men from the "Dei Gratia" and the ship sailed. On the way the mate and a sailor often quarrelled. The Captain did not interfere in their quarrels. He was a sobre, peaceful man dominated by his wife who was very fond of playing the piano. To prevent accidents the mate had, by the Captain's orders, pushed the piano in position, so that it may not be upset.

One day the ship turned over to the right due to a hot gust of the wind but it was righted in time by the steerman. The piano which had been lashed in position broke loose and crushed Mrs. Briggs who died next morning.

The Captain was shocked by this catastrophe. (calamity). Deep grief turned his brain and he shut himself in his cabin and disappeared from there. It is not clear whether he committed suicide or was murdered by the mate. The mate and the sailor again quarrelled and the mate threw the sailor overboard in a fight. Later on the mate and two other sailors slipped ashore on the first opportunity, when nearing an island on the way. Now four persons were left on board—the cook Pemberton and the three men borrowed from the "Dei Gratia". They decided to wait for their own ship. On the 7th December they were sighted and brought back to the "Dei Gratia" by Captain Morehouse who entered the harbour with the deserted "Mary Celeste".

This story too is incredible in many points. The piano story does not seem to be probable. The fact is that a harmonium was found in the cabin. There is nothing in it about the Captain's little daughter. Then it mentions that the cargo was whale oil, while in fact it was alcohol. This story too is incredible and the mystery of the "Mary Celeste" still remains a mystery.

3. A FUNERAL

On a grey, damp and quiet afternoon a few mourners including the author had gone to a Surrey Churchyard to

bury a sincere friend who had died after a short illness. While they stood by the grave, a football match continued in a nearby field without showing any regard for the deceased. This shows how in this busy jostling world we are in death in the midst of life, just as we are in life in the midst of death.

The deceased was a short, sturdy Irish gentleman, an old scholar whose head was stored with the best literature. He was a genial, kind-hearted and straight forward man, who showed you all his thoughts. He had the lyrical passages of the best poets like Shakespeare, Wordsworth and Keats at his tongue's end.

He was fond of only three things in life ; his books, his friends and long walks. He worked without much method and probably courted his fatal illness in this way. Although a great scholar, he did not produce any work in his own name. On the other hand he kept helping others liberally with his vast knowledge. He left his own work unfinished. He had worked over it for so long that it had come to be something of a joke. If, however, this treasure did not reach the world, it would be because no one was able to read it due to the author's awful handwriting.

Although normally kindly and tolerant he became very angry to hear of meanness or injustice. He had a quick chivalrous temper and would at once get ready to fight with a person for being rude to a lady or to a friend of his. Sometimes he would start fighting with a bus conductor for not showing due courtesy to the ladies.

Although he usually worked without method, yet he mixed a fine whisky punch with great devotion for entertaining his friends.

He was so fond of reading that even on his short distance journeys he would carry a heavy hand-bag filled with books to read in the train. This only showed his zeal for reading and was by no means a satire on the railway system.

It was a strange little group of persons that had come to attend his burial ceremony. There were two or three

relatives and eight of his literary friends, most of them men of intellect. They were all feeling a little uncomfortable in their formal black dress. They were serious and thoughtful but not very sad. Their friend had lived a happy bochelor's life and died a comfortable death at the age of 63 after the first real illness of his life. If he had lived longer he would have suffered the pangs of old age. But death whenever it comes is a mystery before which one cannot stand unmoved. The author, too, was sad at the thought that such a brain with so much knowledge of Shakespeare and other poets had ceased to be and death had conquered at last.

Even in these sad thoughts the author was amused to see how the small group of mourners came out slowly into the churchyard, holding their hats close to their heads, though not exactly on the head for the sake of respect for the dead. On the other hand the priests kept their skull-caps tightly on their heads, as if God in his great mercy did not mind their lack of respect for the dead.

The dear old friend was lowered into the grave and buried amidst the shouts of the football players. The mourners fixed their hats on their heads and returned to the town.

4. PARENTS AND CHILDREN

In this lesson the author deals with the responsibility of parents in bringing up children. In the western civilisation it is the parents who really play an important role in a child's development.

If we read different books about children four points stand out clearly. The first point is that children can adapt themselves to all types of diets and systems of nourishment. The sceond point is that children do not grow up satisfactorily unless they are brought up in a good home and are loved. The third point is that it is really the behaviour of the adults (that they share with the children) which makes a home good or had. House clothes, diet, etc.. do not matter much. The fourth point is that the behaviour

of the grown-up people is not a simple matter of their own individual character or morals.

Our behaviour to our children and to ourselves largely depends upon the outside circumstances.

People are eager to know about the problems of the behaviour of children, *i.e.*, why a child shows difficulty in toilet training or why another is not keen about games, or why a third is not a good mixer and quarrels with other children. In order to find out the causes of abnormal behaviour they will have to take into account the child's family instead of merely focussing on children. In modern times we have to take into account not merely the child's family but the society as a whole.

We grown-up people know that our own characters were affected by the way in which we were brought up. Our outside circumstances, worries and satisfaction not only affect our behaviour but also influence our children. It goes much deeper. Our babits and beliefs and the ideas of right and wrong are not merely the results of our individual temperaments but are the products of the time and place in which we happen to be born. Our characters standards and ideas are moulded by social pressures. They are the results of 'learned behaviour and not merely a part of human nature.

There are some very interesting examples of this "learned behaviour". Many well-educated and quite intelligent Hindus regard the cow as sacred. They consider it wicked to kill and eat the "foster-mother". These strange and extraordinary ideas strangely affect the behaviour of parents and their children.

In some countries begging and even stealing may be considered to be a part of good behaviour while in others revengeful and bloody fights may be held necessary and honourable. The children learn these strange things through their elders and their ideas are in this way affected by the beliefs of their elders. In Indo-China it is considered vulgar and impious to make money and acquire property. This Buddhist belief is similar to the Christian belief that the rich are at a moral disadvantage. But in Europe and

America social traditions run contrary to the religious judgment about property.

Thus our social and religious ideas are quite contradictory. We are teaching our children two opposite things at once. These opposite ideas often bewilder an intelligent child. But this is not the case only with our culture. Other cultures too have their contradictions. In Indo-China good and pious people see no harm in getting drunk as often as possible. They also live in clean and tidy villages. Thus good parents in that part of the world teach their children the opposite lesson of drunkenness and neatness. In Mediaeval England high society children were taught to devote their lives to keeping fights with neighbours and relatives and to indulge in deadly serious love affairs. In China on the other hand the good life was devoted to friendship, poetry and respect for parents. Hard work and ambitious life were not liked.

If we are conventional parents we would accept these queer ideas as natural and proper. But we would be shocked if our children started questioning them because of their strangeness, and we will have to satisfy their curiosity.

Each child has to learn the ways of the particular culture pattern into which he was born and he learns the main ideas through the example of his parents. A little later these lessons are contradicted or reinforced by contact with other playmates, school-fellows and teachers and later on by the society when he goes out into the world.

We have to study our western way af life and also the sort of characters, virtues and habits which that way of life creates. We have to understand into what sort of grown-up people we are trying to mould our children. In this we have also to keep in view the particular individual temperament of the child, which may or may not fit in into our accepted conventional pattern. If we want to do our best for the little children whom we love, it is our duty to examine our own deep rooted ideas and our traditions.

It is necessary because we ourselves may not be satisfied with our own traditions and ways of life that have given us two world wars in one generation and created so much dis-

contentment and frustration in our minds. If we feel that our children deserve to inherit a happier destiny then we should have the courage to examine our own western traditions. We, for the sake of our children, cannot afford to remain its uncritical products. We have to find out the virtues of the western way of life, as well as its faults which are proving dangerous to our happiness and also the contradictions that hide unnoticed among our current ideas (attitudes). During our efforts in this direction we may find that what we really need is courage and a few other neglected qualities and virtues and in bringing up our children we may safely leave aside some of the current attitudes.

5. THE GREEN DONKEY-DRIVER

The bell of Monastier was striking nine when Stevenson left the town with his donkey whom he called Modestine. He did not tamper with the animal while passing through the streets. When he had crossed the ford (small stream) he took the staff (stick) in his right hand and applied it to the donkey. Modestine began to walk fast but just after three steps she became slow as before. He applied the stick twice again but it had the same effect. But being a true English gentleman he did not want to treat a female roughly. Her legs were trembling and her breathing was painful. So he decided to let her go at her own pace.

But her pace became very slow, much slower than even walking. The driver had to hang on each foot and walk so slowly with the donkey that the muscles of his legs began to ache. But he had to keep pace with her. If he dropped a few yards behind or went a few yards ahead the donkey would stop. The thought that he had to go a long way at this speed seemed to make him miserable.

After some time a peasant came that way. He stopped to look at the driver in his plight. When he learnt that the driver and his donkey had been walking at this pace all along the way he laughed heartily. Then he plucked up a switch (stick) out of a bush and began to whip the animal at the back. She pricked up her and ears started running quite fast. She kept this pace without flagging (becoming slow) as

long as the peasant was beside them.

When this unexpected helper left the driver, he gave him the switch and taught him the word "Proot", the cry of donkey-drivers. This cry, he said, would make the donkey run fast. This word had, in deed, the desired effect for the rest of the afternoon.

On the way he passed by an overcrowded church. The pleasant sound of the priests singing in the quiet surroundings and the sight of the resting countryside had a very good effect on his spirits.

In his pleasant mood he came down the hill to Goudet in a green end of a valley surrounded by mountains. There he took his midday meal and set forth again. But as he climbed the long slope of the mountain on the other side his magic word "proot" seemed to have lost all its effect. The donkey held stubbornly to her slow pace. He had to follow her constantly applying the stick. The moment he stopped she would fall into her own pace. He got fed up with the sound of his own blows. Modestine at this hour seemed to resemble an old lady of his acquaintance, who had been once so kind to him. This thought made him disgusted with his cruelty.

On their way they met another donkey who happened to be a gentleman. He and Modestine met with great joy but the driver had to stop this romantic affair by applying his stick to the lover with all force.

He had to use his stick so constantly in the blazing heat of the sun that sweat ran into his eyes. To add to his troubles, the things loaded on the donkey's back would get loose and swing to one side. He had to stop the donkey and readjust the load after every few minutes. At last in the village of Ussel the whole load turned round and fell into the dust. He had to undergo a great trouble in reloading the fallen things. But the moment he had done so, the load fell down upon the other side. Although in the meantime a number of persons had gathered round him, yet none offered him any help. In this trouble he had to carry a number of articles on his own shoulder and leave the others on the donkey's back. While passing through the streets

the donkey troubled him all the more by trying to enter every house and every courtyard on the way. A priest and his companions laughed loudly when they saw him in his plight.

When he was out of the village, the donkey set her heart upon a by-road and refused to leave it in spite of his efforts. He dropped his bundles and took his revenge by striking her twice upon the face. At last he sat down by the roadside to relieve himself under the influence of tobacco and brandy. He threw away some of his spare things to make his burden light. Then he slung his basket containing the remaining articles under his arm.

Now he had a hand free to thrash Modestine and he beat her cruelly, as it was getting late.. The sun had gone down leaving a few streaks of gold on the hills in the east. There were too many roads leading hither and thither through the fields. He could see his destination in the distance but these roads seemed to turn away from his destination. The light was failing and the unfamiliar stony country seemed to fill him with despair. But he kept using his stick constantly.

Suddenly the load fell down once more and his articles were again scattered on the road. It took him half an hour to reload his things. By this time it was already dusk and he was still in the wilderness. In a short time he saw two persons walking over the stones. They were a son and a mother. He hailed the son and asked him about the way. He pointed loosely north-west, said something and walked on without even slacking his pace. The mother did not even raise her head. He shouted after them but they turned a deaf ear to his cries and walked along. At last he had to run after them. As he reached near them they stopped. The son once more said something and was about to walk forward when the donkey-driver got hold of the mother, apologised for his rudeness and once again asked about the way. They told him that he should follow them. After a sharp ascent of 20 minutes he reached the edge of a plateau.

Soon they were on the high-road. He was surprised to

see a big village close at hand, because the pair had told him that the neighbouhood was deserted. Children were driving home cattle from the fields. He asked one of the children where he was. He was told that he was at Bouchet St. Nicholas. He was still a mile south of his destination. But as he was tired and his shoulder was cut and his arm was aching with constant beating, he decided to stay at the inn for the might.

6. THE HOUR AND THE MAN

On the morning of the 10th May 1940 came the big news that the Germans had invaded both Holland and Belgium and crossed their frontiers at several points.

At about 10 o'clock Sir Kingsley-Wood came from the Prime Minister, Mr. Chamberlain to see Mr. Churchill. He told Churchill that the Prime Minister felt that in this emergency he (Prime Minister) should continue in his office. But Kingsley-Wood had told him that in view of the new crisis it was all the more necessary to have a National Government and Mr. Chamberlain had accepted his (Kingsley's) view. At about 11 o'clock Mr. Churchill was sent for by the Prime Minister. Lord Halifax also happened to be there. Mr. Chamberlain told them (Churchill and Halifax) that in view of the non-co-operation of the Labour Party he could not form a National Government. He was therefore thinking who should be asked to form the new Government.

Mr. Chamberlain felt that in view of Churchill's heated controversy with the Labour Party in the House of Commons, he (Churchill) might not be able to win their support. He, therefore, had Lord Halifax in his mind, as his successor. Churchill kept quiet. Halifax told the Prime Minister that as a Peer (member of the House of Lords) he would not be able to guide the House of Commons. Therefore it would be difficult for him to discharge the duties of Prime Minister in the war.

Churchill now knew that the duty would fall on him. He told Mr. Chamberlain that he would not have any talks with the opposition parties unless he had the King's order

to form a Government. After some time Churchill came back to the Admiralty.

In his room he found the Dutch Ministers. After the invasion of their country they had flown to England. Their country was in complete confusion. The long prepared defence scheme had been put into operation. The dykes were opened and the waters had spread far and wide. But the Germans had already crossed the outer lines and were crossing the causeway. England had to do something to stop the invaders' onrush. Orders were immediately sent to the Navy to destroy the causeway with fire and thus kill as many invaders as they could. The Dutch Government had been taken by surprise. In spite of the recent over-running of Norway and Denmark they did not expect an attack from Germany. But the Germans had been secretly preparing for a successful attack on Holland and now they had put their famous plan of attack into action. Churchill had same months back warned these countries of the danger of attack but they had disliked his statement.

After some hours a message arrived from the King asking Mr. Churchill to come to the Palace at 6 o'clock. When he met the King he was formally asked to form a Government which he agreed to do. The King had not emphasised upon the national character of the Government. But in view of the situation, a Government of national character was necessary.

He told the King that he would immediately send for the leaders of the opposition and after consulting them he would send His Majesty the names of the new Ministers for his approval. After this Churchill returned to the Admiralty.

At about 7 o'clock Mr. Attlee came to see Mr. Churchill who told him of the King's authority to form a Government and asked him if his party would join. Attlee agreed. Churchill told him that the Labour party would be given two seats in the War Cabinet of five members, and asked him for the names. Churchill himself suggested the names of Mr. Bevin, Mr. Morrison, Mr. Alexander and Mr. Dalton. After a pleasant talk for a little while

Mr. Attlee left for consultations with other leaders in the Labour party.

Churchill invited Mr. Chamberlain to lead the House of Commons as Lord President of the Council. He accepted this offer. At 9 o'clock that night he broadcast a speech announcing his resignation and urging everyone to support his successor. Churchill asked Lord Halifax to join the War Cabinet as Foreign Secretary. At about 10, he sent to the King a list of five names as he had promised. Mr. Eden was made the War Minister, Mr. Alexander was to come to the Admiralty and Sir Archibald Sinclair was to take the Air Ministry. Churchill himself assumed the office of the Minister of Defence.

Thus on the night of the 10th of May, Churchill assumed the chief power in the state, which he held for five years and three months of the world war. At the end of this period when all the enemies had been completely defeated, he was removed by the British electors and replaced by Mr. Attlee as the peace-time Premier.

On the night of 10th May, however, Churchill went to bed with a profound sense of relief. He had now the authority to give directions over the whole scene. He felt as if he were walking with destiny and that his past life had been a preparation for this trial. Things were now moving as he had predicted. But as he had never been in power before, nobody could blame him either for bringing war or with want of preparation for it. Therefore, he slept soundly, although impatient for the morning.

7. THE INTELLIGENCE OF SPIDERS

It is not easy to assess the intelligence of spiders and other insects. There are observers who say that the spiders do not possess any intelligence and cannot think at all. But the fact is that we do not know the mind of a spider. We do not know the minds of even our own fellows. Indeed among some peoples one meets human beings with much less intelligence than any spider.

So, not knowing the mind of the spider we must judge

its intelligence by its actions when circumstances require thought. But the thought must he conscious. While judging the intelligence of men and insects we have to study only the conscious actions and not the sub-conscious ones.

We ourselves are ruled by our sub-conscious brain all the time we are awake. If we acted consciously we would make blunders and act very slowly. A tennis player plays the game so well because he does so sub-consciously. On the other hand a non-player with all his muscular strength and physical fitness feels a great difficulty in hitting the ball correctly. It is because he is trying to do things consciously. Same is the case with cycling and walking. While cycling on a road or walking in the country we notice and think of things around us and leave the act of holding the handle or moving our legs entirely to our sub-conscious mind.

So we have to study the conscious acts while judging the intelligence of men and insects. But it is necessary that we should study the subjects when they are pursuing their normal lives. While judging them we should not turn them out of their homes or throw them into prisons or kill their children. But many of our experiments on insects take this form. They cannot behave in a calm and cool manner in such circumstances.

Spiders can learn. They learn to disregard a tuning-fork, they learn even to distinguish between colours and to come and take flies from human hands.

In order to find a spider acting in a conscious manner we have to watch it in its home, in its web, in the garden, while it catches its prey. Each type of prey requires separate handling. When the prey arrives, the spider comes out and watches it from various angles, thinking what steps to take. It may decide on biting, roping or both. If the prey happens to be dangerous and powerful, one can see the spider's hesitation. The spider can, therefore, think and plan action after thought.

Some spiders select a place just above the foothpath as a site for their web. This place is not safe as a passing man or tallish animal may break it. But it is not foolish on the part of the spider as some people may think. The spider

makes its web for catching insects for food.

And it is easier for it to get these insects as they are driven by animals passing along a foot-path. The insects fly away before the passing animals and are caught by the spider who is lying in wait for them. Since it can get plenty of food at this place, it does not care even if the web is broken by a passing man or animal. It can rebuild it very soon.

There is another example of the spider's foresight. When the wind stretches a spider's web too much the spider hangs weights, such as pieces of wood or stone to the bottom strands. This shows that even web-making is an act of intelligence and not merely one of instinct. An observer saw a web with a bottom strand tied to a pebble hung seven inches above the ground. In order to see what the spider would do, he destroyed the whole web. Three days later he found the web rebuilt and the bottom strand tied with two pebbles instead of one. The experimenter again destroyed the whole web, hoping to see the strand secured with three pebbles. But the spider proved to be more intelligent. It left the site altogether.

This shows that the spiders exercise reasoning powers in all these actions. Of course it is difficult for man to know what form the reasoning of an insect takes. We human beings, however, possess the power of speech which helps our thought processes. But this is not the case with other animals.

8. A MAD TEA-PARTY

The March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at a table lying under a tree in front of the house. A Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were talking over its head. Alice felt that the Dormouse must be in a uncomfortable position.

The table was a large one but the three were crowded together at one corner of it. When they saw Alice coming, they cried out that there was no room for her. But Alice, saying that there was plenty of room, sat down in a large armchair at one end of the large table.

The March Hare asked Alice to have some wine. Alice got angry and said that it was not very civil on their part to offer her wine when there was no wine on the table. The March Hare retorted that it was not very civil on her part to occupy the table without being asked to do so.

The Hatter referred to her hair and Alice rebuked him for making personal remarks.

The Hatter asked why a raven is like a writing-desk. Alice was glad to hear this riddle. She felt she could guess its meaning. The March Hare said to her "You should say what you mean?" She replied "I mean what I say as it is the same thing." March Hare said that it was not the same thing. According to him there was as much difference between these two phrases as between "I like what I get" and "I get what I like".

After some time the Hatter took out his watch from his pocket and asked Alice about the date. She replied that it was the fourth of the month. But the Hatter did not accept this date. The March Hare took the watch and dipped it into his cup of tea. Alice remarked that it was indeed a funny watch that told the day of the month but not the hour of the day. But the Hatter retorted by asking her if her watch told her about the year. Alice was getting puzzled with the remarks of the Hatter.

The Hatter asked Alice if she had guessed at the riddle (about the raven and the writing-desk). She replied in the nagative and asked them the meaning. He said that he too had not the slightest ideas about it. She asked them not to waste their time over these meaningless riddles. The Hatter told her that if she kept on good terms with time, he would do almost anything for her. If she did not like the time for beginning her lessons, she should give just a hint to time and the clock would at once strike half past one, the time for dinner. The Hatter added that he himself had quarrelled with time, who did not change according to his wishes. With him (Hatter) it was always six o'clock, the time for taking tea. This was the reason why they were always at the tea table, moving round it, as the things got used up. But when Alice asked him what happened when they came to the

beginning again, he changed the topic and asked the Dormouse to tell a story. The Dormouse began to relate the story of the three sisters Elsie, Lacie and Tillie who lived at the bottom of a well, on treacle (syrup). Alice was puzzled by the strange story and she interrupted him again and again to satisfy her curiosity. She asked why they lived at the bottom of the well and how they could live on treacle. She felt that it would make them ill. The Dormouse was annoyed at these interruptions. But he proceeded with the story when Alice promised not to interrupt. He said that the sisters were learning to draw treacle from the well. But Alice again interrupted by saying that they could not draw treacle from the well, when they were in the treacle well itself.

Then the Dormouse replied that they were learning to draw all sorts of things beginning with M, such as mouse-traps, the moon, the memory, the muchness, etc., etc. Alice was very much confused at the drawing of a muchness. She told Hatter that she could not understand it. He asked her to stop interrupting if she did not understand.

Alice could not bear this insult; she got up in anger and walked off. But they did not take any notice of her. Alice said to herself that it was the most foolish tea-party she had ever seen and swore that she would never go there again.

9. TRAVEL IN THE DESERT

The Arabs accompanying a traveller through the desert prefer to start early in the morning and rest during the whole of the afternoon. But the writer believes that it is easier to bear the scorching heat of the sun while sitting on the back of the camel than in the tent which cannot give much protection against the burning rays.

The author while starting upon the journey had asked his Arab servants to bring their own food. But on the evening of the second day the Arabs informed him that they had not brought any food with them and that they looked to his supplies for their daily bread. This news naturally disturbed the author as his food was sufficient

only for himself and his European attendants. He thought that the Arabs had probably not understood the agreement about their own food. But his Greek servant Dthemetri told him that the Arabs thoroughly understood the agreement but only wanted to exploit him in this situation. The author might have shared his food with them but now he understood their cleverness. He decided that he should not show any softness in the matter. He therefore refused to give them any food in spite of their entreaties.

In about ten minutes, however, the Arabs were seen cooking their bread. This showed that they had pretended. In fact they only wanted to save their own food which they had hidden under the baggage upon one of the camels.

This discovery however did not create any unpleasant feelings. The author was satisfied with the fact that he had baffled the Arabs' scheme.

The Arabs follow the age-old methods of bread-baking. They moisten the flour into the palm of their hand, wash it up, pull the lump of the dough into small pieces and push them into the embers for baking.

The author got up about an hour before dawn every day. He washed himself with just a pint of water. Then he breakfasted upon tea and bread. As soon as the camels were loaded, he mounted his own camel and pressed forward. The poor Arabs had to travel on foot. They complained and grumbled when they got tired but the author who was bent upon reaching his destination in time would not listen to their entreaties. He allowed a halt only in the evening.

While travelling through a vast desert the traveller has no particular place where to rest. There is sand as far as the eye can reach. The blazing sun is the traveller's taskmaster. He directs all his movements. The traveller pushes forward through the sand with his face and eyes covered. His camels sigh, his Arab attendants grumble, his body burns and his shoulders ache till the sun goes down in the west and the season for rest begins.

In the evening the travelling party came to a halt. The camels were unloaded and turned loose to graze upon the shrubs of the desert.

The servants began to pitch up the tents and kindle the fire. In the meantime the author would go away for a walk leaving only his footprints as a guide for his return. When he returned to his camp he felt as if he had reached his home that had risen up for him in the midst of the desolate sands. On cooler nights while sitting before the hearth he felt that all the luxuries of the world were crowded in his small tent. When on the first night a taper light was brought for him, all manners of moths gathered in his tent circling round the light which perhaps they had never seen before. When tea and other eatables were brought to him, he felt really delighted and feasted like a king.

When after a pleasant cheerful night, the day dawned and his attendants began to reload the camels, he felt unwilling to leave the spot, where he had passed a few cheerful moments. One by one all the things were gathered and laden on the camels and at last his own tent was pulled down. The Englishman had wound up his paraphernalia (personal goods) and the spirit of the desert stepped in and occupied the spot which had glowed with the cheerfulness of a human dwelling.

10. THE BLUE CARBUNCLE

One morning Dr. Watson called upon his friend Sherlock Holmes. He saw an old and worn out felt hat hanging from the back of a wooden chair. A lens and a forceps lying nearby suggested that Mr. Holmes had been examining the hat. Dr. Watson naturally thought that some strange story or crime was connected with the old hat. Holmes told him that there might be nothing serious linked with the hat. He informed Watson that the hat was found by Peterson, the commissionaire. On his way home Peterson had seen a tall man carrying a white goose. The man with the goose had a quarrel with some rude persons, one of whom had knocked off his hat. The poor fellow raised his stick to defend himself but the stick broke the shop window pane behind him. Peterson had rushed forward to protect the stranger from the opponents but the man seeing a person in uniform coming towards him, dropped his goose, ran

away and disappeared somewhere. The rascals had also run away at the sight of Peterson who was left in possession of the hat and the goose.

Peterson brought the hat and the goose to Mr. Holmes who was interested in every small problem. Since it was not possible to retain the goose for many days and the whereabouts of its owner were not known, Holmes handed over the goose to Peterson for eating. The hat was however retained and Mr. Holmes began to examine it to find out some clue of its unknown owner.

It was an ordinary round shaped and worn out black hat and the initials "H.B." were scrawled upon its one side. Another thing which could throw some light on the identity of the owner was a card that was tied to the goose's leg. It bore the words. "For Mrs. Henry Baker." This showed that Mr. Henry Baker was the owner of the hat. The hat was cracked, very dusty and spotted at several places. These discoloured spots had been smeared with ink. Mr. Holmes had examined the hat very thoroughly and had come to certain conclusions about the personality of its owner.

He told Watson that the man was a great intellectual because the hat happened to be very big one and the man with such a big head must have something in it. His second conclusion was that the man had become poor since he bought his hat. The hat was bought three years ago, as such hats came in at that time. It was a hat of the very best quality. But the man had not been able to buy another hat since then. This showed that he had become poor in the meantime. The loop of the hat securer showed that the man possessed foresight but the later neglect indicated that the man became less foresighted. Another conclusion at which Mr. Holmes arrived was that the man was middle-aged, he had grizzled hair and used lime cream. This was proved by a large number of hair-ends cut by the barber, found inside the hat. There was a clear smell of lime cream in the hat. Mr. Holmes also claimed that the man's wife had ceased to love him and this he proved by the fact that dust had settled on the hat and it had not been

brushed for a long time. The tallow-stains on the gas showed that there was no gas lamp in the house.

Watson was surprised at the keen observation and exact conclusions of Sherlock Holmes. They were still talking about the hat and its owner when the door opened and Peterson rushed into the room. He brought with him a small brilliant blue stone which had been found in the stomach of the goose when it had been cut.

Sherlock Holmes at once realized that this precious stone was the "blue carbuncle" which had been stolen from the jewel case of the Countess of Morcar at the Hotel Cosmopolitan. An advertisement offering a reward of £1,000 for it had been appearing daily in *The Times*. According to an account of the robbery of this jewel in the newspaper, John Horner' a plumber, was charged with having stolen the blue carbuncle from the jewel case of the Countess of Morcar at the Hotel Cosmopolitan. James Ryder, an attendant of the hotel had brought John Horner on the day of the robbery, in the dressing room of the Countess for repairing the grate bar which had gone loose. Ryder had been called away after some time. When he returned he found that the bureau had been forced open and the casket which contained the precious stone was lying empty. Ryder gave the alarm and Horner was arrested the same evening, but the stone could not be found on his possession. He strongly pleaded his innocence but the evidence of a previous conviction for robbery went against him and his case was referred to the Assizes. (Court)

Now this stone was in the hands of Sherlock Holmes. It had been found in the crop of a goose and the goose had come from Mr. Henry Baker, the owner of the old hat. Sherlock Holmes, therefore decided to find out the whereabouts of the unknown Mr. Baker. He sent an advertisement in the evening newspapers asking Mr. Baker to call on him and take his hat and the goose from him. Since the original goose had been killed and eaten by Peterson's family, Peterson was asked to bring another goose for Mr. Baker.

Mr. Baker called at half past six in the evening, the time fixed in the advertisement. He was a large man with a

big head and an intelligent face. In his talk he gave the impression of a man of learning and letters who had suffered at the hands of fortune. Mr. Holmes told him that his goose had been killed and eaten since he did not turn up sooner. But there was a new goose to serve his purpose. Baker was quite satisfied with this arrangement. He did not show any anxiety for the dead goose. This showed that he had nothing to do with the Carbuncle affair. Holmes gave him his hat and the new bird. As he was about to depart, Holmes asked him, by the way, where he got the original goose from. Mr. Baker told Holmes that he got the goose from the Alpha Inn, near the museum, through a goose-club to which they contributed a few pence every week.

When Mr. Baker had left, Holmes and Watson at once decided to go to the Alpha Inn to get a clue to the carbuncle affair. When they reached there, Holmes asked the innkeeper about the geese. He told them that he had got two dozens from a salesman, Breckinridge by name, in the Covent Garden. From the Alpha Inn the two persons went to the Covent Garden market. One of the large stalls bore the name of Breckinridge. The proprietor, a horsy-looking man with a sharp face and trim side-whiskers was helping a boy to close the shutters. When Holmes, during his conversation with this man, asked where from he had got those geese he had sold to the landlord of the Alpha Inn, the proprietor became very angry and he refused to tell him the source of those geese. Holmes had to handle the man very tactfully. He knew that a man of this type could be easily drawn by a bet. Even if he had given him a hundred pounds he would not have told him anything about the geese. But he got ready to supply him all the information on a wager of a pound. Holmes made a bet of one pound and declared that the goose was country-bred. The shopkeeper was emphatic that it was town-bred and to prove his contention and win the bet he placed the stock registers before Holmes. The geese had been purchased from one Mrs. Oakshott, 117, Brixton Road, egg and poultry supplier on December 22, and sold to Mr. Windigate of the Alpha Inn.

Mr. Holmes had got the desired imformation. He gave

the man the amount of the wager and left the inn. They had not gone far when they heard a noise from the shop. The quarrelsome proprietor was shaking his fists at a rat-faced fellow who was standing before the shop. He shouted that he would not tell a word about the geese and the man should send Mrs. Oakshott. The rat-faced fellow said that one of the geese was his and he wanted to know to whom he (proprietor) had sold the geese. But the proprietor rushed at the man in anger and he slipped away. Holmes who had watched the scene of quarrel, advanced towards the man and soon overtook him. He told him that he could help him in his difficulty and informed him about the sale of the geese from one person to another. The man who was very eager to know the details of the matter got ready to accompany Mr. Holmes. He told Holmes that his name was James Ryder and he was the head attendant at the Cosmopolitan Hotel.

When they reached Mr. Holmes's room, Holmes told this man everything about the goose in which he was so much interested and showed him the Carbuncle which had been taken from its body. When the man looked at the Carbuncle he became frightened and pale. He did not know whether to claim it or disown it.

He was about to faint but he came to himself with a glass of brandy that was given to him. In fact it was he who had stolen the stone from the countess's jewel-case. He knew that the plumber had been involved in some such matter before. He therefore managed to send for this man so that every one might suspect him of the robbery. When the plumber had left, this man got hold of the stone, concealed it, raised an alarm and got the innocent plumber arrested.

Now that Ryder learnt that Holmes knew everything of the matter, he threw himself at his feet and begged for mercy. He told Holmes how the stone had got into the body of the goose. After stealing the stone, he did not know where to hide it. He ran to his sister's house. She was the Mrs. Oakshott who dealt in poultry and eggs. There he made up his mind to go to a friend of his and take him into confidence in this matter. But it was not safe to carry the stone in this way. He hit upon an ingenius plan for hiding

the jewel. He got hold of a goose and thrust the jewel into its mouth. He could carry it anywhere he liked without being suspected and caught. The stone went into the bird's stomach but it struggled and fluttered off among other geese. His sister came out to see what had happened. She had in fact set apart a goose for him. But he insisted upon getting the goose that had fluttered out of his hands. She got hold of the goose he pointed out and gave it to him. He took it to his friend, very happy at heart. But when he cut its body he found no jewel. He had committed a terrible mistake. The goose with the stone in its body had got mixed with another of the same colour and he had picked up the wrong one. He ran back to his sister. But she had in the meantime sold all the geese. When he learnt the name of the dealer he rushed to him and asked him about the geese. But he too had sold the lot and he would not tell him where they had gone. Holmes and Watson had heard this conversation.

Ryder had committed the first crime of his life and he was terribly afraid. He had committed a robbery but he had not touched the wealth for which he had lost his character. Holmes took pity upon the wretch and let him go. He did not want to make him a jail bird by sending him to jail.

11. RINGS ON HER FINGERS

Beautiful ladies used to decorate their delicate fingers with rings even in ancient times. The crude and massive rings of the old days as well as the delicate jewelled rings of the modern times have a romantic story behind them.

Rings have been used by people in all ages. Man in the past believed that wearing of rings was the best way of carrying his valuable possessions in safety. By wearing the rings he could show with pride his rank or achievements. His lady could also share in his treasures and with the passage of time ladies began to wear delicate rings to add to their beauty. There was also a meaning in the shape of the ring. A circle shows something unbroken. So a ring would remind the wearer of a vow of faithfulness. A ring

was looked upon as a token of faith or constancy.

Rings were not only used for decoration but also for other useful purposes. Signet rings are quite common. They have a round or oval plate or bezel, cut with a particular design. In early days when few could read or write, a signet ring was extremely useful, as its impression took the place of a signature with the pen. These signet rings were usually worn on the thumb.

The first people who made use of signet rings were the Ancient Egyptians. Their rings generally bore the device of a scarab—a beetle commonly found on the shores of the river Nile.

During the middle ages one particular class of signet rings, known as merchant rings was used by merchants to impress their signs on the goods they sold. Sometimes the signet rings were used as tokens of good faith. If a person was sent to collect goods that had been bought, he would take his master's ring to give a proof ot his honesty, Private persons also used rings in this way. The famous Earl of Essex received from Queen Elizabeth I a signet ring which was to be sent to her whenever the Earl was in trouble. When the Earl was imprisoned he sent the ring to the Queen. But a servant withheld it from her out of jealousy. The poor Earl was hanged and the Queen felt very sad afterwards.

Sometimes a traveller going on journey had a ring made in two parts, one of which he kept, leaving the other with his family at home. If, during his wanderings he wanted to send a massage to his family, he would send half of his ring, so that his messenger could be recognised.

Betrothal or engagement rings were very important. When a man promised to marry a woman he gave her a ring. Rings were also used for the purpose of showing hatred for the enemies. A "ring of death" had a small hollow part in which a small spring was fitted. There was a small cavity (hollow space) containing poison. When the wearer shook hands with the enemy, the pressure on the ring released the spring, and the poisoned point shot forth like a wasp's sting into the victim's hand, causing his immediate death. There was another kind of "death-ring", containing deadly

poison which the wearer could drink if he wanted to end his life in order to escape disgrace.

The Pope wears a special kind of ring called the "Ring of the fisherman," because it bears on it the sign of St. Peter in a boat, drawing a net out of water. After the death of the Pope his ring is broken and a new one is made for his successor. Bishops also wear rings as a sign of their authority and a mark of their holiness.

The king also uses a special kind of ring, which is placed on the third finger of his right hand at the time of coronation

Besides these special rings there are many others of interest. Some rings contain small boxes to hold scent or powder or small pictures. These are "posy rings" with little rhymes engraved inside them. "Cramp rings" were worn as a protection against cramp (disease of muscles). These rings were blessed by the kings and were supposed to protect the wearers from disease.

In the "arms" of the city of Glasgow there is to be seen a tree with a salmon (fish) which bears a ring in its mouth. It has a romantic story behind it. A queen had been given a ring by her husband. She gave that ring to a knight. The king came to know of this and began to think of taking revenge. One day when out for hunting he got hold of that ring from the bag of the knight and threw it into the river in great anger. When he got home, he demanded the ring from the queen on pain of death. She sent her maid to the knight but he had lost it. After this the queen went to the bishop of Glasgow and asked his help after confessing her guilt. The bishop sent his servant to the river asking him to bring the first fish he caught. The servant brought a salmon.

The bishop took out from its mouth the same ring which the king had thrown into the river and gave it to the queen. Thus the queen's life was saved.

12. DEMOCRACY IN ANCIENT GREECE

Life in the olden days was very much different from what it is now. In the modern times there are great nations and empires, some of them spreading over many

lands, like Great Britain, Russia, France, U.S.A., etc. But in ancient times the city-state was the centre of life in Greece. Each city-state was independent of the other city situated at some distance.

In Great Britain and other modern states, the laws are made by a Parliament to which every city or town sends a number of members, according to its population. Ancient Greece had no Parliament. Each city governed itself, made its own laws, and fought its own battles. This was considered to be the only natural way of government. According to the old Greek conception of government the modern citizen gives up all power after he has elected his Member of the Parliament. He leaves it to the Parliament to make laws, to the King or the Prime Minister to decide on peace and war, to the judges to decide cases in the law Courts and to the Municipal bodies to look after street-cleaning, etc. The citizen himself does not and cannot interfere after he has given his powers to these authorities. He loses his freedom and becomes subject to their control. On the other hand the Greek idea was to be free and the Greek citizen was able to manage it in his small city-state.

The old Greek city was a small town with narrow dirty and overcrowded streets, going every kind of way, following the line of the old cattle tracks. Since there was a danger of attack from outside, the ancient house did not have windows looking out on the streets or the countryside. Hence these houses were often dark.

Generally the shops selling the same kinds of things were in the same streets. The citizens gathered in the market place situated somewhere inside the city, to discuss and exchange views. In a harbour town one could hear the captains of foreign ships talking with the local merchants. All sorts of dialects (language spoken by a group of people) were spoken.

In some towns there was a small fort on a hill where the citizens could take refuge in the event of an attack on the town. Sometimes a tyrant would occupy this fortress with the help of a small army. But ultimately these tyrants were driven out.

The great Athenian political leader Pericles has described in his famous speech the qualities of a model city. In the first place it was a free city; a government of the people, by the people, a democracy in the real sense. The administation was in the hands of many, and not of the few. There were no elected Members of the Parliament. There was one assembly of free citizens meeting at one place as a Parliament and at another place as a Law-Court. They recognized merit everywhere. Poverty was no bar for any man in the service of the state. People respected the laws of the land and they lived happily together. The foreigners were welcome. The ancient Greeks did not believe only in the physical strength of their young men. They expected them to be all-round men. They wished them to love the beautiful, but to remain simple in their tastes. Young men were expected to take an intelligent interest in their surroundings, so that they may be able to serve their country with their accurate knowledge of the affairs of the world.

Democracy, according to Pericles requires the highest development of which every single citizen is capable. The Greek citizen did not give up his responsibility like the modern citizen. The same man had to contribute his knowledge to help the city in different ways. He had to listen to the arguments advanced about the policies to be adopted by the state, to judge between these arguments and give his vote honestly for the policy which he considered best for the city. Not only this, when the policy was determined, the same citizen had to carry it out. He must be ready to give orders, to obey them, to fight the battles when required, and to go back to farming and cultivation when the war was over.

In Athens there was no distinction between the town people and the farmers. All of them were gifted with great intellect. Every year the Athenians had festivals, at which famous plays by great poets were performed. They learnt the text of these great plays by heart. They knew the music and could sing it themselves. When we compare our cheap and trashy amusements with the great poetry that they carried in their hearts, we may wonder at the progress that we have made.

13. THE FIRST TRANS-ATLANTIC FLIGHT

In 1927 Colonel Charles Lindbergh, then a young U. S. Pilot, took off (flew) from New York on the first non-stop flight from America to Europe in a single-engined plane, the "Spirit of St. Louis" and landed on a Paris aerodrome after thirty-three hours.

He was flying dreamily when he caught sight of a black speck on the water, two or three miles south-east. It was a small boat. As he looked attentively he found that there were many such boats scattered over the surface of the ocean. As he flew nearer to them, he found that they were fishing boats. This meant that the European coast could not be far away. But he did not know how far the boats could be from the nearest coast and to which country they belonged. But he was happy because after fifteen hours of lonely flight over the Atlantic he had, at last, seen signs of human life.

The first boat was less than a mile ahead. He flew down fifty feet above its bow and dropped his wing to get a better view of the boat. There was no sign of life on the deck. Perhaps the fishermen were frightened by his plane swooping down suddenly from the sky. Possibly they had never seen a plane before.

He flew over the next boat. Its deck was also empty. But as he swooped down he saw a man's head, thrust out through a cabin port-hole, looking at him without making any movement. He wished that the man thus looking at him, could come out of the cabin and point towards the Irish coast. But he realized that his effort to call the attention of the fisherman would prove useless. Probably the fisherman could not speak English or he might be too much afraid to understand the message and reply. But there was no harm in trying. He glided down within fifty feet of the cabin, closed the throttle (engine) and shouted as loudly as he could "which way is Ireland"? But an instant later he had to turn his attention towards the ship, open the throttle, fly upwards and circle round the boats.

When he passed over the boat a third time the head was

still at the porthole. It had not moved or changed expression since first it appeared. It seemed lifeless as if it were a head cut off from the body. There was something strange about these boats. In spite of the noise produced by the flight of the aeroplane, no sailors had come out to watch it. There were so many boats, yet the only sign of the crew (sailors) was that single head thrust through the porthole. The whole thing seemed to be mysterious and ghostly as in "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner".

In such circumstances it was no use trying another boat. This would be mere waste of time and fuel. It was best to leave. Therefore he straightened out his plane and flew eastward. When he first saw the boats he thought that the long and tiresome flight had come to an end. But now when he left the boats behind he was as uncertain about his direction as before. The boats might be north of Scotland or south of Ireland. They might be anywhere. There was no way to tell. He had to continue on the course set before him.

Many more hours passed and he was still flying. It was now 10-52 a.m. He had flown for twenty-seven hours. It was now raining. He saw something like a cloud on the north-eastern horizon. It might be land.

He was now sixteen hours out from New Foundland. He had allowed eighteen and-a-half hours to reach Ireland. If the land in the distance was Ireland, he was reaching his destination two and-a-half hours earlier. But this might be another mirage (illusion). He might be deceived once again, as he had been by the sight of the boats.

He stared at it intently. It was a coastline with rough shores and mountains, bending towards the east. It was too early to reach England or France or Ireland. But that was the nearest land.

As he approached he saw barren islands surrounding the shore. Inland there were green fields sloping up the sides of the mountains. It must be Ireland. He climbed to two thousand feet so as to see the outline of the country better. He tried to compare the scene below with the chart he had with him. There was a place on the chart where the scene

exactly fitted. It was a bay on the south-eastern coast of Ireland. He was over two hours ahead of the schedule. Now there was no doubt about it. Every detail on the chart fitted exactly with the scenes below. He climbed lower, looking down on a little seaside village. There were boats in the harbour and wagons on the roads. People were running out into the streets, looking up and waving.

After circling over the village a third time he straightened out, and spread the chart before him. Now he was 600 miles from Paris. He was eager to cover most of the distance before darkness.

But as he looked ahead at the weather, he found only water. Where was the coast ? What had happened ? All Ireland had disappeared all of a sudden. The fact was that he had been watching at first the earth and then the chart so attentively that he had lost all sense of direction. While straightening out he had taken up the wrong course. He was now pointed back over the ocean 180 degrees from Paris. He again set his course south-eastward and settled down for the last six hundred miles to Paris.

There was now England before him. After crossing this island he would see the coast of France.

The long and tiresome flight across the Atlantic was like a dream. And he was now back to life and reality. He was himself again, flying under earthly skies and over earthly ground. In less than six hours he would be in Paris. Only a day before he was walking on Roosevelt Field in America and within a few hours he would he walking on Le Bourget in France. The whole thing seemed to be like a fairy tale.

14. MURDERING THE INNOCENTS

Thomas Gradgrind was a man of realities. He believed only in facts and calculations. He was of the opinion that boys and girls in schools should be taught nothing but hard facts. He thought that their minds could only be developed by teaching them facts. He insisted upon his theory with all the force at his command. His square forehead, hard-set

mouth, his dry and rough voice, his obstinate carriage, his square shoulders—all helped in emphasizing (stressing) his observations.

He believed that the little school children were like small pitchers who must be filled brimful of facts. He treated these innocent little beings like parcels of human nature and was always ready to measure anyone of them with a rule, a pair of scales and the multiplication table lying in his pocket. Human nature was for him a mere question of figures and a case of simple arithmetic.

This Thomas Gradgrind, and the schoolmaster, Mr. Cho-akumchild and another person, a Government officer, were present in a plain, bare, dull kind of school room, facing a class of "little vessels" arranged in order, so that Mr. Gradgrind and his companions may pour into their heads gallons of facts full to the brim.

Mr. Gradgrind pointed his square forefinger towards a young girl addressing her as girl number twenty-two. When she stood up humbly and gave her name as Sissy Jupe, he rebuked her for calling herself Sissy Jupe instead of Cecilia Jupe which was her real name. When he learnt that her father was a horse trainer he asked her to give the definition of a horse. The poor girl was taken by surprise at such a question and could not give a reply. He shouted that girl number twenty-two did not know any facts about a horse and asked someone else to reply to this question. A boy, Bitzer by name, got up and replied that the horse is a four-legged animal, grass-eating, having forty teeth of different shapes and sizes. It has hard hoofs requiring to be shod with iron and that its age is known by marks in its mouth.

When the boy had given his definition of a horse, the third gentleman stepped forth. He was a government officer, a dashing and fighting sort of a man, a kind of a boxer or prize-fighter. He was an enemy of commonsense and was always ready to damage any subject that came in his way. He asked the boys and girls whether they would paper a room with the pictures of horses. About one half of the students said "yes" and the other half "no". He agreed with those who said "no". It was because of the *fact* that horses do not

walk up and down the walls of the room. Since the horses do not climb the walls of the room it would be against the fact to have their pictures on the walls.

Mr. Gradgrind too gave his approval to this "new principle", this "great discovery". The education officer then put them another question to see if they had understood the theory of facts. He asked them whether they would use a carpet having the pictures of flowers upon it.

Most of the students concluded from the previous reply that "no sir" was the right answer and cried aloud "no". Only a few, including Sissy Jupe said "yes". The officer asked her why she would use a carpet with pictures of flowers. She replied that she liked flowers. Thereupon he asked her whether she would like the flowers to be crushed under the feet of people walking in the room. She replied that it would not do them any harm because they were not the real flowers, but only the pictures of something beautiful. He told her that this would be against the facts. Since the real flowers cannot be spread on the carpet to be crushed under the feet, one should not have even the pictures of flowers on the carpet as it would be against reality.

In the similar way one should not paint foreign birds and butterflies upon the crockery because the birds and butterflies from foreign countries never come and sit upon the cups and plates. All such pictures and paintings, according to him, were against facts. Therefore he advised them to use only mathematical figures and shapes which could be proved. Students should develop their taste not according to their imagination but only according to hard facts.

After explaining the theory of facts in this manner the "Education officer" asked the teacher, Mr. Choakumchild to proceed with his first lesson on the lines suggested by him. Mr. Choakumchild had been trained, along with so many other teachers, in the same factory of education on similar principles. His poor brain had been stuffed with all branches of learning on similar lines. He, too, in his turn, had answered hundreds of such head-breaking questions. The poor Mr. Choakumchild, if he had learned a little

less, he would have taught a little better.

He started his work not unlike Morgiana in the "Forty Thieves", looking into all the vessels lying before him. He was to fill all these little human jars, brimful of *facts* and kill the "robber" imagination, lying within.

15. POLITICS AND SOCIETY

History is the study of human beings through the analysis of their past. It chiefly deals with relations between groups of people. Some history books describe these relations in terms of power, but mere competition cannot explain the destinies of humanity. Other books treat them as economic relationship. But this aspect too, does not give us a sufficient view of our past. One of the most important relationships between human groups is educational and much history can he viewed in terms *of movement of ideas from one group to another*. These social and political groups are related to one another as teachers and pupils. The writer gives as many examples of this relationship.

Japan rose to be a world power through learning and assimilating ideas. In 1868, the Emperor of Japan publicly took an oath, the Charter Oath to change and reform the Empire. The final clause of the oath was that "knowledge shall be sought for throughout the world." Since then it has been the permanent policy of the Japanese to learn as much as possible from other nations. The Japanese are a proud people, yet they determined to carry on this policy. Some Japanese young men became the leaders of the new movement. One of them, Hirobumi Ito was asked to prepare a constitution for the country. He with a large staff went through European countries, meeting great persons and studying various systems of constitutional government. Seven years later the new constitution of Japan, modelled on the constitution of Bavaria, was promulgated (proclaimed) by the Emperor.

Within the same generation many other great changes were made in Japan, by learning from abroad. The old feudal system was abolished The old Chinese Calendar was replaced by European Calendar. In 1872 the Bank

of Japan was established. It was modelled on the Bank of Belgium. In the same way the Japanese built up their navy and their army with the help of European instructors. In a few years they were able to destroy the Chinese fleet.

The Japanese did not merely go abroad to learn. Under the charter oath they brought in about five thousand teachers from abroad.

But this does not mean that the Japanese started these revolutionary changes all of a sudden, without previous preparation. They stared learning Dutch as early as 1741. However, the Japanese did not bring about such a agreat change only in the modern times. This also happened once before. Long ago, in the dark ages the Japanese were a Mongolian tribe. They moved eastward and settled in the Islands. When they grew in numbers and security they determined to become civilized like their highly civilized Chinese neighbours. From them they got the system of government, the Chinese script, Buddhism as religion, the principles of fine art and many other things.

Now once again, with the American occupation the Japanese have come in contact with foreigners. This too would ultimately prove to be a process of education that took place during the years of foreign domination.

The example of Japan is one example of the movement of ideas as an important historical force, from one group to another. Turkey provides another such example.

In the middle ages the Turk nomads moved westward out of central Asia. They attacked the eastern Roman Empire and ultimately conquered it. Like the Japanese they remained a mediaeval nation till the beginning of the present century. After the break of the Ottoman Empire, they determined to learn from the European nations and to make Turkey a modern westernied state. Within ten short years (between 1925 – 1934) they introduced the Roman script, the metric system of measurement; they re-organised their schools and universities, abolished polygamy, adopted a new civil code of law, modelled on Swiss law, made English as the second language, dropped the old titles and replaced the Fez (cap) by the hat.

Turkey and Japan are thus the two modern states which show how history was made by education. Ancient Rome can also provide us with another important example of this type. Like the Turks and the Japanese the ancient Romans appear in history as simple, uneducated and even unpromising people. But some unknown force drove them outward. They grew in numbers, they learned and adapted till they became the conquerors and defenders of the civilized world. They had many good qualities which fitted them to be efficient rulers. They believed in law and self-discipline. They were fine engineers, road builders and town planners. But they were not merely makers of a material civilization. They determined to introduce meaning into their culture. When they conquered Greece in the second century they became the pupils of their newly-conquered people. Like the Japanese in the modern times, the Romans brought Greek experts, scientists and philosophers to teach them. The greatest Romans kept the great Greek philosophers pemanently in their homes.

But they did not merely copy the Greek culture. By tradition and education the Romans differed profoundly from the Greeks. They had their own great qualities. Their poems, plays, speeches, dialogues were different from those of the Greek masters, but they were clearly modelled on Greek types.

The Greeks produced philosophers, the Romans produced statesmen, who learned philosophy from the Greeks and therefore became greater statesmen. Before the rise of Rome it is possible to talk of Greek culture but from 250 B.C. it is better to speak of Greco-Roman civilization, to which both belonged and in which one had been the master and the other pupil.

Thus the Roman empire passed through an educational process. Romans learnt at the feet of the great Greek philosophers and ultimately became the educators of the world. We the moderns are the pupils of Greece and Rome. It was Rome which civilized and taught the barbarians who were the forefathers of most of the Europeans. She taught them agriculture, trade, architecture, industry, law, philoso-

phy, literature and even religion. Europe also learnt Christianty from Rome.

Thus there are three cases in which history was made by education. Japan, Turkey and the civilization of Greece and Rome. We cannot understand any nation through its history alone, we have also to take into account its teachers, those from whom it learnt.

The Spaniards also in a similar manner learnt from the Arabs. The Arabs crossed into Spain in 711 A.D. and seven years later they had conquered almost the entire Spain. They were more civilized than the people of Europe in those days. They loved fine clothes, architecture, gardens furniture and philosophy and fine arts. Within a few generations much of Spain had become Muslim and even the Christians adopted the Arab ways of life. The Arabs helped to create modern European lyric poetry.

If the two meeting cultures have much in common they can benefit from each other a great deal. If, on the other hand, they have little in common it would result in trouble and misery from them. It is this difference in culture that is responsible for the unhappiness of negroes in a white society. Similarly white men and Red Indians have not mixed in North America. In Spanish America, however, the case was different. The Spaniards had many traits in common with the Red Indians. Spaniards entered Indian America and changed it into a new thing, just as Rome had done with Spain.

Thus we find that the history of the world has been the history of the movement of ideas from one nation to another and the most important relationship between groups has been educational. If we study the movement of thought throughout the world, we can see how distant countries are connected with invisible tides and how intellectual currents move by strange paths round the globe, uniting the minds of men into a single mighty, superhuman Reason. It would appear as if the earth were thinking.

16. SHOOTING AN ELEPHANT

George Orwell gives an interesting account of the shooting of an elephant in Burma. He was then a sub-divisional police officer at Moulmein, in lower Burma. A bitter kind of anti-European feeling prevailed in that country. As a British police officer, Orwell was hated by the people. Young men particularly disliked him and sneered at him whenever they saw him.

He felt much upset at the hostile attitude of the natives. He himself disliked his job thoroughly. As a police officer he had to see the dirty work of Empire at close quarters. The sight of the wretched prisoners and the long-term convicts and the inhuman treatment meted out to them, in the jails, oppressed him with an intolerable sense of guilt. He was stuck between his hatred of the empire that he had to serve and his anger against the hostile young Burmese who made his job so difficult for him.

One day early in the morning a police sub-inspector rang him up on the 'phone and informed him that an elephant had gone mad and was ravaging the bazar. He took his rifle, an old ·44 Winchester, which is too small to kill an elephant, and left for the scene of accident. On the way he learnt that the elephant was a tame one but had gone mad, broken its chain and escaped. Its Mahaout had set out in its pursuit but had taken the wrong direction and was at that time about 12 hours' journey away. In the morning the elephant had suddenly re-appeared in the town. The people in the town had no weapons and were helpless against it. It had destroyed a bamboo hut, killed a cow and attacked some fruit shops and eaten the fruit and also overturned a municipal-van.

When he reached the area visited by the elephant, he could not get any definite information as to where the elephant had gone. But after some time he heard the cry of an old woman shooing away a crowd of children. As he turned the corner he saw a man's dead body lying in the mud. He was an Indian who had been attacked and killed by the elephant a few minutes before. As Orwell saw the

dead man be sent an orderly (peon) to a friend's house nearby to borrow an elephant-rifle.

The orderly came back within a few minutes with a rifle and five cartridges. In the meantime Orwell had received information that the elephant was in the paddy (rice) fields only a few hundred yards away. As Orwell started forward, a large number of people living in that locality who had come out of their houses and seen the rifle in his hands, followed him. They were anxious to see the elephant being shot dead, besides they wanted the meat. As he marched down the hill, with an ever-growing army of people at his heels, he saw the elephant standing at some distance, tearing up bunches of grass for eating them.

He stopped on the road. The elephant who was eating peacefully looked no more dangerous than a 'cow from that distance. Its madness might pass off soon. Orwell did not want to kill it and therefore decided that he should watch it for some time to see that it did not turn savage again and then go home. But when he looked behind he saw more than two thousand people, excited and eagerly waiting for the elephant to be shot. They seemed to press him forward and he had got to shoot the beast. As a representative of the Empire he should not show any weakness otherwise he would be laughed at by the people. On the other hand the death of the elephant would cause a loss of about one hundred pounds to the owner. But he must act quickly.

He decided that he should go near the elephant and test his behaviour. If the beast attacked, he would kill it, otherwise he would leave it. But the next moment he thought that he was a poor shot and the ground was soft mud into which one might sink at every step. If the elephant attacked and he missed he would be crushed to death by it. This device would be dangerous. But he did not want to look fearful in front of the "natives". He, therefore, put the cartridge in the magazine and lay down on the road to get a better aim.

He aimed at the head of the elephant instead of the ear-hole, thinking that the brain would be further forward.

When he pulled the trigger, and the bullet hit it, a roar

of joy went up from the crowd. A terrible change came over the elephant. He neither moved nor fell. But he looked suddenly stricken and very old. A few seconds later he fell to his knees. At the second shot he stood weakly upright. The third shot took out all strength from his legs. He rose for a moment but his hind legs collapsed and he fell down with a crash that shook the ground where the hunter lay.

The Burmans ran forward. The elephant lay breathing heavily with a rattling sound. Orwell waited for some time but the breathing did not stop. He, therefore, fired the remaining two shots into his heart. Thick blood oozed out but still he did not die. Orwell sent for his small rifle and poured shot after shot into his heart and down the throat. But even these shots did not stop the painful breathing.

Orwell left the place. The elephant died half an hour after his departure. The Burmans brought their baskets and cut off all the meat by the afternoon.

Afterwards there were long discussions about the shooting of the elephant. The owner was angry but being an Indian he could do nothing. Some people said that the elephant should not have been shot. It was a great loss to the owner. Some Europeans were of the view that the elephant was worth more than the Indian Coolie, who had been killed by it. But Orwell thought that legally he was justified and the death of a man was a sufficiet reason for killing the beast. But he knew that he had killed it only to avoid looking a fool in the presence of a crowd of the natives.

17. THE BRITISH IDEA OF SPORT

The British do not look upon sport as a means of physical fitness or a preparation for war-time energy. British sport is essentially a matter of the mind and helps in the development of mental faculties. The British believe that sports have an artistic as well as a moral quality. The game of cricket, for example, possesses an artistic beauty. There is a magic in the sound of the bat as it strikes the ball, there is an art in the movement of the players and a visible beauty in their performance. But there is also a beauty in the

collective efforts of the players and their co-operation in obedience to the rules of the game or its laws. Thus the games have also a moral quality.

It is by obedience to the rules of the game and by submission to the idea of law that people can learn a great deal of the difficult art of self-government. There is a close connection between the spirit in which two organized sides play a game and the spirit in which two organized groups perform the serious business of politics.

The British are apt to bring this idea of the rule of the game into politics and even war.

The British idea of the game raises the physical activities to a higher level. It makes the exercise of the body serve the purpose of the mind. In this way it helps in the cause of civilisation. But there are many difficulties and dangers in idealizing the conception (idea) of sport. Too much attention to sport may lead its devotees (lovers) to live in an unreal world. They are apt to make it the real purpose of life to such an extent that they may be concerned more about the result of a match than with the issues of war.

We have also to keep in mind the fact that with the growth of population and the progress of sicence, sports have become great shows exhibited (shown) by professional players on commercial basis. But it is also true that professionals can raise the sports to the heights of an art like the amateurs (those who play for pleasure and not for money).

We may condemn the sport "fans" for gathering in thousands to watch the games. But they can gain by watching a game played at a higher level which they themselves cannot attain. They also profit by escaping from the week's dull work. The games thus provide comfort and satisfaction to millions of hard-working people.

In spite of its difficulties and drawbacks sport will always remain a great factor in the life of a nation. It is really a great thing for a nation to build its sports well and develop the art and morality of the game. We should rise above the idea of winning at every cost. A game is never

a war. We should realize that it is fun to win in a game but it is often an honour to be defeated. The game is essentially "playing" and not an activity for the sake of victory, prizes and "ashes". This is the essence of the British idea of sport.

18. MY FIRST RIDE

One morning the author (then a young man) was standing by the door of a stable. The groom came to him and asked him to ride the cob (a sturdy, short-legged Irish horse). The author was reluctant to accept this offer as a few days earlier he had seen the cob throw down the groom himself from its back.

The groom told him that the horse had got angry with him because one day he had struck it with a stick by mistake. Since then the horse had not forgotten him and had not allowed him to ride its back. He, however, told Borrow that the horse would not trouble him at all as he (Borrow) had never offended or insulted it. He assured him that it would treat him "like an elder brother" and behave as gently as a lamb.

The cob was brought. It was a strong and sturdy short-legged horse ; a fine specimen of the genuine (real) Irish horse. Borrow still hesitated. He was afraid of riding such a strong-spirited horse for the first time.

At last he very reluctantly agreed to ride. But there was no saddle on the cob's back. The groom asked him to mount it without the saddle, as it would distrust him if he used the saddle. He advised the young writer to trust the horse, leave everything to it, and hold the bridle gently.

The cob went off at a slow and gentle pace which was quite fast for an inexperienced rider like Borrow. At first he could not balance himself and slipped to one side. The horse realized the rider's difficulty and stood still, till he had balanced himself. The groom came running up to him and advised him not to hold the mane of the horse when he felt himself slipping down, but to cling to its sides with his

calves and feet.

The author followed the directions of the groom, and the horse gave him every assistance in riding. After the initial shyness he found riding quite easy and pleasant.

In less than two hours he went round the Devil's Mountain and came back bathed in perspiration (sweat) but thrilled with the joy of riding.

The first ride was an important event in his life and he remembered it ever afterwards with great pleasure. His whole body was shaken with fatigue and stiffening of joints and he could not move his limbs for a number of days. But with this experience he overcame his shyness of riding and his fear of horses. He could now mount any horse without fear, fatigue and stiffening of limbs.

After his first successful trial, he often took the horse for long journeys. It was during these rides that he developed a love for the horse and passion for horse-racing. He began to look upon the horse as a friend and helper of man.

19. GOING OUT FOR A WALK

The author has a strong dislike for walking aimlessly. He has never gone out for a walk. He is very happy that in the busy life of London no one has ever disturbed him with a request to go out for a walk. In the countryside however he was often pestered with such requests. People think that there is really something noble in the desire for going out for a walk. It is easy to say "No" to an old friend. But in the case of a mere acquaintance one has to be ready with some excuse. The author usually pretends that he has to write letters and in order to convince the "walk-monger" he has to go to the writing table and pretend to write something till he goes away.

The author's main objection to walking for walking's sake is that this activity stops the working of the mind. A person who can amuse his friends with witty talk for hours together while sitting at home, forgets all his powers when he goes out for a walk. He runs short of words, his face

becomes set and serious and his eyes lose all their lustre.

He speaks only broken and disjointed sentences and confines all his talk to the mere reading of nameplates and signboards that he sees on the way. He gets back his lively spirits and rich imagination only when he has returned home and taken lunch.

There is a decline in the mental faculties of people who go walking for walking's sake. It is because they are not urged to go out for walks, by their reason. It is their soul which commands them to go out without purpose. The brain stops the body from going out. But the soul has the upper hand. The brain lets her (soul) have her way and refuses to co-operate with her. It prefers to sleep while the body is out on a foolish expedition and remains sleeping till the body gets back home.

The brain cannot do any deep thinking when the legs are moving. But it will be prepared to do many little things for the body if the legs are making themselves useful in one way or the other.

The author is not eager to have a vehicle to every destination. He is ready to walk whenever necessary. But he is not prepared to go out for a walk as long as he is not requested by someone to go and see him or he himself is not eager to go and see anyone.

II. QUESTIONS WITH ANSWERS

Q. Why is science unable to give us the quality of a work of art?

Ans. Science cannot tell us the *quality* of a work of art as it is limited to describing things. It is concerned with the outer world of every day life. It can, for example, give us the quantity or the exact measurements of a man's body. But it cannot give us an account of his personal character or his quality. Quality belongs to another world, which may be called the world of values.

The author gives us an example to prove this. A woman has a little clumsy wooden dog. It has been roughly coloured with paint. It is shabby and dirty to look at. It was the

toy of her little son who is now dead. In the world of science the shabby toy has no value. Nobody would give half a penny for it. Science can only describe it and tell us about the paint on it or about the wood it is made of. But in the world of science the toy is worth nothing at all. On the other hand this ugly and shabby toy would be the most valuable thing in the eye of the poor mother. She will not sell it for anything in the world. This value has nothing to do with the price which is measured by science.

Similarly science cannot give us any account or explanation of the quality of a piece of music. If a scientist is given a piece of music written by a famous musician and another piece of music which belongs to the same period but which is of lower musical value, and he is asked to examine both these pieces of music and distinguish between them, he cannotby any scientific method tell us which is the better piece of music. He can analyse the different ways in which these notes were combined and arranged. But he cannot, by any means, distinguish between good music and bad. He can only describe the arrangement of the music but he cannot say anything about its meaning. On the other hand a person with a musical taste can distinguish between a good piece of music and a bad one.

In this way we find that science is concerned only with the description of things. It can give us the description of a man's body, or a small wooden toy or the combination of notes in music but it has nothing to do with their quality. It can measure the material world. But it has nothing to do with the other world in which our feelings are concerned. We can enter this world through music, through paintings, through religion, through anything which moves our feelings and touches our hearts. It is in this world that quality can be measured and not in the world of science.

For Quick Revision

Science limited to describing things. It can give us the exact measurements of a man's body but it cannot tell us about his quality or character. A dirty wooden toy made by a son who is dead, is very valuable for the mother but it has no

value in the world of science. Science cannot tell us about the quality of a piece of music. It has nothing to do with the world of our feelings and sentiments, which we can enter through music, painting or religion.

Q. 2. What does Strong mean by the material world and the world of values. Why is the knowledge of both of them necessary for leading a happy and balanced life ?

Ans. The material world is the world of matter or the outer world which science can measure and describe in terms of weight, length, breadth, volume, colour and shape, or evaluate in terms of pounds, shillings and pence. In this world we can describe a human being from the point of view of chemistry, of energy, of heat, or of light. We can give the exact measurements of his body. This world is concerned with the quantity and description and not with the quality or personal character. Quality belongs to another world which we may call "*the world of values.*"

In order to illustrate this point we may give the example of a clumsy, crude, and roughly-painted wooden toy, possessed by a poor woman. This toy was made by her little son who is dead now. In the material world which science can measure, this crude little wooden object has no value. Science can accurately describe it, tell us about the paint upon it or about the wood of which it is made. But this shapeless dirty little wooden toy is worth nothing in the material world.

But for the mother it is the most precious thing in the world. It is the souvenir of her dead child. She would not sell it for anything in the world. This value, the value which the crude little toy has for the mother, cannot be measured in the material world. We cannot describe it in terms of pounds, shillings and pence. Our love, our deep attachment and our feelings and sentiments have no place in the material world. They are concerned only with the world of values. We can enter this world through music, through paintings, through books, through religion, through anything which moves our feelings and touches our hearts. Anyone

who cuts himself off from all forms of art, from books, from music and painting, deprives himself of the best keys which can open the doors of this world of values. If we cut ourselves off from fine arts, from music, painting, sculpture and also books, we lose many chances of strength and happiness.

But this does not mean that while living in one world we should cut ourselves off from the other world. We belong to both the worlds and both are real for us. If we close our eyes to the world of science, the practical world and throw away all technical books—the books of engineering, of medicine, of science, we would deprive ourselves of all the progress that mankind has made in these fields and would become a race of savages.

If on the other hand we cut ourselves off from the world of values, that world of our deep thoughts and finer feelings, we shall deprive ourselves of the great literary and artistic treasures of the past that still inspire us and move our hearts. We shall deprive ourselves of the great works of Homer, Virgil, Pluto, Shakespeare, Chaucer and a host of other poets, scholars and philosophers. These books contain the record not of what men have found out and learnt about other things but what they have learnt about their innermost lives. They are not concerned with our bodies but our real selves, our feelings, emotions, hopes, fears, sense of beauty, our religion, indeed everything which belongs to the inner world of values. The history of man is not merely the history of battles against nature but also of battles with himself and his victory over himself. The record of this inner history can be found only in the works of imagination, in literature, music and painting. It is through these works of imagination that we can go back to the past and recognize our brothers and sisters living thousands of years ago, in spite of the difference of dress and language. We find that they had the same hopes, the same fears, loves and hatred, friendship and jealousy that we have today. We discover friends through human history and this discovery has a great influence on our growth as human beings.

Thus we find that the knowledge of both the worlds, the material world and the world of values is necessary for leading a happy and balanced life.

For Quick Revision

There are two worlds, the material world which science can measure and describe and the world of values which is concerned with our feelings and sentiments. The former is concerned with quantity and description and the second with quality and character. The material world deals with our achievements in the practical world while the world of values deals with our inner history the record of which can be found in the works of imagination, in literature, music and painting. If we were to destroy all the technical books which keep a record of our material progress we would become a race of savages. If we detach ourselves from the world of values we lose many chances of strength and happiness. Both the worlds are real and the knowledge of both of them is necessary.

Q. 3. What are the two different kinds of books? How do they help us in our progress? What would happen if we were living in a book-less world?

Ans. There are two kinds of books, text-books (or technical books) and books of art. The technical books are books on medicine, engineering and other sciences and professions. In the second category there are books of art, books of music, painting, and literature, such as novels, plays, short stories, poems, and essays.

The first kind of books help us in building houses, roads and bridges, in combining chemicals for various purposes, for preparing medicines, for making clothes and other things of daily use. We owe our wonderful progress to these books. If these books were destroyed we would become a race of savages. Each new generation would have to make a fresh start in the field of knowledge. Now we can find the experience of past generations stored in books and utilize it to our best advantange. But in the absence of these books we would have to depend upon our memory. But no memory can retain more than a small portion of knowledge.

The doctors, instead of having the vast medical experience of generations, would have to depend upon bits of knowledge gained orally from wise men. They would be deprived of the vast experience of the ages and would have to depend upon themselves and their own limited experience. The engineers, in a similar way would be no more than ordinary hut-builders of the olden days. The shipbuilders would still be busy floating hollow logs of wood in water or using goatskins. Indeed the world would be a poor place to live in.

In the same way let us see the loss that we would suffer if the books of art, poetry, fiction or drama were destroyed. These books contain the record of what men have learned about their inmost selves, their feelings, their emotions, their hopes, their fears, their sense of beauty, their faith and their religion. These books deal with man's battle with himself and his victory over himself, as the other books deal with man's conquests of nature. The records of the inner history of man are found in the works of imagination, in literature, music and painting. These books deal with our faith and our sense of beauty ; which played as much a part in the building of Winchester Cathedral and the Taj Mahal as the science of engineering. This faith and this sense of beauty comes from the world of values whose record is contained in works of art.

By reading the works of Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare and Chaucer we can go across the centuries and recognize our brothers and sisters living in those days, in spite of the differences of true language, dress and manners. In spite of these differences we find that we have many things in common with them. We have the same hopes, fears, love and hatred. They thought the same things noble and the same things base. This discovery has a strange influence upon our growth as human beings. Similarly these novels and stories, poems and plays have also a great part to play in making us understand the peoples of other nations. They are the best ambassadors that a country can have. They bring us so close to each

other in spite of so many differences. If these books were lost we would lose everything which gives life its finer shades, everything which belongs to the inner world of values.

For Quick Revision

Two kinds of books, technical books and books of art. Technical books contain the record of our material progress. If these books were destroyed, our doctors, engineers and scientists would have to depend only on memory and each new generation would have to begin again. We would become a race of savages. Books of art contain the record of our inner progress. They deal with our feelings, emotions, sense of beauty, faith and religion. The records of our innerselves are found in the works of imagination, in poetry, music and paintings. These books tell us how much we have in common with the people in the ancient times and with people living in distant countries even today. This discovery has a strange influence on our growth as human beings. If the books were destroyed we would suffer a great loss in the world of values.

Q. 4. What was the mystery about the "Mary Celeste"?

Ans. The *Mary Celeste* started upon a voyage across the Atlantic from New York to Gibraltar. Its whole voyage is steeped in a mystery. There are different stories told by different persons. But not much is known except that she was a two-masted half brig weighing 282 tons, built in Parsborough, Nova Scotia, owned by J. H. Winchester, and having ten persons on board including Captain Briggs, his wife Sarah and their child of two. On the way all the ten persons completely disappeared, leaving no trace behind.

It was sighted by the crew of another ship, the *Dei Gratia*, going at a fast speed to Gibraltar. The *Dei Gratia* gave it a hot chase and overtook it the next day. Three men were sent from the *Dei Gratia* to find out the state of affairs. These three persons found no trace of any human being on board the brig. They found breakfast set for three persons in the cabin. There were three cups of tea and a boiled egg lying untasted. There was also a cooked

chicken in the pan on the stove. Three shirts were hung to dry. They also found some valuables including a five-pound note. In addition to this there was also a harmonium, some books of music and a chest of a woman's clothings. The Captain's clothes were scattered about and his gold watch and chain hung over a hook.

The ship was quite "seaworthy" and there was nothing to show that it had met with bad weather or any mishap. There was no sign of sudden alarm or panic.

There was nothing to show how the persons on board had left it. The boats were in place and they showed no sign that they had been recently afloat.

The last entry in the ship's log book was made on the 24th of November and the ship was discovered about ten days later. If the men had disappeared that very day after making the last entry, the ship had covered a distance of 750 miles without departing from its normal course on her way to Gibraltar.

This was the mystery about the strange ship.

For Quick Revision

The *Mary Celeste* started from New York with the captain, his wife and his daughter aged two, and seven sailors. On the way all these ten persons completely disappeared. The deserted ship was discovered by the sailors of another ship the *Dei Gratia*. The captain of this ship sent three persons to the *Mary Celeste* to find out the facts. They found breakfast ready for three persons in the captain's cabin and many other things. But there was no human being on board. The ship was quite safe and the boats were in place. There was nothing to show how and why it had been abandoned and where its people had gone.

Q. 5. What are the different theories advanced to explain the mystery of the "Mary Celeste"? Which one of them is, in your opinion, more probable than the others?

Ans. There are different stories about the mystery of the

deserted ship the *Mary Celeste.* First of all there is the story told by Captain Morehouse of the *Dei Gratia.* The *Dei Gratia* sighted the *Mary Celeste* on the morning of the 4th December 1872, sailing towards the coast of Spain, at a good speed. There was no response to their signals. The *Mary Celeste* was going at such a fast speed that they could not overtake it before the next day. The three men who were sent to the ship found no human being on board. They found the breakfast set on the table but there was no one to eat it. There were three shirts, a harmonium, a five-pound note and a chest of woman's clothes. The captain's own clothes were scattered about and his gold watch and chain hung over a hook. There was nothing to show how and why the crew had abandoned the ship. The boats were in place. The last entry in the log-book was made on the 24th November. This showed that if the sailors had left the ship on that day, the ship had sailed for ten days without any human being on board and it had not diverted from its normal route to Gibraltar.

The Attorney-General Mr. Solly-Flood appointed a board of examiners to investigate the case. Their report suggested that the crew had been victims of violence. They had either been murdered or drowned in the sea, or taken prisoners by the pirates. During their investigations they discovered blood-stains on the rail of the ship and also found a blood-stained sword. This created a good deal of excitement. They also found another thing which was not mentioned by Captain Morehouse. It was a sewing machine placed on the table in the captain's cabin. The first story mentions that there were breakfast things lying on this table. But according to this story the breakfast things had apparently been removed. In the sewing machine there was a child's half-made pinafore. This showed that the crime involved a woman and a child.

The American Consul-General made an independent inquiry and came to the conclusion that the "blood-stains" on the rail and the sword were not blood-stains but a mixture of rust and linseed oil. He did not agree to the idea that violence had been done to the crew.

The newspapers also gave detailed accounts but they too

could not give any fresh information. All that they could tell was that the ship had sailed from New York laden with barrels of alcohol and she had on board the captain, his wife and their child of two, in addition to seven sailors. But between the Azores and Gibraltar all ten had disappeared.

The story given by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, describing black sailors and other passengers was quite wide of the mark (untrue). The ship did not carry any passengers and the sailors were Germans, not blacks.

Mr. Solly-Flood was of the view that the ship was laden with alcohol. The sailors had opened one of the caskets and had got dead drunk. They murdered their officers and left the ship in a panic.

But this story was not believed by the owner of the ship. He believed that the sailors could not rise in revolt. He thought that in hot weather gases begin to rise from the caskets of alcohol. When the ship had passed through the hot climate near the Azores Islands, one of the caskets had been exploded. (This is how he explained one of the broken caskets.) The crew had got frightened at the thought that the whole ship might explode. They had, therefore, left the ship, in a boat to wait for the explosion. But in the meantime the ship had sailed out of their reach and they had been left to starve on some lonely island. There were two objections to this theory,—(1) that both the boats were found on the ship and (2) an experienced captain like Captain Briggs must have been careful enough to hold the ship by a rope or a chain, so that they might not be cut off.

The disappearance of the crew remained a mystery inspite of various explanations given by different persons. More than fifty years after the event another story was published in a journal by John Pemberton who claimed to be the cook of the *Mary Celeste* and hence an eye-witness. This story appears to be more convincing in some points, than the other explanations. According to this story, the *Dei Gratia* and the *Mary Celeste* lay in the New York harbour. *Mary Celeste* carried a cargo of timber and whale oil. Its sailors refused to accompany the ship, as the whale oil gives a

nauseating (sickening) smell in summer. Captain Briggs borrowed three men from Captain Morehouse on the promise that he would return them when he got new men for his ship at the Azores. After these arrangements the *Mary Celeste* started on her voyage. Nothing unusual happened in the first part of the journey. Sometimes Hullock, the mate and Carl Venholdt quarrelled. The captain who was a gentleman, dominated by his wife, did not interfere in these quarrels. His wife was fond of playing on the piano. Fearing that the piano might fall down and cause an accident, the mate had fixed the piano at a certain place.

One day when they were 400 miles from the Azores Islands, a sudden wind began to blow and turned the ship to one side. The steerman set her right but in the jerks that it received during this process, the piano broke loose from its position and fell down on the lady, causing fatal injuries to her. She died the next morning. This shock turned the brain of the captain and he wanted to take the life of both the mate who had tied the ship insecurely and the steerman who had righted it carelessly. He shut himself in his cabin and suddenly disappeared. It is not clear whether he committed suicide or was killed by someone. Suspicion fell on the mate. Hullock and the mate again quarrelled and during the fight the mate was thrown overboard.

The men who remained behind feared that enquiries would be made and they would be held responsible for the loss. So Hullock and two more persons slipped away to one of the islands on the way. Now only four persons remained on the ship—the cook and the three men who belonged to the *Dei Gratia*.

They decided to wait for their own ship from New York. When she came they went to their captain and told him the story. When Captain Morehouse heard of this story he was tempted to get a large sum of money for bringing a deserted ship. So he invented the story that there was no man on board the *Mary Celeste* and he had sent three men to make enquiries regarding the deserted ship. It was in these circumstances that he sailed into Gibraltar harbour with the

abandoned *Mary Celeste.*'

This story seems to be more reliable than the others but this too contains a few contradictions. It does not mention anything about the captain's daughter, although the Captain's cousin claimed that she had sailed with her father on this trip.

The story tells us so much about the piano but does not mention the harmonium. But it is a minor point. The harmonium does not play an important part in the story like the piano. It could be neglected by the story-teller. But the third point which is important is that it mentions that the ship carried whale oil while other stories tell us about alcohol. These differences make an otherwise convincing story appear doubtful and the mystery remains a mystery inspite of so many explanations.

For Quick Revision

Different stories about the fate of the *Mary Celeste.* The captain's story—the ship was found deserted and the untouched breakfast and many other things were lying at different places. The report of the Board of Examiners appointed by the Attorney-General. The discovery of a sewing machine and blood-stains. American Consul-General does not agree with the idea of violence. Newspapers' account. The imaginative story by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Solly-Flood's account about alcohol and the mutiny by the sailors. Owner's account of the explosion of alcohol barrel. The account by the cook seems to be more reliable than others but it does not mention the captain's daughter and puts whale oil in place of alcohol.

Q. 6. Give a character-sketch of the Irishman whose funeral is described by E. V. Lucas.

Ans. The Irishman was an old friend of the author. He was a strong and sturdy man possessing a sound health. He remained a bachelor throughout his life and died at the age of 63 after a short illness. He courted this illness due to his irregular habits and too much work.

He was devoted to three things in life. His books which he read greedily, his friends whom he often invited and

served with whisky-punch and his long walks. He was so much fond of reading that he would carry a bag full of books even on a short railway journey. This showed his enthusiasm for reading and his devotion to books. He was indeed a great scholar and remembered the best lyrical passages of great poets like Shakespeare, Wordsworth and Keats. He would reproduce these fine passages during his long walks with his friends. A long walk with him was indeed a literary feast for his friends who could hear from him the best things that the greatest poets of nature have written. He was a generous man, ready to help his friends at all times. He would help them with his learning and scholarship. His own literary masterpiece remained incomplete. He had been working over it for such a long time that people began to look upon it as a joke. In spite of his scholarship he had a bad hand. His manuscripts and letters could not be read by anyone.

Though he was a polite, tolerant and lovable man he was very sensitive to meanness and injustice. He could not tolerate rudeness to anybody and would get ready to fight with others for showing lack of respect to a lady or to a friend of his. He often quarrelled with the bus conductors for showing discourtesy to the lady passengers.

Although he was moderate in the matter of eating and drinking, he took a keen interest in preparing a special drink (whisky-punch) for his friends. It was like a religious ceremony for him and he would do this duty with all the devotion and thoroughness.

He was indeed a genial, sweet-tempered and lovable gentleman generous to his friends, and a champion of the weak. He was a frank, sincere and honest person and could not tolerate injustice, deceit and meanness. It was for these noble qualities that he was loved by his friends who felt sorrowful at his death.

For Quick Revision

A strong and sturdy Irishman possessing sound health. Died at the age of 63 after the first illness of his life. A great scholar, fond of reading, remembered the best lyrical

passages by the greatest poets. Handwriting not good. Champion of the weak, sensitive to meanness and injustice. Prepared excellent drinks for his friends. Genial, sweet-tempered and lovable gentleman.

Q. 7. Show that the essay "A Funeral" is a mixture of sadness and smiles.

Ans. In this essay the author mixes up elements of humour in an account of the burial ceremony of one of his dear friends. Ordinarily there is not much scope for any humorous remarks in an account of a sad event like the death of a friend. But the author has combined these two things in such a subtle way that the essay has become a pleasant and artistic piece of writing. It is no longer a story of unrelieved gloom and unredeemed melancholy (sorrow). The event is really tragic but the treatment is quite pleasant and interesting without being non-serious and unimpressive.

A few friends and relatives have assembled to bury an old Irishman. The grave has been dug and they are going to lower the body into it. In all there are about a dozen persons present during the ceremony, two or three relatives and about eight friends. They are sad and thoughtful but all are feeling a little uncomfortable in these unusual mourning clothes. Then they are not feeling a sharp sense of untimely loss as one would have felt at the sudden death of a younger person. The deceased had lived a happy life as a bachelor and had died after the first real illness of his life at the age of 63. But in spite of this, the author could not help being impressed at the death of a great scholar. The brain which was a storehouse of learning had ceased to exist. Death had at last gained victory.

The scene of the filing out in the churchyard is also very sad and impressive but the author's remarks about skull-caps worn by the priest and the sexton provide a humorous tinge to this otherwise tragic scene. All other persons had kept their hats raised on their heads as a mark of respect for the deceased. But the priest and the sexton were exceptions to this rule. God Almighty either completely overlooks this exceptional attitude or seeing only

smiles at it. Even in this sad scene there is an undertone of humour.

The remarks about the bad handwriting are also full of humour. The way in which his friends put everything aside in order to solve the enigma of his letters creates another humorous effect. Still another humorous situation mentioned by the author is the way in which his friend in spite of his great scholarship and high intellectual standard would get ready to fight with the bus conductors and other such people for not showing due courtesy to ladies and his friends. Once the author had to prevent him with great difficulty from jumping over the counter of a tobacco merchant to give him a good thrashing for an imagined rudeness.

Another incident which enhances the humorous effect is the way in which he would carry a bag full of books for reading during a railway journey between two nearby stations.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN

Q. 8. How does the behaviour of grown-up people influence the bringing up of children?

Ans. The parents and grown-up people play an important part in the mental and moral development of children. When we turn over the pages of the modern books on children, books written by doctors, teachers, psychologists, sociologists, etc., we come across four main points from the general discussion. The *first point* is that children can adapt themselves in a wonderful manner according to their conditions and circumstances. They grow upon all sorts of diets, systems and even lack of systems. The children of rich parents grow up on special and medicated diets like "Horlicks", "Ostermilk" or "Gripe Water" or special biscuits but the children belonging to poor homes can grow up to be quite healthy and strong even on crumbs of stale bread, without depending upon artificial diets. Thus children can adapt themselves to any kind of food. The *second point* is that children cannot grow up into satisfactory adults (grown

up persons) unless they are brought up in a good home and are loved. By a good home the author does not mean a home belonging to rich and prosperous parents. According to the *third point*, what makes a home good or bad is the behaviour of the grown-up people who share it with the children. It is the behaviour of the adults which counts a great deal. Other things like the house, clothes, diet and hygienic conditions matter much less. The *fourth point* is that the behaviour of the adults does not wholly depend upon their own character or morals. Our behaviour to our children, our thoughts, actions and our characters are moulded by outside circumstances.

Parents are usually worried about the behaviour of their children. A certain child eats much less, another creates difficulty in toilet training, a third is not keen about games, a fourth is of a reserved temperament and does not mix up with others, a fifth quarrels with other children. Such difficulties about the children are a source of worry for the parents. But if we focus on the children and hold them responsible for the abnormal behaviour we would not be able to solve their difficulties. But if we also take into consideration the child's family we would be able to understand their problems and solve most of their difficulties. But merely the knowledge about the "small family" (child's own parents, sisters and brothers) is not sufficient. We have also to keep in view the habits, attitudes, behaviour and character of the grand parents, uncles, aunts, cousins, etc. We have to examine a still larger unit, *i.e.*, the class or sub-tribe to which their family belongs and then our society as a whole.

The grown-up people know that their own characters and thoughts have been affected by the way in which they were brought up. If there are differences between a husband and his wife, they should know that these differences had got something to do with the behaviour and characters of their respective parents. Our children think that we grown-up people are independent, free and powerful in our behaviour and attitudes. But they do not know that we have outside worries and satisfactions, joys and sorrows which affect our

spirits and influence our behaviour towards the children. Thus the habits, attitudes and beliefs that the parents pass on to their children are not based on their own individual temperaments but are the results on their social conditions in which they are living, they are the products of the time and place in which they happen to be born.

For Quick Revision

(1) The parents' behaviour has a strong effect on children. (2) Four points stand out after the study of various books on children :—(*a*) Children can adapt themselves according to their social conditions and circumstances. (*b*) Satisfactory growth of children requires a good home and love. (*c*) It is the behaviour of the parents and other adults which makes a home good or bad. (*d*) The behaviour of the parents is conditioned by outside circumstances. (3) Many parents are worried about the abnormal behaviour of children. (4) But only children should not be held responsible for their behaviour. (5) We have to keep in view the habits and character of—(*a*) the parents, elder brothers and sisters, (*b*) the grand parents, uncles, aunts and cousins, (*c*) the class or sub-tribe to which the family belongs, and (*d*) the society on the whole. (6) The behaviour of the grown-ups is also affected by their social conditions and environments. (7) The differences between a husband and wife and the problems in their marriage have something to do with the behaviour of their respective parents. (8) Parents are not independent, free and powerful. Outside worries and satisfactions affect their spirits and mould their characters.

Q. 9. "Our most cherished ideas which we take for granted and insist that our children should accept without question are not necessarily a part of human nature but have been made for us by the traditions of the society in which we live."—Explain.

Or

Show that our ideas of right and wrong are the products of time and place in which we live

and the contradictions in them affect the behaviour of our children.

Ans. We often think that our habits and beliefs and our ideas of right and wrong that we pass on to our children are merely the products of our own temperament and a part of our nature. But it is not so. These ideas are the products of the time and place in which we happen to be born. We learn our ideas of right and wrong so early and so thoroughly that when we grow up they seem to be a part of our nature. If our ideas are really very important for our children and if they are the results of social traditions, we should try to understand them. We should now examine the traditional views of some of the nations.

Many intelligent and highly-educated Hindus look upon the cow as a sacred animal. They regard the cow as the foster mother, because it nourishes us with its milk. Hence killing of cows is considered to be a sin. This traditional belief in the sacredness of the cow has been the cause of riots in India. Beef-eaters are hated and are not allowed to kill the cow for thir food. This is one example of the strange traditional views which the children have to learn in one community.

In some societies begging and stealing is considered to be a part of good and proper behaviour which the children have to learn from their elders. In other countries taking of revenge and continuance of fights and quarrels through generations may be regarded as honourable. Among some tribes the property of the chiefs is considered to be sacred, and a well behaved young-man belonging to a poor family may regard it shameful and sinful to drink from the chief's cup. Among the Christians the property of the church is considered to be sacred and it is highly sinful to steal from the church.

In some parts of Indo-China parents believe and teach their children not to work too hard. Working hard and earning money is considered a sign of ill breeding and impiety.

The Christians are also taught by their religion that riches stand in the way of the soul's progress. But the social traditions in Christian countries like Britain and America are quite opposite. Making money and growing rich is considered to be a great social virtue and the rich people are looked upon with the greatest respect. Thus people in these countries are teaching their children two opposite ideas at once. These contradictions (opposite ideas) bewilder and puzzle an intelligent child. He too becomes a victim of double-thinking like his parents.

Other societies and cultures too have their contradictions. In large parts of Indo-China drinking large quantities of wine prepared from rice is considered to be a mark of goodness, piety and respectability. But these people also live in very clean and well-arranged villages. So they are teaching their children two opposite lessons of drunkenness and neatness.

In the middle ages English children belonging to higher homes were taught that it was right for ladies and gentlemen to harass their neighbours, to keep up long family quarrels and to indulge in dangerous kinds of love affairs. At the same time the wise men of China taught their children that war was the business of ignoble and hired persons and good life was a life devoted to friendship, poetry, writing, and respect for parents. They expected a gentleman to become a civil servant but not to work too hard and to retire to two years of mourning in the event of his mother's death.

If we had been born in Caesar's Rome or in Japan we would have taught our children that the only honourable way of solving a difficulty was to commit suicide. If we were living in the 18th century England we would have taught them that the only reply to an insult from an equal was to challenge him to deadly duel.

Thus we learn that our most cherished ideas are the result of time and place in which we live and they have been made for us by the society to which we belong. We take these ideas for granted and insist that our children should ac-

cept them without question. Each child has to learn the ways of the society into which he was born and he learns the main things from his parents by precept or example. If we really want to do good to our children we should examine and understand our traditions and ideas, their virtues as well as their faults. We should be bold enough to examine and criticise the defects in the traditional ideas and remove the dangerous contradictions and cross-currents which create conflict and friction in the minds of our children and make them victims of double thinking like us.

For Quick Revision

Our ideas are the result of our social traditions. Different communities have different ideas of right and wrong. We are beef-eaters but Hindus respect the cow as a foster-mother. In some societies begging and stealing are considered a part of good behaviour. Some communities regard long family-feuds and taking of revenge as honourable. In Indo-China working hard and earning money is considered impious. Christianity looks down upon wealth and riches. But social traditions in Europe and America are quite different. This contradiction of ideas exists in many societies. Children also become victims of double thinking like their parents. We should try to examine these ideas and remove the contradictions to save children from friction and mental conflicts.

Q. Give an account of Stevenson's journey, bringing out the points of humour in his attempts at mastering the Modestine.

Ans. Stevenson undertook a walking tour in the hills of Southern France for reasons of health. He purchased a donkey to carry his baggage. This animal whom he named "Modestine," turned out to be very stubborn and a source of great trouble for him. It walked at a very slow pace and stopped at every step, refusing to move unless it was beaten. Stevenson has given a humorous account of this troublesom journey with this obstinate donkey. As he left Monastie he found that Modestine was moving at a very slow speed

He did not tamper with her for some time. They crossed the stream with great difficulty. When they reached the opposite bank, he started beating the donkey with his stick. She would improve her pace for a few steps and then fell into her usual speed. The donkey began to breathe hard and her knees started trembling. This showed that beating her would not help him. The author pitied her and thought that as a true English gentleman he should not be unkind to a female. He therefore decided to let her go at her own pace, and follow her patiently.

But it was a terrible pace, much slower than a walk. He had to hang on each foot for long, in order to keep pace with her. If he dropped a few yards behind or went a few yards ahead, the donkey at once came to a halt and refused to move forward. After some really painful moments, he met a traveller who laughed heartily when he learnt that Stevenson had travelled all the way in this plight. Then he plucked a stick from a bush and applied it to the donkey, uttering a cry. The animal began to run fast and remained at this speed as long as the stranger was with them. While leaving, the traveller gave Stevenson the stick and taught him the cry of "Proot." This, he said, would prove very useful. This newly-learnt cry and the stick really proved very helpful. Modestine went at a wonderful speed, showing no signs of obstinacy or exhaustion (weariness).

When he passed through the town of Goudet he halted at an inn where he saw a portrait with a funny inscription. It was the portrait of the host's nephew Regis Senac and the following words were written under it: " Professor of fencing and champion of the two Americas," an honour won by him, along with a sum of 500 dollars in New York on the 10th of April 1876. The whole thing seemed to be quite funny.

After his midday meal, Stevenson resumed his journey. As they climbed up the hill, the cry of "Proot" seemed to have lost its whole effect. He prooted with all force but the donkey held stubbornly to her slow pace. Even the application of the stick did not have any effect. It would move

for a second and then fall into her miserable speed.

He had planned to camp at the lake of Bouchet. In order to reach there before sunset he had to ill-treat the poor animal. He felt sick of the sound of his own blows. The donkey at one time seemed to have some resemblance to an old lady known to Stevenson. This thing made the idea of constant beating all the more horrible.

After some time, they met another donkey who happened to be a gentleman (a male donkey). He and Modestine started their romance. The author had to beat the lover and stop this love affair. But the young lover seemed to be a coward and hence quite unworthy of Modestine's love. If he had the heart of a male, he would have fought with the author and taken up the cause of his lady-love.

The author had to continue his irksome journey in the scorching heat of the burning sun. The constant beating and the scorching heat made him perspire. Now, to add to his troubles, the luggage packed on the donkey became loose and leaned to one side or the other. Stevenson had to stop the donkey and adjust the load after every few minutes. When he reached the village of Ussel, the whole load fell down into the dust. The donkey seemed to smile. A party of five persons, one man, two women and two children came up there. They stood round, enjoying the sight, without caring to lend him a helping hand. He tied the luggage but it fell down again. The stranger suggested that he (Stevenson) should have a package of a different shape. The author got angry with this man who, instead of helping him in his difficulty, was only loading him with his suggestions. At last he decided to share Modestine's burden. He took some of the things himself and loaded others on her back. When he passed through the village, the donkey pestered him further by trying to enter every house and every courtyard on the way. When a priest and his six assistants saw the donkey-driver in this plight, they laughed heartily.

When he was out of the village, the donkey took it into her head to follow a by-road and refused to leave it. The author was in a strange fix. He dropped all his bundles and

struck the ass twice on the face. The poor beast lifted up her head and closed her eyes as if waiting for another blow. It was really very pitiable. The author, instead of giving her another blow, sat down by the roadside to think over the situation under the cheerful influence of tobacco and brandy. He decided to make a sacrifice to the gods of shipwreck and throw away some of his unnecessary belongings. This greatly lightened his burden and he set forth again.

Now he had a free hand to thrash (beat) Modestine and he had to use it freely to reach his destination in time.

The sun was setting and his destination was still far away. In the darkness he lost his way in the mazy roads of the countryside. For sometime there seemed to be no way out. His luggage fell down again and he had to spend another half an hour in reloading it. In the dusk of the evening he reached a wilderness of turf and stones. There he met two persons, a son and a mother. He greeted the son and asked him the way. He pointed loosely to the west and went on. The mother did not even care to raise her head. He shouted after them but they turned a deaf ear to his cries. He left Modestine there and ran after them. He held the mother by the collar, begging to be excused for his rudeness and asked them the way. They did not feel offended, told him the way and went on.

He came back to Modestine, pushed her briskly forward and after a short time reached a village.

For Quick Revision

Modestine's slow pace a source of great trouble for Stevenson. Even the constant use of stick make no difference. A traveller appears and teaches him the donkey-driver's cry "of 'proot" and the correct way of whipping, which has the desired effect for some time. Stevenson halts at the inn and sees a funny inscription on a portrait. The cry of proot loses all effect. The short-lived romance between Modestine and a male donkey. The luggage on donkey's back falls down. Stevenson's anger against the stranger who does not help him. He shares

the donkey's burden. Modestine's effort to enter every house in the village. Its refusal to leave a by-road. The writer at last leaves her alone and sits down to think over his situation. He throws away his unnecessary things. The meeting with a young man and his mother. Arrival in a village.

Q. Relate the circumstances under which Winston Churchill was made the Prime Minister of Britain.

Ans. On the tenth of May 1940 the Germans attacked Holland and the German armies began to move towards France for a full-scale invasion.

At 10 o'clock on that day Sir Kingsley Wood came to see Mr. Churchill. He told Churchill that the Prime Minister Mr. Chamberlain had agreed to have a National Government in the country due to the critical situation created by the German invasion. At 11 o'clock the Prime Minister sent for Mr. Churchill at his office. When Mr. Churchill reached there he found Lord Halifax also present. The Prime Minister told them that he was unable to form a National Government as he had received no support from the Labour Party. He therefore wanted to know who could form a National Government at this juncture.

Mr. Churchill kept quiet. Mr. Chamberlain thought that Churchill who had a heated controversy with the Labour leaders in the House of Commons two nights before would not be able to win their support. In these circumstances he preferred Lord Halifax for the Premiership. But Lord Halifax told him that his position as a Peer would make it very difficult for him to win the confidence of the House of Commons, on whose support the life of every Government depended. Now it was clear that the duty would fall on Mr. Churchill. He told the Prime Minister that he would not consult the opposition parties before the King asked him to form a Government. Then he went back to the Admiralty.

The Dutch Ministers came to see Churchill in his room. They were looking pale and horrified and had just flown from their country which had been attacked by Germany

without any excuse or warning. The whole country was in a state of complete confusion. The long-prepared defence scheme had been put into operation. The dykes had been opened and the sea waters had spread in all directions. But the German armies had already crossed the defence line. The Dutch Queen was still in Holland but she could not remain there for long. The Dutch Ministers could not understand why the Germans had attacked their country. They (the Germans) had professed friendship with them till the previous night. During the first world war in 1914 the Germans had attacked Belgium but had stopped short of Holland because of lack of communications for a full-scale attack. Now the old plan of action had been put into operation. Churchill had warned these neutral countries (Holland and Belgium) against the German onslaught. But his words had been resented by them. Now the prophecy h ad come true.

Mr. Chamberlain had gone to see the King and offer his resignation. A message came at 6 o'clock summoning (calling) Mr. Churchill to the palace. There was no crowd at the palace gates, as nobody knew anything about the change in the cabinet, although the evening newspapers were full of the war-news. The King formally asked Mr. Churchill to form a Government. Although the King did not mention the word "National Government", yet in these circumstances it was necessary to have a government of this type. Even if he could not seek the co-operation of the opposition parties, he would be free to form a strong government which commanded a majority in the House. He, however, told the King that he would send for the leaders of the opposition parties for consultations and would give him (the King) a list of five members of his War Cabinet before midnight.

M. Attlee came to see Churchill in the evening. Mr. Churchill told him of the authority to form a cabinet and asked him if his party would join. Mr. Attlee agreed. Mr. Churchill offered to give the Labour Party two seats in the War Cabinet of five or six Ministers. Churchill also mentioned the names of some of the eminent Labour leaders like

Mr. Bevin, Mr. Alexander, Mr. Morrison and Mr. Dalton for inclusion in the cabinet.

Churchill also invited Mr. Chamberlain to be the leader of the House of Commons and he agreed. Mr. Chamberlain broadcast a speech at 9 that night, giving the reasons of his resignation and asking people to support Mr. Churchill. Lord Halifax was invited by Mr. Churchill to join the War Cabinet as the Foreign Secretary. Mr. Anthony Eden (the present Prime Minister) was to join as the War Minister, Mr. Alexander as in charge of the Admiralty, Sir Archibald Sinclair in charge of the Air Ministry. Mr. Churchill was to hold the charge of the Ministry of Defence. He sent a list of these names to the King for his approval.

Thus on the night of the 10th May, Churchill assumed the powers of the Head of the Government and he held these powers for five years and three months. At the end of this term when all the enemies had been completely defeated, he was voted out of office by the nation.

For Quick Revision

The Germans attacked Holland on 10th May 1940. Churchill was sent for by Mr. Chamberlain, the Prime Minister, who was going to resign, as he could not form a National Government. He had Lord Halifax in mind for forming a new Government. But Halifax being a Peer, declined the offer. Churchill agreed. Dutch Ministers came to see Churchill. Their country attacked by Germans without any excuse. They had not heeded Churchill's warnings. King invites Churchill to form a Government. He agrees ; Sends for the Labour leaders. They agree to join. List of the cabinet members sent to the King. Thus Churchill became Prime Minister and held power for 5 years.

Q. What are Crompton's observations about the spider's intelligence?

Ans. Some people say that the minds of the spidersare totally different from ours and they cannot think at all. But

the author says that it is not quite true. Since we do not know the mind of the spider we cannot form any opinion about it. We do not even know the minds of our fellowmen. Among some communities there are human beings who possess much less intelligence than any spider. We can judge the intelligence of a person by his actions. Similar is the case with the spider. We have to judge its intelligence by its actions. But the actions that we study, should be conscious ones. We do most of the things unconsciously and they do not require much of intelligence. While playing tennis, or cycling or walking, our mind works unconsciously.

So while judging the intelligence of men and insects we should study the conscious actions. But it is also necessary that the subjects studied should be leading their normal lives. We should not throw them out of their homes, fling them into prisons or destroy their homes and murder their children while making experiments on them.

In order to judge the intelligence of the spider we should go to its home, *i.e.*, to its web in the garden, and watch its activity. It is true that the making of the web is a matter of instinct and not of intelligence. But the spider shows its intelligence in the way in which it handles its prey. When the prey arrives, the spider comes out and watches it from various angles, thinking what steps to take. In some cases it bites, in others it puts a rope round it (the prey) and in still others, it does both. If the creature is powerful and dangerous, the spider hesitates and does not take a hasty action. It seems to be biting its nails. This shows that the spider can think and act upon the thought by a certain plan of action.

The selection of a place for the web also shows the spider's intelligence. The spider chooses the common path above which it makes its web. Some of us may say that it is foolish on the part of the spider to make its web at such a place where it is likely to be broken by a passing man or animal. But the author says that it is our folly not to understand the motives of the spider in choosing such a place. The spider needs food and it prefers such a place

for its web where it may get food easily. A path through the meadows is used by men and animals who may destroy the web while passing. But this path is also used by foxes, rabbits, cats, hares, dogs and others. When they pass, a number of insects jump from the ground and fly away before them. The spider is there in its web, lying in wait for them and can in this way get ample food.

If the web is broken by a passing man or a wandering cow it does not matter much. The spider's store of food is full to the brim. It can repair or rebuild its web in no time. This shows how intelligent it is.

Crompton gives another example of the spider's intelligence. When a strong wind blows and stretches the web too much, the spider hangs pieces of wood or stone as weights to the bottom strands (strings). J. C. Wood, an observer, once saw a spider move a piece of wood five feet along the ground till it was under its web. Then it tied a thread and dragged it up many feet towards the web. But the thread was broken in this effort and the piece of wood fell down. The spider came down, tied the piece of wood with a stronger thread till it was drawn up and placed safely in the web.

Another observer once saw a pebble hanging from a spider's web. In order to see what the spider would do, he destroyed the whole web. Three days later the spider rebuilt the web and secured it with two pebbles instead of one, in order to make it safer. The observer again destroyed the web thinking that the spider would hang three pebbles. But the spider showed more intelligence and left the place for good, as it seemed dangerous to it.

These examples show that the spiders have intelligence and reasoning powers of some kind.

For Quick Revision

It is wrong to say that the spider does not have intelligence. We can judge its intelligence by its actions, while it leads a normal life in its web. It shows intelligence by the way in which it handles its prey. The selection of a place for the web also shows intelligence. It builds its web a little above the common path where it is likely to be

broken. But it makes the web for food which it gets there in abundance. When a strong wind blows and stretches its web too much, it ties pieces of stone or wood to secure it. An observer saw a spider dragging a piece of wood several feet high along the wall to tie it to its web. Another observer broke a web as an experiment. The spider tied two pieces of wood to make it safe. He broke it again. But the spider felt the danger and left the place.

Q. Give a description of the tea-party attended by Alice bringing out the elements of humour in the piece.

Ans. *A Mad Tea-party* is a humorous piece selected out of Lewis Carrol's book *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.* He wrote this book to please the little daughter of a friend of his and the book has been a source of delight for English readers, children as well as adults. The adventures of Alice take place in her dreams. The actions and situations described in the book are funny. But the remarks made by various persons have double meanings. It is not only the humour but also the intellectual quality underlying the humour that has made this book so popular.

In this piece we find Alice attending a tea-party with the March Hare, the Hatter and the Dormouse. When Alice came, she found the March Hare and the Hatter having tea and talking loudly. Dormouse was sitting between the two, fast asleep. When they saw Alice coming they cried that there was no room for her, although they were sitting only at one corner of the large table. Saying that there was plenty of room, Alice sat down at one end of the table. The March Hare invited Alice to have some wine. There was no wine on the table and Alice pointed out this fact to the Hare. He replied that there was really no wine. At this she remarked that it was not civil on their part to invite her to take wine when there was no wine on the table. The March Hare retorted that it was not very civil on her part to sit down at the table without being invited. The Hatter remarked that Alice's hair needed cutting. Alice objected to this personal remark. The Hatter now put forth a funny riddle. He asked Alice "Why is a raven like a writing desk?" She was unable to find an answer and asked

the Hatter to give the answer. The Hatter replied that he hadn't the slightest idea. The March Hare replied that he too hadn't any idea. Alice got angry and snubbed him, saying that he should not ask riddles which have no answers.

The Hatter took out his watch from his pocket and looking at it uneasily and shaking it every now and then, he asked Alice about the correct date. She replied that it was the 4th of the month. The Hatter sighed and said that it was two days wrong. The March Hare took the watch and dipped it into his cup of tea. Alice was amused to see this strange watch. She remarked that it was a funny watch which could tell the day of the month but not the hour of the day. The Hatter retorted, asking her whether her watch could tell her about the year. She replied that there was no need of such a thing as the same year stays for such a long time. The Hatter said that this was the case with his watch. But Alice could not understand his reply which only puzzled her.

Seeing the Dormouse a sleep again, the Hatter poured a little hot tea upon its nose.

When the talk turned to *Time*, the Hatter told Alice that she should not give it the pronoun *It*, but *Him*, as Time is a great and powerful living person. He told Alice that she could win the favour of Time by keeping on good terms with him. If it was nine o'clock, the time for learning lessons, she should whisper a hint to Time and the clock would go round in a twinkling and strike half past one, the time for taking dinner. She could keep it at half past one, as long as she liked. Alice asked him if he managed *Time* in that way. He replied that they had quarrelled in the preceding March (when the March Hare had gone mad) and since then the time for him had stood at 6 o'clock and it was always tea time with him. They had no time to wash the cups and they kept moving round the table as the things got used up. She asked him a puzzling question, *i.e.*, what happened when they came to the beginning again after completing the round. As there was no reply to this question, the March Hare had to intervene and ask the Dormouse to tell them a story.

He related a funny story about three sisters who lived at the bottom of a treacle well. They lived on treacle and they learned to draw treacle just as we draw water from a well. But it was strange that they drew treacle from the well, while they themselves lived at the bottom of the well. It was really a funny story like all other things in the mad tea-party. Alice was so much confused by these foolish and funny things that she remarked that it was the most stupid tea-party she had ever attended.

For Quick Revision

Alice finds the March Hare, the Hatter and the Dormouse sitting on one side of a large table taking tea. They invite her to take wine but it is not there. She feels offended. The Hatter asks her a riddle which has no answer. She rebukes him for asking such a riddle. The Hatter then takes out his watch and asks Alice the date of the month. The March Hare dips his watch into the cup of tea. The Hatter tells Alice that she can win the Time's favour and it would always be one o'clock with her, the time for dining. He himself has quarrelled with *Time* and with him it is always 6 o'clock, time for taking tea and they always keep taking tea. Dormouse tells a funny story about three girls living in the treacle well, eating treacle and drawing treacle out of the well. Alice is confused by all this and leaves the mad tea-party.

Q. Give an account of Kingslake's journey through the desert.

Ans. While travelling through a desert, the Arabs usually perform their journey in the early hours of the morning and in the forenoon and rest during the whole of the afternoon, when it is very hot. Kingslake, however, did not follow this practice. He believed that an ordinary canvas tent in which the travellers rest during the afternoon, cannot give much protection against heat. It is harder to bear the heat of the sun while lying crouched up in the tent, than when one is sitting high up on the camel's back.

Keeping this thing in view, the author started his journey in the morning, after sunrise. He rose an hour before

dawn and washed himself with only a pint of water that he could spare. Then he took his breakfast consisting of tea and bread. When the camels were loaded and everything was ready, he started the journey. He himself performed his journey on the camel but his Arab attendants being without camels had to travel on foot. They cried with pain and fatigue (tiredness) and requested him to halt but this white man who was bent upon reaching Cairo within the fixed time, never cared for the suffering of the poor Arabs. He never allowed a halt till the evening. He even took his midday meals on the camel's back.

During the journey in the desert, the traveller has no particular point as his resting place. There is only sand as far as the eye can reach. In the way there are hills and valleys of sand newly made by the sandstorms in the deserts. There is sand everywhere without any roads, or milestones, and one is lost in an ocean of sand. In such a place the sun is the traveller's guide and task master. It is by him that we know how much we have travelled and how much still remains to be done. He starts his journey along with the traveller and remains with him all the day. The traveller dare not look at the glory of the sun. He has to keep his face and eyes covered. He cannot talk with his companions. As they proceed with their journey they all cry with heat, pain and fatigue. The Arabs moan, the camels sigh, the traveller's skin burns and his shoulders ache (feel pain). Time passes on in this way, till the afternoon when the sun goes down and is covered in the redness of his glory. Now it is time to halt and take rest. Thus in the evening the caravan came to a halt. They pitched their tents to take rest for the night. The camels were unloaded and turned loose to graze upon the shrubs of the desert.

The servants started pitching the tent and kindling the fire. While they were busy in unloading and pitching tents the author would go away for a walk towards the East, leaving his footprints behind for his return. When it grew dark he began to return to his camp. In the way he climbed some high ground and from there he looked at the fires of his small encampment with delight. When he returned to his camp he felt as if a home had sprung up for him in the lonely

desert. He saw his Greek attendant Mysseri preparing tea and the boiling kettle seemed to be singing old songs about England. A few feet away stood his own tent with its open door beckoning him to dine and rest, welcoming him like the door of his own house. His tent could provide him with every kind of luxury. His dining room, drawing room, library, bed room, dressing room were all confined into a small tent in the space of a hearth rug (mat). One night he wished to read his books and maps. A taper light was improvised for him. When it was brought in the tent, thousands of moths and insects of all shapes and colours thronged into the tent and nearly extinguished the candle with their burning limbs. When dinner was brought to him in the tent, he took it with great delight.

When the day dawned and his people began to unload the camels, he became sad. The lonely spot in the desert where he had passed a night had become so familiar to him that he did not like to leave it. But by and by all things were wound up and loaded on the camels, when at last they got ready to start, the author's tent was also wound up and his beautiful home of the night was reduced to a mere pole and a bundle. The small human habitation was deserted and the spirit of the desert, like a real owner walked in and occupied the place after the human beings had left.

For Quick Revision

Kingslake unlike the Arab travellers started the journey in the morning after sunrise. He found the journey on the airy heights of the camel's back less troublesome and unbearable than a forced stay in a canvas camp which cannot protect one from the scorching heat. He was bent upon reaching Cairo in time and therefore travelled all day without resting or caring for the suffering of his Arab attendants who had to walk all the way. During a journey through the desert the traveller is at the mercy of the blazing sun throughout the day. He takes rest in the evening. At this time Kingslake's attendants halted and pitched up their tents. Kingslake went away for a walk and came back after it was dark. He felt greatly delighted to look at the lights of his little encamp-

ment from a distance. His prim little tent was the centre of every luxury for him. One night thousands of moths and insects crowded in his tent round his taper light. The departure from a halting station was always sad for him. The spirit of the desert re-occupied the place when human beings had departed.

Q. What were the views formed by Sherlock Holmes about the owner of the hat and the goose. How were his conclusions justified?

Ans. For Answer read the Summary.

For Quick Revision

Sherlock Holmes finds out the name of the owner from the initials "H.B." on the hat and the words on the card tied to the goose's leg. The hat was quite large in size, hence the man's head must also be big and a big head must be intelligent. It was originally a superior hat with a silk lining. This showed that the man must have been rich when he bought it. But the present condition showed that he had became poor and could not buy a new hat. The hat-securer showed that the man had foresight. But since the broken elastic had not been replaced, it showed that his foresight had declined. The concealing of stains with ink showed that he had not lost his self-respect. The white and black hair pieces in the hat showed that the man was middle-aged. The smell from inside the hat indicated that the man used lime-cream. The dust on the hat showed that it had often hung indoors, and the man spent most of his time at home. This dust also implied that his wife had not brushed it and she had ceased to love him. One might say that he was a bachelor. But the card on the goose's leg showed that he was married. The tallow stains showed that there was a gas lamp in the house. Most of the conclusions were justified. The man was really big-headed. He confessed he had become poor. Red nose and trembling hands were signs of drunkenness.

Q. How was Sherlock Holmes able to trace out the real thief of the blue carbuncle?

Ans. When Peterson was giving his conclusions about

the hat and its owner, Peterson came running with a precious stone that his wife had discovered in the crop of the goose when she had cut it. He showed it to Sherlock Holmes who said that it was the precious stone of the Princess of Morcar. She had lost it and had advertised in the papers setting a reward of one thousand pounds for one who discovered it and restored it to the owner. John Horner, a plumber who had gone for some repair work in the Princess's room in the Hotel Cosmopolitan on the day of theft had been accused of theft. After his departure, the jewel-case had been found empty. He had been arrested the same evening but he had strongly protested to the police that he was innocent.

These were the facts known to Sherlock Holmes. But the mystery that required immediate solution was how the stone had gone in the stomach of the goose owned by Mr. Henry Baker. Sherlock Holmes being a detective, set about solving this mystery immediately.

He at once sent an advertisement to the evening newspapers asking Mr. Baker, the owner of the hat and the goose, to get back his things. Since the goose had been eaten by Peterson's family a new goose was purchased from the market for him (Mr. Baker).

Mr. Baker called at the appointed time in the evening. He was glad to receive his hat and the new goose in place of the old one. As he was about to leave, Holmes asked him, just by the way, where he had got his goose from. He replied that he had got it from the Alpha Inn where they had started a goose club by contributing a few pence every week. When he went away. Holmes told his friend Watson that Baker did not know anything about the jewel.

As Holmes was eager to find a clue to the mystery of the jewel, he decided to go at once to the Alpha Inn. He took his friend Dr. Watson with him and they both reached the Alpha Inn. There Holmes ordered for two glasses of bear and while drinking he referred to the geese supplied by the host to the members of the club. The host told him that he had got these geese from a salesman, Mr. Breckinridge in Covent Garden. They both left that place for the Covent Garden Market to find out Mr. Breckinridge.

When they reached the Market, the shop in question was going to be closed. Holmes asked the dealer from where he had got the geese which he had sold to the landlord of the Alpha Inn. On hearing this question the shopkeeper became very angry and refused to tell him anything. Holmes knew how to tackle such a man. He got ready to bet a pound on his opinion that the goose which he had eaten was country-bred. The shopkeeper at once replied that it was town-bred and in order to prove this, he laid-before him the register. This showed that the geese had been purchased from Mrs. Oakshott, egg and poultry supplier, Brixton Road. Holmes drew a pound and threw it to the shopkeeper. When he came out, he laughed and said to Dr. Watson that such a man could only be managed by a bet. They were thinking of going to Mrs. Oakshott when they heard a noise from the stall of Mr. Brockinridge who was shouting at a little rat-faced fellow. The little fellow was saying that one of the geese supplied by Mrs. Oakshott was his and the shopkeeper was shouting that he should go and ask Mrs. Oakshott.

Holmes whispered to Watson that they could learn a great deal from that man. He went to him and told him that he (Holmes) could tell him about the goose in which he (little fellow) was interested. Holmes gave him some details about the goose and took him to his house. On the way Holmes learnt from him his name, which was James Ryder.

On reaching home, Holmes showed him the blue carbuncle and told him the story about its discovery. Ryder turned pale at the sight of the diamond and was about to faint. Holmes gave him some brandy which revived him. This James Ryder was the servant of Princess of Morcar. It was he who had stolen the diamond but had got the innocent plumber arrested. Holmes now understood all this and asked him how he had been able to get the diamond and how it had gone into the goose's stomach. Ryder fell at his feet and begged for mercy. Holmes asked him to relate the story of his crime. He replied that when the plumber was arrested, he thought that it was best for him to hide the stone to save himself from the police. He went straight to his sister's house. She was Mrs. Oakshott, the goose-

seller. There in her house he began to think of hiding the jewel.

He thought of a friend who could give him the best opinion in this matter. He decided to go to him. But he might be caught on the way and the jewel might be discovered from his pocket. He was thinking in this way when an idea struck his mind. His sister had offered him a goose sometime back. Now he could choose one from amongst those which were moving about in the compound. He caught hold of a fine big goose, opened its mouth and thrust the jewel into it. The bird swallowed it up and it went into its stomatch. The bird fluttered, escaped from his hands and got mixed up with others. His sister came out. He told her that he was selecting a bird for himself. She offered him another fat goose. But he did not accept that. He insisted upon having the one which had just escaped. She caught a bird that he pointed and handed it over to him. He took it to his friend and cut it eagerly to take out the jewel. But there was no jewel in it. He realized that some terrible mistake had been made. He rushed to his sister's house to claim the right goose. But she had in the meantime sold all of them to Beckinridge. There were in fact two birds of the same colour. Ryder had taken the wrong one. He ran to Beckinridge but he too had sold all the birds and would not tell him the name of the customer.

After telling the story of his theft he began to weep bitterly and begged pardon. Holmes took pity on him and let him go.

For quick revision

Precious Stone found in the goose's stomach ; Princess of Morcar's advertisement, the plumber accused of theft and arrested. Holmes's advertisement asking Mr. Baker to get his hat and goose. Baker tells he got the goose from Alpha Inn. He does not know anything about the stone. Holmes and Watson go to the Alpha Inn and learn from the landlord that he got the geese from Mr. Beckinridge in the Covent Garden Market. They reach the Market and meet

Mr. Beckinridge who refuses to tell them anything. Holmes gets the information through a bet. The geese came from Mrs. Oakshott, egg and poultry supplier. Holmes and Watson thinking of going to Mrs. Oakshott, hear a noise. Mr. Beckinridge shouts at a little fellow who is asking him about a goose, which was his and was supplied to the shopkeeper by Mrs. Oakshott. Holmes takes this man into confidence, tells him about the goose and learns from him that he is James Ryder, the servant of the Princess of Morcar. Holmes takes Ryder home and learns that he is the real thief of the jewel. He stole the jewel and accused the plumber of theft. After stealing the jewel he took it to his sister's house to hide it somewhere. Seeing the geese moving about, he hit upon an ingenious plan, caught hold of a goose and pushed the jewel through its mouth. The goose devoured it but escaped and got mixed with others. There were two geese of the same colour. Ryder got the wrong one. The goose with the jewel was sold to Beckinridge from whom it at last reached Baker. Ryder was let off by Holmes.

Q. 17. Do you consider "The Blue Carbuncle" a good detective story ?

Ans. Arthur Conan Doyle was a great writer of detective fiction. He is the creator of the famous detective in English Literature, *i.e.*, Sherlock Holmes, who is the hero of every detective story written by Conan Doyle. In all his stories a small clue leads to the discovery of a crime. This is particularly the case with the present story in our book *i.e.*, "The Blue Carbuncle." It is a mystery story. The mystery goes on deepening as the reader proceeds with the story. It starts with an ordinary harmless affair and results in the discovery of a great crime. The story opens with the discovery of an ordinary old hat and a goose left by an unknown man in the streets and ends in the detection of a thief who had stolen a precious stone worth thousands of pounds from the jewel-case of the Countess of Morcar. The beginning of the story was quite simple and no one could expect any extraordinary thing. But the mystery was created when the blue carbuncle was found in the stomach of the deserted goose. Sherlock Holmes was deeply interested in the case. He had already formed his opinion

about the character of the man who had run away leaving his hat and the goose. After the discovery of the jewel from the goose's crop he set about the investigation of its robbery. The man who had been arrested for the crime, seemed to be quite innocent. He seemed to have nothing to do with the theft. Now the problem before Holmes was how to discover the real thief, who had put the stone into the stomach of the bird. He set about this task with great prudence and care. He learnt from Baker that the goose had come from the Alpha Inn. He also guessed aright that Baker was quite innocent and he knew nothing about the jewel inside the goose which he had been carrying. He took care not to create any suspicions in the minds of the persons he came across during his investigations. He approached the landlord of the inn with a good grace and very cleverly involved him in a talk about the geese. He got the secret from him without giving him a hint of his mission. When from there he went to Mr. Beckinridge, he found him a difficult man to deal with. But he handled him quite tactfully, in the true manner of a clever detective. He drew him out by a bet and came to know from where he had got the geese. He was thinking of tapping the next source when providence came to his help. And by a coincidence he came to know of the man who was so much involved in the crime. But he tackled this man very carefully and took him into confidence by telling him about the goose he was looking for. He brought him home and learnt from him all the facts about the robbery.

The interest of the story never lags. The reader's attention is sustained till the end. He is throughout eager to know what is going to happen next. All the facts show that "The Blue Carbuncle" is really a good detective story.

For quick revision

"The Blue Carbuncle" a mystery story, mystery deepens with the progress of the story. Nothing extraordinary in the discovery of a hat and a goose on the road, but this discovery ends in the recovery of a precious diamond which had been stolen. Sherlock Holmes behaves like a well-trained detective throughout. He handles all the persons very

tactfully. The interest of the story never lags. Throughout the story the reader is eager to know what is going to happen next. Thus it is a good detective story.

Q. 18. What are the various kinds of rings described by Frances Winton in her essay, "Rings on Her Fingers ?" *Or*

Why were rings made and to what use were they put afterwards.

For answer read the Summary.

For quick revision

Firstly precious rings were worn on fingers or in the ears; the best way of carrying one's valuable possessions in safety. Secondly these rings could show one's wealth and rank. Thirdly the owner's lady could also share the treasures and the growing sense of beauty resulted in more beautiful and delicate rings. The round shape of a ring showed something unbroken. If given as a gift, it was a token of faith and constancy.

Signet rings or rings with seal were used in place of signature with pen. Ancient Egyptians used these rings first of all.

During the Middle Ages merchants used signet rings to impress their signs on their goods.

The Earl of Essex received a signet ring from Queen Elizabeth I.

Travellers going on a journey had rings made in two parts. They sent messengers with half the part for identification. Betrothal or engagement rings. Rings signifying hate as "rings of death," containing poison and working by a hidden spring. The "Ring of the Fisherman," worn by the Pope. Rings worn by bishops. Rings worn by kings at the coronation ceremony. Rings bearing gloomy designs made in commemoration of a loved person. Cramp rings worn as a protection against cramp. The story of the Salmon and the ring.

Q. 19. How is the Greek idea of Democracy different from the Modern British conception ?

Ans. Democracy means a government of the people and by the people, and the British conception of democracy gives the greatest power to people to rule themselves through their chosen representatives. These chosen representatives form a legislative body which is called the Parliament which makes laws, decides peace and war, directs the home and foreign policies and thus wields the greatest power in the country. Thus it is said that people are the real power in the modern democracies. They are the true rulers of their countries.

But if a Greek citizen of the ancient days were to come back to life, he would at once declare that the British people are not free and enjoy no powers.

He would say that the laws are made by the Parliament which consists of the representatives of the people. But it is the representatives who decide all issues and not the people. As soon as the British citizen has elected his representative he himself has abdicated and delegated his power to others. It is for these "others" to decide all issues. He has no more to say on, for example, the international affairs, after he has elected the Parliament. He does not count when he has elected a Town Council. He leaves it to the Municipality to look after the town, leaves it to the Parliament to make the laws, to the king or the Prime Minister to declare war, to the judges to decide cases in the courts, and to the city-father to collect dues and to look after street cleaning, etc. He himself has no powers and enjoys no freedom of action.

On the other hand, in ancient Greece there was no Parliament, no Town council, or Municipalities and no law-courts. The people did not delegate their powers to any one of these bodies. They believed in the city-governments. Each city was free and independent, having a people's government. It was an assemblage of all free citizens who met at one place as a Parliament and at another place as a law-court. Since all the lawsuits were not important enough to need the presence of all the citizens, they had an arrangement for drawing lots for selecting people, numbering from 200 to 500, to hear the case. Poverty or humble origin was no bar in the selection of a group of citizens for a particular purpose. They recognized merit whenever they found it. Their laws secured equal justice to all alike.

Since all people had the opportunity to take an active part in all the matters concerning the state, they took keen interest not only in the affairs of their own government but also the international affairs. They attended all the important meetings, listened to the arguments for or against a certain action, weighed them in their minds and gave their decisions. After announcing their decisions they themselves had to carry out those decisions. If a war was decided they themselves bore arms and left for the battlefields. When the war was over, they came back to their peaceful occupations, to cultivate farms or to run workshops in which they made and sold the goods.

Thus the Greek system of government gave the greatest freedom to the citizen. Every man had to take an active and intelligent interest in the running of the government. This helped a great deal in his mental and intellectual development. Every man was in the position of a national leader who had to weigh, judge and decide on the vital matters concerning the state. The Greek citizen was not at the mercy of selfish politicians and clever leaders. He could not be misled and hoodwinked by cheap slogans as is the case with citizens in the modern democracies.

But the Greek system of democracy, in spite of its virtues cannot help us in the busy and complicated life of modern days. In the small Greek city states cut off from each other and consisting of a few thousand people, it was possible to entrust the business of the state to all the citizens. But in the modern states consisting of hundreds of such cities and having a population of millions of people, we cannot entrust the responsibility to all the people. Delegation of power is the only remedy. Each man cannot concentrate on politics. He has many other things to do. He chooses his representative who is better suited to devote his time to the international affairs or the civic problems. Being well-educated he (the representative) understands these affairs better than an ordinary man. In the case of law-courts too, highly qualified judges and lawyers who are specialists in their jobs can understand the intricacies of the lawsuits better than a crowd of semi-literate citizens. Similarly the national cabinet consisting of about a dozen best brains, or

an assembly consisting of some hundred chosen members is better qualified to weigh and decide about the delicate political issues or international disputes than a crowd of thousands of people. Crowds, for example, cannot be expected to keep a secret in the matter of war and peace with a neighbouring country. But a small number of persons in a cabinet can maintain a secret and take necessary action at the proper moment after weighing the pros and cons of the matter. Thus the modern system of is quite suitable for these times. The Greek system of city government if applied to modern times would have driven the whole world into confusion. The freedom of the modern citizen may appear limited and restricted. But unrestricted freedom and unbridled liberty to the people to interfere in all the policies and affairs of the state, in the public administration, as well as the law-courts, would create complete chaos and disorder and endanger their own existence.

For quick revision

Modern British conception of government through chosen representatives of people in the Parliament. But according to the Greek idea, modern British citizen enjoys no freedom. By electing his representatives to decide all issues, he himself abdicates. He leaves to the Parliament, to the Municipality, to the king and to the courts to decide different issues and perform different functions in his place. In Ancient Greece there were independent city states. In the city state there was no such Parliament, no town council and no law-court. All citizens decided all the matters. They met at one place as a Parliament and at another as a court. Every citizen, rich or poor, could take part in the proceedings and give decisions. Greek citizen thus enjoyed the greatest freedom and took an active and intelligent interest in the state affairs. But Greek conception has its limitations. It cannot help us in the busy and complicated life of these days. Big states and vast empires have grown up Delegation of powers has become necessary. Crowds cannot perform the business of the state. A Parliament consisting of a small number of representatives, a cabinet consisting of a few best brains of the country and a law-court consisting

of a number of highly qualified legal experts can perform their functions much more efficiently. Though the Greek idea of democracy assures greatest freedom to the individuals, modern conception of government is quite suitable to the needs of modern times.

Q. 20. What was the pattern of life in an ancient Greek city-state. How much freedom did a citizen enjoy in such a state?

Ans. For answer read the summary.

Q. 21. Give an account of the first Trans-Atlantic flight by Lindbergh. State how hope and disappointment alternated with him as he neared the coast of Ireland.

For answer read the Summary.

For quick revision

After a continuous flight of about twenty-seven hours he was feeling exhausted and flying on dreamily when he sighted the boats. He felt very happy but he had grave doubts in his mind. He did not know which coast he was nearing. He was disappointed when he founed no trace of human life in these boats. He was happy to notice a human head looking out through the port-hole of a boat. He shouted to the man below but there was no reply. He circled round and round but saw no man in any one of the boats, except the silent head in the port-hole. The whole thing seemed to be like "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." There was no earthly greeting and no welcome. He was disappointed and flew on eastward. He saw something like land in the distance. If it was Ireland he was 2½ hours ahead of the schedule. He felt happy. But it might again be an illusion He kept hope in check to avoid disappointment. But at last he saw curving lines of hills and seashore and then green fields. It was the south western coast of Ireland. Everything below was found on the chart which lay before him. There were boats in the harbour and wagons on the roads and people were running out into the streets to greet him. It was pleasant like rain after dry season and spring after cheerless winter. He hoped to reach

Paris within a few hours. But suddenly he found himself again over the watery expanse of the ocean without any signs of human habitation. Hope had risen too high to last. The mountains, coast and green fields had all disappeared. But soon he found that his plane had flown backwards. He turned the direction and again saw the familiar scenes below. He was now just 600 miles from Paris. He had left behind the stormy oceans, strange sights and ghostly voices. He was now back to life and reality. Yesterday he was on Roosevelt Field in America. Today he would walk on Le Bourget in Paris.

Q. 22. Dickens has been called a novelist with purpose. He has exposed ıany vices present in society with a view to reform. What vice does he exposes in the account entitled "Murdering the Innocents."?

Ans. There are novelists who write simply for the sake of entertainment of their readers. But there are others who have a purpose before them. They have an eye on the evils present in the society and aim at exposing them in their novels. Dickens is also a writer of this class. In his pleasant novels he deals with the life and problems of the poor people living in streets and slums of the 19th century London. In "David Copperfield," for example he points out the pitiable condition of young workers in factories and emphasises the need of improving their lot. In another novel 'Nicholas Nickleby' he exposes the horrible conditions in the private schools, like Squeer's "Dotheboy's Hall." The Headmaster Mr. Squeer is a grabbing, cruel, selfish, incompetent and highly ignorant man. His wife is as bad as he himself. They ill-treat and starve the little boys who are unluckily reading in their school.

In this story, too, Dickens deals with the problem of the education of children, particularly the methods methods of teaching. The teachers of his days taught the children in a very dull manner. They insisted upon teaching the boys dull facts in a rough and uninteresting way. They had no regard for the imagination of children and considered them as so many vessels which must be filled to

the brim with dull facts. In order to emphasise his statement he creates humorous characters. In this account he presents three persons who stand in a dull, dingy and bare school room emphasizing the theory of facts, in a dry, dull and emphatic manner. One of these speakers has been named as "Mr. Gradgrind," a man of realities, facts and calculations. He has no regard for human imagination or individual temperaments. He is always really to weigh and measure the parcels of human nature with a rule, a pair of scales and a multiplication table. The other person, a government official, is also a man without imagination. He too is eager to force every system down the throats of others and is always ready to fight anyone he comes across. He seems to be an enemy of commonsense and imagination. The schoolmaster Mr. M'Choakumchild is a moving encyclopaedia of knowledge. He has knowledge about everything in the world. He claimed to know, orthography, etymology, syntax, prosody, biography, astronomy, geography, general cosmography, the sciences of compound proportion, algebra, land-surveying, levelling, vocal music, drawing from models etc. In addition to this he knew all about higher branches of mathematics, physical science, French, German, Latin and Greek. He knew all about the water sheds of the world, and the names of all the rivers, mountains and all the manners and customs of all the peoples of the world. Dickens remarks with pity "Ah, rather overdone M'Choakumchild." If he had only learnt a little less he would have taught much better. His overloaded mind was useless for the little children. He poured out from the storehouse of his brain, dull facts into the little vessels (minds of children) lying before him and killed their imagination in the same way as Morgiana, in the story of "Ali Baba and Forty Thieves," poured out boiling oil into the jars and killed the robbers sitting in them.

These gentlemen taught the boys that they should never make use of their imagination and should discard the word "fancy" altogether. They taught the children that they should not have pictures of horses painted on papers fixed to walls, because horses never climb up and down the walls of the rooms. Similarly according to their theory of facts,

we should not have pictures of butterflies and birds sitting on our cups and saucers, as these creatures do not come and sit on our crockery.

This was the strange theory of facts that these teachers taught to the children. Dickens exposed such educationists and their funny theories and helped a great deal in the reform of this system of education in his days.

For quick revision

Dickens exposes evils present in his days, through his novels. In "David Copperfield" he points out the bad condition of factory workers. In "Nicholas Nickleby" he exposes the horrible conditions in private schools of his days. In "Hard Times" (from which this lesson has been selected) he focusses upon the unscientific methods of teaching, prevailing in schools. Teachers taught in a dull and uninteresting manner. They had no regard for the imagination of children and looked upon them as so many vessels which must be filled with dull facts. Mr. Gradgrind was always ready to measure parcels of human nature with a rule and a pair of scales. The "Education officer" was an enemy of commonsense and imagination. The schoolmaster M'Choakumchild claimed to know everything in the world. His over loaded mind was useless for children. According to their theory of facts pictures of horses should not be painted on the walls, because the horses do not climb the walls. A funny idea.

Q. 23. Dickens is a humorous novelist and exposes the social evils present in his times in a humorous manner. Show the points of humour in the account entitled "Murdering of Innocents."

Ans. Dickens is a novelist with purpose. He has exposed the various evils prevailing in England during the 19th century. In some of his novels he has dealt with the problems of factory workers. In others he exposes the defects in the system of education. But he does not deal with these problems like a moralist or a political reformer. He adopts the method of humour and exaggeration to expose these defects. He makes use of the comic and caricature in

drawing his characters and situations. But his humour is without bitterness. He is a great humanitarian and makes use of his human sympathy and good spirits while exposing the social evils. In the present story he presents the school teachers and their foolish theories in such a manner that they appear to be really absurd.

In the first instance he gives funny names to the characters of this story. The name "Gradgrind" suggests that the gentleman is dull, stiff, and rigid like a grinding machine. The schoolmaster M'Choakumchild also bears a funny name. It suggests that he chokes the throats of children and stops their breath by his overburdened mind and his rigid insistence on facts.

These persons emphasize their theory of facts in a nauseating manner. Mr. Gradgrind repeats his remarks every time. "Now what I want is facts. Stick to facts sir." "Facts sir, nothing but facts." Dickens calls him "a man of calculations and facts" or a "cannon loaded to the muzzle with facts and prepared to blow them clean out of the regions of childhood at one discharge." The way in which he roars at the little children is really funny, He rebukes the little girl for calling herself Sissy instead of Cicilia Jupe, which is her real name. The rigid definition of the horse taught to the children is also quite funny. The way in which half of the children cry out "Yes sir" and the other half "No sir," in reply to the question about papering the room with the pictures of horses, is also very interesting. The arguments of the speaker are quite absurd. He tells the children that they should not have pictures of horses on the walls because horses are never seen climbing up the walls of a room. Similarly they should not have designs of flowers on the carpet, because people do not like to trample on real flowers. The pictures of foreign birds and butterflies should not be painted on the cups and saucers, because these creatures never come from other countries and sit on our crockery. Instead of these decorative designs they should have mathematical figures like triangles and squares which can be proved and demonstrated. All this is indeed quite funny.

Dickens also gives an interesting description of the teacher Mr. M'Choakumchild. He enumerates all the

subjects in the world and says that Mr. Choakumchild knows about all of them. After giving a long and funny list of subjects he remarks. "Ah, rather overdone Mr. M'Choakumchild. If he had learnt a little less, how infinitely better he might have taught much more." The comparison to Morgiana in the "Forty Thieves" is also very interesting. Mr. M'Choakumchild goes to work in his lesson like Morgiana in the "Forty Thieves" looking into all the vessels (little children) lying before him, to see what they contained. He had to pour into their brains the boiling facts and kill their imagination as Morgiana poured boiling oil into the jars to kill the robbers hidden within.

For quick revision

Dickens exposed the evils prevailing in society, but not like a moralist. He adopts the method of humour. In this story he presents the school teachers and their teaching methods in such a way that they appear funny. The names Gradgrind and Choakumchild appear funny but they are quite suggestive. The repetition of the word "Fact'! in every other sentence produces the humorous effect. The gestures and movements of the teachers appear funny. Children's "Yes sir" and "No sir" has also the same effect. The teachers' strange theory about the pictures of horses on the walls and the painting of foreign birds on the cups are really funny. Dickens's description of Mr. Choakumchild's encyclopaedic knowledge and his own remarks at the end are also very interesting and produce the humorous effect.

Q. 24. Describe how Japan and Turkey established themselves as strong modern states through educational revolutions. *Or*

Show how modern Japan and Turkey provide examples of the movement of ideas as an important historical force.

Ans. *See Summary.*

Q. 25. How were the Romans civilized. What contribution did they themselves make to the Greco-Roman civilisation? *Or*

"In the second century they (the Romans) conquered Greece and almost at once they became its prisoners"—Explain.

Ans. *See Summary.*

Q. 26. How was Spain influenced by the Arabs through the movement of ideas in the Middle Ages?

Ans. *See Summary.*

Q. 27. "History of the world is the history of the movement of ideas from one group to another"—Discuss and illustrate. *Or*

"History moves faster tnrough education than through warfare"—Says Gilbert Highest in his essay "Politics and Society" Discuss and give examples.

Ans. Some historians believe that the history of a country is the record of its political and military affairs. They deal with power as it passes from one political party or group to another or with the accounts of wars fought by that country with others. Other historians describe the economic conditions of a country and think that only these are the cause of political conflicts, military uprisings and social unrest. They explain all relations economically instead of politically. But both these schools of historians overlook a powerful factor which has been explained by Gilbert Highet. He says that history of the world is the history of movement of ideas from one group to another and the most important relationship between groups is educational. An inferior, *i.e.*, less civilised nation comes in contact with a superior and highly civilised nation and becomes its pupil. It learns new ideas, absorbs them and in some cases even transmits them to òthers in a better form, as the Romans did. They became the pupils of Greece, learnt from them a great deal and later on became the teachers of the world.

The author says that when the Romans conquered Greece, they became its prisoners. By this he means that though they were politically stronger than the Greeks, they found

Greek civilisation far superior to their own and they willingly became their pupils. They brought the Greek scientists, philosophers, thinkers and teachers to their country and learnt from them their art, philosophy, poetry and drama. But they added a great deal of their own to the Greek culture. They differed profoundly from the Greeks, and had their own qualities—moral sense, patriotism and responsibility. They modelled their poems, plays and dramas on Greek models but they wrote them in a way quite different from that of Greeks. The Romans added their own qualities such as respect for law, power of administration and a seriousness for religion, to the Greek culture. The Greeks produced philosophers and the Romans produced statesmen who learnt philosophy from the Greeks and became greater statesmen. The Greeks developed oratory and the Romans put moral and social ideas into it. Similarly they added deep thought to the Roman lyric metres. Thus the Romans contributed to the Greek civilisation to such an extent that they at last moulded it into what is known as the "Greco-Roman Civilisation." Ultimately they passed this culture on to the wild tribes of Europe such as the Spaniards, the Gauls, the British, the Balkanese, as well as the North Africans. Rome taught them not only agriculture, trade, architecture and industry but after some generations guided them in law, philosophy, literature and even religion. Modern Europe owes its greatness to Rome. This whole movement of ideas from one people to another is an educational process.

Another example is that of Spain. One is impressed by two things in the Spanish life. One is the enjoyment of animal fights, which they learnt from the Romans and the other is the gipsy songs which they learnt from the Arabs. The Arabs attacked Spain in 711 A.D. and ruled over the country for many centuries. They had a superior civilisation. They loved music, poetry, painting, fine buildings, gardens, beautiful furniture and philosophy. The Spaniards learnt all these things from the Arabs. They were so much influenced by the Arabs that a large number of them became Muslims and those who remained Christians, began to use Arab dress and write Arabic hand.

The latest examples are provided by Japan and Modern Turkey. Japan had three such educational revolutions. The first in the dark ages when the Japanese emerged as a Mongolian tribe and settled in the Islands. When they grew in numbers and security they determined to become civilized. They became the pupils of their highly civilised neighbour, China and learnt from her the system of government. Buddhist religion, Chinese script and fine arts. In the 19th century they became the pupils of Europe. They sent their progressive leaders abroad. These persons made revolutionary changes on their return. The new constitution of Japan was modelled on that of Bavaria. The old feudal system was abolished. The Western Calendar replaced the old Chinese Calendar. The new Bank of Japan was established and modelled on the Bank of Belgium. The Army was also remodelled. The Japanese, in their zeal to learn, brought 5000 teachers from abroad to teach the Western sciences to the young Japanese. The third educational revolution came in the 20th century during the second World War, when the Japanese were defeated by America and their country was occupied by the invader for a number of years. During this occupation they came in contact with the Americans and learnt from them.

The Turks also like the Japanese came in contact with the Western Civilisation in the 20th century after the fall of the Ottoman Empire in 1918. Within a short period of ten years they made revolutionary changes in their country. They educated the whole nation, reorganised schools and universities, adopted the Roman script, made English the second language and adopted the European dress, abolished polygamy and gave their women the right to vote. These changes made Turkey a strong and living nation.

Thus we find that history of the world is the history of the movement of ideas from one nation to another and the most important relationship between nations or groups is educational.

The author, however, remarks that in order to absorb and spread ideas, the two meeting cultures must have some-

thing in common. This would result in the happy blending of the two cultures. If there is nothing in common there will be discord and misery. The Negroes and whitemen have nothing in common so they have not mixed up. Similarly in North America Whitemen and Red Indians have not mixed up. But in South America the white people of Spanish origin and Red Indians have blended together, because they had certain qualities in common with each other.

For quick revision

History is chiefly relationship between groups of people. These relations neither merely political nor economical. Most important relationship, educational. Movement of ideas from one group to another. Examples (1) Ancient Romans became pupils of Greece, learnt a great deal from the Greeks, added their own culture, passed on the Greco-Roman Civilisation to the uncivilised nations of Europe, who are the ancestors of Modern Europe. (2) Spain. Spaniards' early association with Romans. Later on became pupils of Arabs, learnt from them art, painting, music and lyrical poetry. (3) Japan, three educational revolutions. (*a*) Early association with the Chinese, learnt a great deal from them. (*b*) Became pupils of Europe in the 19th century. (*c*) Association with America in the 20th century. (4) Turkey. A mediaeval state like Japan. Came in contact with the Western Civilisation in the 20th century. Modern Turkey, a Europeanised state. If the two cultures meet they must have something in common. Negroes and whitemen have nothing in common. Whitemen and Red Indians have not blended in North America. In South America there is much in common between Whitemen of Spanish origin and the Red Indians. •

Q. 28. Why did George Orwell dislike the job of a police officer ?

Ans. George Orwell was the sub-divisional police officer of Moulmein, in Lower Burma. Being an Anglo-Indian police officer in Burma at the time when the British ruled over that country, Orwell could really be in a privi-

leged position. He held a key position in the administration and could deal with the natives as he liked. This was enough to make him power-drunk. But Orwell's conscience revolted against the inhuman treatment meted out to the natives in the state prisons and police lock-ups. The wretched condition of these poor people made him hate his job and thoroughly dislike the Empire which he was serving.

The Burmans too had developed as strong hatred against the British Government. There was a bitter kind of anti-European feeling prevailing in the country. Being unarmed they could not raise a riot. But they expressed their hatred against the foreign rulers by, for example, spitting betel-juice on the dress of a European woman going alone through the bazar. They particularly disliked Orwell as the police officer of the town. They jeered at him and hooted insults after him when he was at a safe distance. If in the foot-ball field, the refree did not give the point to him, they shouted at him (Orwell) with frightful laughter. Buddhist priests, too, stood at the street corners and laughed at the Europeans passing by. This hostile attitude on the part of people upset Orwell. He hated the empire which meted out a cruel treatment to the natives. He sympathised with the natives in their misery. But their behaviour enraged him. He was stuck between his hatred of the empire he was serving and his anger against the hostile young Burmans who had made his job so difficult for him. Under these circumstances, he began to dislike his job thoroughly and think of giving it up. At last in 1927 he resigned from his post and left for Europe.

For quick revision

Orwell an Anglo-Indian sub-divisional police officer in Burma. His conscience revolted against the inhuman treatment to the natives in the jails and prison-houses. He began to hate the Empire he was serving. The Burmans too strongly hated the British Imperialism. A bitter kind of anti-European feeling among the Burmans. They jeered at the Europeans and particularly the author, as the police officer. They shouted at him for a distance. He sympathised with the natives but their hostile attitude enraged him. He

began to dislike his job thoroughly and at last resigned in 1927.

Q. 29. Give an account of the death of the elephant at the hands of Orwell.

Or

Under what circumstances was Orwell forced to kill the elephant?

Ans. One morning Orwell received information on the 'phone that an elephant had gone mad and was doing damage in the bazars. He took his small ·44 gun and left for the locality which the elephant had been ravaging. The elephant had been chained up but on the previous night it had broken its chains and escaped. Its Mahout (driver) had gone out in its pursuit but he had taken the wrong direction and had gone far way. The elephant had suddenly appeared in the town in the morning. It had raided a fruit shop and overturned a filth-cart. When the sub-divisional inspector reached the locality in which the elephant had appeared, he questioned the people where the elephant had gone; but he could not get a definite information. The author began to think that the whole story was false but suddenly he heard the shouts of a woman who was driving away a crowd of children. This made him think that the elephant must be in the neighbourhood. He turned the corner and found a black coolie which had been killed by the elephant a short while ago.

Orwell sent an orderly to a friend's house for bringing an elephant rifle. He came back in a few minutes with the rifle and five cartridges. In the meantime some Burmans came and informed Orwell that the elephant was in the rice fields a few hundred yards away. As the author started towards the rice fields, a large number of people who had in the meantime gathered there, followed him. They had seen the rifle and they were eager to see the elephant being shot dead. They also wanted to have its flesh. Their zeal made the author very uncomfortable. He had no intention of killing the elephant and it was very awkward to have an ever-growing crowd of people behind him. He reached near the fields and saw the elephant from a distance. It was busy

eating peacefully and did not look dangerous in any way. The attack of madness seemed to be passing off. He therefore thought that he should not kill it. Moreover it was a serious matter to kill such a large and costly animal. It would mean a great loss to its owner. He therefore decided that he should watch it for some time, to see that it did not turn wild again, and then go away.

But there was a huge crowd, feeling very much excited at the idea that the elephant was going to be shot. They expected him to kill the elephant. He felt as if their two thousand wills were pressing him forward. He imagined himself to be a puppet pushed to and fro by their will. He was a "Saheb," a white man, and had to act like a "Saheb." He must do something to appear brave and resolute in their eyes. It seemed to be impossible for him to go back without shooting the elephant. The crowd would feel that he was afraid, and would laugh at him.

On the other hand the elephant looked quite innocent and harmless. He decided that he should go near the elephant. If it attacked him, he should shoot at it immediately. If it did not attack he should leave it and go away. But he was not a very good shot and the ground before him was soft mud. If the elephant attacked and he missed the shot, he would be crushed to death by it. But at this moment he had not to think only about himself. He had to take into consideration the impatient crowd. He must not betray any signs of fear before them. There was no alternative. He put the cartridge into the magazine of the gun and aimed at the elephant. But he did not know that he should aim at the ear-hole. He aimed several inches in front of the ear, thinking that the brain would be further off. When he fired the shot he did not hear a loud sound; only the people shouted with pleasure. But a sudden and quick change come over the elephant. The bullet made it motionless without knocking it down. After a few minutes its muscles became flabby. The author again fired. It did not fall even now. He fired a third shot. This was the shot that finished it. It fell down with a crash that shook the earth near them. It kept breathing noisily. Orwell fired two more shots. But the painful breathing did not stop. It was

lying there powerless to move yet powerless to die. He now took his own gun and fired a number of shots into its opened mouth, down its throat. But it did not die immediately. The author was so much disgusted with its painful breathing that he left it and went away. He heard later that it took the elephant half an hour more to die. After its death, the Burmans came and took away its whole meat leaving only the bare skeleton.

For quick revision

Orwell received telephonic information about the mad elephant which had been ravaging the town. He left for the locality. People could not give him the whereabouts of the elephant. Cries of a woman driving away children; and the sight of a coolie trampled by the elephant. He sent for an elephant rifle. As he left in search of the elephant, a large crowd followed him. His position was very awkward. Did not want to kill the elephant. It appeared to be quite harmless. Besides it would be a great loss to the owner. But people were eager to see him shoot the elephant. They would laugh if he did not shoot. He aimed at the elephant and fired all the five shots, one after the other. It fell down but did not die. Its heavy breathing disturbed him. He fired more shots with his run. But it did not die immediatery. He left. The elephant died after half an hour. Burmese removed all the flesh.

Q. 30. "The British sport is a matter of the mind—a matter of mental delight and the happy exercise of mental faculty and not a cult of physical efficiency"—Explain.

Ans. People generally look upon games and sports as only physical exercises having no connection with the mind. This is not true. The British regard sports as a matter of the mind and means of the development of mental faculties. They think of sport as an art and associate it with the practice of arts. Sport, for them, has a moral quality and is connected with the practice of virtues. But this is not exclusively the British idea of sport. Even the old Persians and Greeks regarded sport as an exercise of the mind. The ancient Persians taught their young men to shoot straight, to

ride straight and also to speak the truth. The Greeks in their Olympic games attached as much importance to the strength of the mind as of the body.

In the British idea of sport too, there is a similar stress on the mental and moral qualities. They play the games for pleasure but they also love the rules of the game and obey them willingly. This teaches them to submit themselves to the laws and helps them in learning the art of self-government. There is a similarity between the rules of a game and the laws of the country adopted by the Parliament. There is a connection between the spirit in which the two sides play a game and the spirit in which two parties carry on the political business. It is quite natural for the British to bring this spirit of game into politics and even war. There is nothing childish or improper about it.

The British raise the activity of games and sports to a higher level and make the sport serve the purpose of the mind. This attitude makes the idea of force look gentle and human and lose its wildness and roughness. In this way it can help in the cause of civilisation.

But while idealizing the conception of sport we should also keep in mind the dangers in attaching too much importance to sports. This may make the devotees of games blind to the realities of life. They may become so much attached to games that they may consider the result of a match more important than the news of a war in which their country is involved. There is another thing which we should keep in mind. With the growth of population and advance of science, games have undergone much change. They have now become mere shows in the hands of the professional players and have lost much of their charm and spontaneity.

But the professional players can also render a great service to the games. They can raise their standard and make them an art like the amateurs. We may also condemn the large number of sport fans for their eager devotion to sports. But we have also to keep in mind the fact that games can provide the much-needed relief and pleasure after a week of laborious and uninteresting work. Games have been a great source of comfort and consolation to

millions of hard-worked people. They have made their lives more tolerable.

In spite of certain difficulties and dangers involved in the sports, they play an important part in the life of a nation. Every nation should organise its sports on a sound footing. This can be done by learning the art of the games and the rules of conduct and behaviour associated with them. We should not attach too much importance to the idea of victory in the games. If we hanker after victory we may change the games into a war when we play them on international basis, as in the Olympics. A game is never a war. It is essentially "play" and not merely an activity for the sake of prizes and medals. It is fun to win a game but it is an honour to be beaten. This is the essence of the British idea of sport. This essential idea of "sport for sport's sake" is all the more necessary in these days of records, competition and passion for victory.

Q. 31. What, according to Ernest Barker, is the essence of the British idea of sport.

Ans. The British regard sport as essentially a matter of the mind. It helps in the development of mental faculties. It has an artistic as well as a moral quality. The ancient Persians taught their young men to shoot straight, to ride straight and to tell the truth. In the Olympic games, too, the old Greeks attached as much importance to the strength and skill of the mind as of the body. The British too have a similar idea about the games and sports. The game of cricket, for example, which is their national game, possesses an artistic beauty as well as a moral quality. The artistic beauty lies in the sound of the bat as it strikes the ball on a green ground in the summer sunshine, as also in the fine performance of various players. The moral or ethical quality lies in the collective efforts of the players for their side and in their co-operation in obedience to the rule of the game and the ethic which the game imposes upon them.

The "rule of the game" is really a thought-provoking term. It is by obedience to the rule of the game and by a voluntary submission to the idea of law that the British

people have learned a great deal about the difficult art of self-government. There is a close connection between the spirit in which two organized sides play a game and the spirit in which two organized political groups perform the serious business of politics.

The British idea of game in this way makes the physical exercise help in the mental development and serve the cause of civilisation.

There are people who say that there are difficulties aud dangers in idealizing the conception of games. People who are devoted to sports are apt to forget the real business of life. But it is also a fact that organized sports give great comfort and consolation (satisfaction) to millions of hard-worked people after a week of dull and uninteresting work.

In spite of their drawbacks sports are a great factor in the life of the British people. They have built up their sports and developed the art and ethic (moral qualities) of the game in a fine manner. They do not attach much importance to victory in games. They do not look upon a game as a war which must be won. They regard it a fun to win in a game but consider it an honour to be defeated. They do not play the game for the sake of victory, prizes, palms and "ashes" but for the game itself, its own pleasure and thrill. Prizes and ashes are only incidents. The essence is the art and virtue of playing. This is the basic quality of the British idea of sport.

For quick revision

The British regard sport as a matter of the mind. The old Persians and Greeks also considered it as much an exercise of the mind as of the body. The British love the rules of the game and obey them willingly. This has taught them the art of self-government. Dangers inherent in idealizing the conception of games. (1) Unnecessary attachment to sports. (2) Games becoming mere shows in the hands of professional players. But professionals raise the standard of games. Games a source of comfort and relief to millions of hard-worked people. We should reorganise the sports on better lines. Should not attach too much

importance to the idea of victory at any cost. The idea of "sport for sport sake" very necessary.

Q. 32. Give an account of George Borrow's first ride on the cob. What impressions did it leave on his mind ?

Ans. See Summary.

Q. 33. Why does Max Beerbohm not like to go out for a walk ?

Ans. Max Beerbohm has never himself gone out for a walk. Sometimes he has been taken out for walks by others. But that is something different. He is happy that in the busy life of London he is not disturbed by friends requesting him to accompany them for a walk. In the countryside, on the other hand, he has been constantly pestered by people eager to take him out for a walk. In order to avoid a walk he has to invent an excuse. But he cannot invent a new excuse every time. He usually pretends that he is going to write letters. But this pretext does not always help him. He has to get up from his chair, go to his writing table and pretend to write letters in order to convince the "walk-monger" (person fond of going out for a walk) till he has left the room. But he is not usually convinced. He goes away thinking the author a liar and hypocrite. This excuse does not work on Sundays. There is no post out till the evening and his friend can ask him to postpone writing letters till his return from the walk.

The author can't understand why people should be so eager to go out for a walk. Probably they think that there is something noble and dignified in this habit. He, on his part, believes that there is nothing admirable about it. He thinks that walking stops the activity of the brain and makes it dull. A learned and witty man who can impress and amuse others by his enlightened talk, forgets all his inspiration and eloquence when he goes out for a walk. His rich imagination and sharp wit leave him during his walks outside and he speaks only meaningless words and broken sentences. He remarks, for example, that Mr. A, his host, is a good fellow. Fifty yards further on he adds that his host is one of the best fellows he has ever met.

After walking a few hundred yards he remarks that Mrs. A is a charming woman. And a few minutes later he adds that she is one of the most charming women he has ever known. When he passes by an inn, he reads out its name from the signboard ; when he sees a milestone on the road, he reads out the words written on it. In this way he reads every name-plate and signboard that he sees on the way. This shows that his brilliant ideas have left him. But when he has returned to the house and taken the lunch, he once again becomes the life and soul of the party. His sharp wit and rich ideas come back. But he does not learn a lesson from this and goes out for a walk again in the evening.

There is a decline in the mental faculties of a man because he is urged to go out not by his reason but his soul. The soul urges him to go out for a walk, without any purpose. The brain stops him but the soul has the upper hand. The wandering soul carries the body wherever it likes. But the brain refuses to co-operate with her in this foolish behaviour and goes to sleep while the body is out for a walk.

The brain cannot do any deep thinking while a man is wandering aimlessly, moving about his legs in order to satisfy the whims of the soul. The author sees no harm in walking when he has to go out on business but is not prepared to go out for a walk without purpose.

For quick revision

The author does not go out for walks. He is happy that there is no one to disturb him in the city. In the countryside he is disturbed by friends eager to go out for walks. He has to pretend to write letters in order to avoid a walk. He believes that walking aimlessly stops the activity of the brain and makes a person dull-headed. A witty man forgets all his inspiration when he goes out for a walk. His talk loses all its charm. But he regains his inspiration when he comes back home. A man is urged to go out by his wandering soul. The brain refuses to accompany. It prefers to sleep while the body is wandering outside.

THREE MUSKETEERS

I. STORY IN BRIEF

The story relates to the reign of Louis XIII in France during the years 1625-1628. Cardinal Richelieu was a powerful Catholic priest of whom even the king was afraid. He was determined to break the power of the Huguenots, the Protestants in France. The unsettled times gave great opportunities to brave soldiers. The three Musketeers were such soldiers. D'Artagnan, a brave young man, started towards Paris to seek his fortune. He entered the small town the Meung on a miserable pony. A stranger laughed at the horse and the rider. D'Artagnan protested and then aimed a blow with his sword at him. The unknown person turned aside but his three companions fell upon D'Artagnan and wounded him. His father had sent him to Paris with a letter to M. de Treville, Captain of the King's Musketeers. When he lay wounded his letter was stolen by the unknown man. D'Artagnan saw him talking to a beautiful young lady in a carriage, whom he called Milady, and then they both disappeared.

M. de Treville was very much liked by the King because he was at the head of the dare-devil guards or Musketeers. He was against the party of his eminence, Cardinal Richelieu. There were often quarrels among the soldiers of M. de Treville and those of the Cardinal. If anyone's followers were defeated in such brawls the other related it proudly to the King to impress him with the bravery of his men. D'Artagnan entered the compound of M. de Treville's house and made a request to one of his followers to inform his master. He saw three brave Musketeers talking among themselves in the waiting room. They were Athos, Porthos and Aramis. As soon as D'Artagnan was called in, M. de Treville asked for the three musketeers. He cursed and abused them in the presence of D'Artagnan for having been defeated by men of the Cardinal. Richelieu had related it to the King to the great shame of M. de Treville. The three musketeers hung their heads in shame.

When they were gone out M. de Treville asked D'Artagnan how he had come. He related that he was the son of a loyal follower of the king, an old favourite of M. de Treville. He had brought a letter also which had been taken away. He had come to seek service under the King. M. de Treville seemed to be very much interested in the unknown man and the woman called Milady who had met D'Artagnan at Meung. But he wanted to say guarded words to this young man whom he had not tested, and so he said that it was his earnest desire to serve the King as well as the Cardinal.

But as they were talking D'Artagnan saw the same unknown man of Meung pass in the street below. Without finishing the talk with M. de Treville he ran like a flash of lightning to attack him. In a hurry he struck against Athos who seized him and admonished him. They fixed a duel to be fought at twelve o'clock. At the gate he fell into the cloak of Porthos who addressed him rudely. After exchange of hot words they fixed to fight out a duel at one o'clock behind the Luxembourg. He was still running after the unknown man when he met Aramis. Aramis had dropped a handkerchief. He picked it up and presented it to him politely but Aramis took it ill because he thought that evil remarks had been made about the lady who had presented him that handkerchief. He fixed a duel with D'Artagnan at two o'clock.

D'Artagnan found that his unknown man had disappeared. He had no mind to pick a quarrel with the three musketeers but they had fixed duels in spite of himself and he was sure to be killed by one of them. He very much wished to make up with them. After a little time he started towards the meeting place of Athos. But he was determined not to endure inferior treatment from anybody in the world except the King, the Cardinal and M. de Treville.

D'Artagnan met Athos at the place fixed for the duel. Athos was surprised that his two seconds had not arrived yet. D'Artagnan was surprised when he saw these two persons arrive; they were no other than Porthos and Aramis with whom he had already fixed duels. The talk

between D'Artagnan and Athos had been so courteous that they were on the point of becoming friends. As his sword crossed with that of Athos a party of five soldiers of the Cardinal arrived and ordered their arrest for fighting duel. Three musketeers closed in against them. D'Artagnan at once decided that he would be on the side of the three musketeers. He knew that he would be on the side of the King and would make an enemy of the Cardinal. In the fight they killed some of the Cardinal's soldiers and put others to flight. Thus, D'Artagnan became a close bosom friend of the three musketeers. The next day M. de Treville spoke highly of D'Artagnan to King Louis XIII. His Majesty ordered that D'Artagnan be placed in M. des Essart's company of guards until there was some vacancy for the job of a musketeer.

Athos, Porthos and Aramis had three devoted servants —Grimaud, Mosequeton and Bazin. D'Artagnan appointed a servant named Planchet. One day the owner of the house came to see D'Artagnan and told him his secrets. He said that his wife had been carried away by somebody. She was placed near the Queen as her confidant. The King did not trust the Queen and the Cardinal had set his spies all round her. He told D'Artagnan about the unknown man who carried her off. D'Artagnan was at once convinced that it was the same unknown man who stole his letter. Then M. Bonacieux showed him a letter in which it was threatened that he should not seek for Madame Bonacieux. She would be restored to him when she was not wanted. Bonacieux promised to take no rent from D'Artagnan and gave money to him if he and his friends should help him. As they spoke, D'Artagnan saw the unknown man pass in the street. He ran after him with drawn sword but he disappeared again.

D'Artagnan told his three friends also all about Madame Bonacieux. He told them that the Queen was in love with the English Duke, the Duke of Buckingham. She was persecuted for this by the King and the Cardinal. The Duke of Buckingham had been called to Paris by writing a forged (false) letter to him. He was likely to fall into the net of his enemies but he escaped. M. Bonacieux was arrested

by the King's guards. D'Artagnan removed some tiles from his upper room and made a hole so that he may listen to what was being said in the lower room which belonged to M. Bonacieux.

The next day he saw Madame Bonacieux being led by the guards. He succeeded in driving them away and setting her free. Her godfather M. La Porte advised D'Artagnan to take precautions for what he had done. D'Artagnan went to M. de Treville set his clock behind talked to him for some time and came back. He could now plead to the King that he was with M. de Treville when the incident of freeing the lady took place. The same night at 11 o'clock when he was coming back home he saw a beautiful woman searching for a house in a mysterious way. It was Madame Bonacieux. She knocked at a door, exchanged a handkerchief with a woman and went away in the darkness. D'Artagnan followed her quielty. She took his help to reach her destination but she warned him that his life would be in danger if it was found that he knew her.

When D'Artagnan came home he found that Athos had been arrested by mistake in his place. Madame Bonacieux was taking away the Duke of Buckingham to the Queen very secretly. The Queen gave him a present of a rosewood casket containing twelve studs which had been presented to her by King Louis. She asked him to go back to England at once. Meanwbile the Cardinal came to see M. Bonacieux in the prison. In his presence came another rich person, Conte de Rochefort, to see the Cardinal. He recognised that it was the unknown man, the enemy of D'Artagnan, who had carried away Madame Bonacieux. He told the Queen's secret to the Cardinal—how the Duke came and saw the Queen. The Cardinal gave him a letter addressed to Milady in London. The Cardinal asked Milady to go near the Duke of Buckingham in the ball (dance) and cut away two of his studs.

When M. de Treville came to know of the imprisonment of Athos he got him released by the King. He told the King that both Athos and D'Artagnan were with him at the time of Madame Bonacieux's escape. Cardinal Richelieu

told the King that the Duke of Buckingham had been in Paris for 5 days and that he saw the Queen. Also, he had come to know that the Queen sat up very late on the previous night and wrote a letter to somebody which was still with her. He suspected that the Queen was conspiring against the King. The King asked the keeper of the seals to search the room of the Queen, and even her person, and get a letter which she had written.

The King went angrily to the Queen and told her that he had given certain orders to the keeper of the seals which she must obey. The keeper found the letter hidden by her in her bosom. But it was not a letter written to the Duke. It was written to her brother, the Emperor of Austria, against the policies of Cardinal Richelieu.

Then the Cardinal suggested to the King that he should announce a ball at which the Queen should wear the diamond studs which he had presented to her. The King agreed to it. It was announced on the 20th of September that there would be ball on the 3rd of October. The King asked the Queen to wear the diamhnd studs on that occasion. The Queen turned pale but she promised to wear them. As the King went away the Queen was sobbing (weeping) when Madame Bonacieux came out and offered her services. She had heard everything. She promised that her husband would bring back the studs from the Duke from London. But she did not know that the Cardinal had promised a big reward to M. Bonacieux if he found out the secrets of his wife. She came home with the money from the Queen for this adventure.

She came home and talked in a vague manner about an urgent business to London. But he told her that he was a loyal servant of the Cardinal. She stopped short at once and did not tell him the full secret. He went away to tell the Cardinal whatever hints he had got. D'Artagnan had been hearing through the hole in the roof. He came downstairs and offered his services and Madame Bonacieux gave him a bag of gold for this dangerous adventure. Her husband brought Comte de Rochefort with him. D'Artagnan and she at once went upstairs and heard their talk hiding there.

D'Artagnan and the three musketeers obtained leave from M. de Treville for a fortnight and they started together along with their four servants towards London. D'Artagnan had the letter written by the Queen to the Duke of Buckingham. They stopped at Chantilly where Porthos quarrelled with a man and fixed a duel with him. The others left him there to fight it out. In their way a party of armed men who remained concealed in a ditch attacked these seven men. Only Aramis and Mousqueton were wounded and they dashed past them. They left Aramis with his servant Bazin to attend to him and proceeded further. They reached Amiens at midnight and slept there. But before the morning somebody wounded all the horses and Grimaud who went out hearing the noise was knocked down. He fell senseless with his head wounded. Athos went to make payment to the hotel keeper in the morning and paid him two pistoles (French coins). But the hotel keeper picked a quarrel with him saying that they were counterfeit coins. Four armed men came out and fell upon Athos. He shouted to D'Artagnan that it was a trap and they should go at once. D'Artagnan ran out with his servant, took two horses of somebody else from the gate and proceeded further on his journey.

They reached the seaport of Calais. They were told that a ship would sail the next morning but orders had been received that no one should be allowed to leave France unless he possessed a special permit. There was a gentleman Comte de Wardes with his servant Lubin, who had a permit. They went to the governor's house to get it signed. D'Artagnan and Planchet followed them and as they passed through a forest they fell upon them. They left the gentleman senseless and tied Lubin with a tree, got the permit signed and sailed away to London in the morning. D'Artagnan delivered the Queen's letter to the Duke. The Duke took him straight to his private chamber and took out his casket containing the diamond studs. But he was surprised to find two studs cut off. He remembered that Milady had danced with him. He immediately called his jeweller, gave him thousands of pounds and got similar studs ready in the shortest possible time and gave it to

D'Artagnan. The Duke told the places where he should stop on his way to Paris. He would be well-received if he uttered the pass words as they were told to him by the Duke.

D'Artagnan gave the diamonds to Madame Bonacieux who gave them to the Queen. He was presented secretly to the Queen who gave him a diamond ring as a reward. The Queen wore the diamond studs at the ball and the Cardinal's plan to disgrace her failed. D'Artagnan came to know the next day that Madame Bonacieux was once again carried off by the man from Meung (Rochefort). He also came to know that M. Bonacieux, the husband, had also helped Rochefort in the abduction of his wife because he had been promised big rewards by the Cardinal.

His wife had proved dangerous for the plots of the Cardinal against the Queen.

D'Artagnan now purchased four good horses and went out with Planchet to search for his three friends. They went straight to Chantilly to look up for Porthos. D'Artagnan found Porthos in the same hotel. He had not paid any money to the landlord and gave him much trouble if he asked for it. He had been wounded by the stranger who had fought a duel with him. But he had told the landlord not to tell anybody that he had been wounded. D'Artagnan saw him in the room upstairs ; he had a talk with him and left him to recover. He proceeded to find out his other two friends. He went to the town of Crevecoeur where he had left Aramis. The landlord told him that the wounded man was now better. He was with the vicar (priest) of Montdidier and wished to take orders (become a priest). D'Artagnan was shown to his room where he found the Vicar and the Superior of the jesuits. The two churchmen went away and Aramis told him his past story, how he was going to enter the church long ago when an officer picked a quarrel with him. He (Aramis) took lessons in fencing for a year, gave up the idea of the church, and fought with him and killed him. Since then he had become the musketeer. So, he was going to re-enter the church now. D'Artagnan gave him a letter which was written to him by some lady. He read the letter, became overjoyed and said

"Oh, she still loves me." He declared that he would not join the church.

Leaving Aramis to the care of Bazin D'Artagnan went to Amiens. He came to know from the landlord that when they had stayed at his hotel he had been informed by the authorities that certain persons with counterfeit coins would pass that way. That is why he had created trouble with Athos. He fought with him but Athos entered into his provision store and cellar for wine. Since then he went on eating and drinking there and breaking his bottles of wine. Nobody dared to go into that room. D'Artagnan saw him in the wine cellar and took him out. The next morning Athos told him that he had gambled with an Englishman and lost the two horses which D'Artagnan had brought with him. Only the saddles could be taken away.

After a few days the four friends met once again. On arriving in Paris D'Artagnan got the happy news from a letter written to him by M. de Treville that he had been admitted into the musketeers. This was the height of his ambition. The only thing that now remained was to find out poor Madame Bonacieux. D'Artagnan one day found the lady whom the man of Meung had addressed as Milady. She got into a carriage and drove towards St. Germain. He followed her along with Planchet. They saw Lubin the servant of Comte de Wardes, waiting for some one. A maid servant brought a letter to him from the lady in the carriage. Lubin had just gone away and so she gave it to Planchet. D'Artagnan fought a duel with Lord Winter the Englishman but he did not kill him and spared his life. He asked Lord Winter to introduce him to Milady. He found that she was not an English woman, but French. She had been married to Lord Winter's brother who was now dead.

She was in love with Comte de Wardes. D'Artagnan went into her room pretending to be Wardes. She presented him a ring. When she discovered that he was the wrong person she tried to kill him, but he escaped. Athos recognised that it was the ring which he had presented to her. Athos was sure that Milady was his wife whom he had thought he had killed.

D'Artagnan received two letters, one without signatures from a lady who asked him to look for her carriage at a certain place but he should not speak a word. He went there and found that Madame Bonacieux was being transferred from one prison to another. She put her fingers on her mouth asking him to keep silent. The other letter was from the Cardinal asking D'Artagnan to see him. D'Artagnan saw his eminence (Cardinal Richelieu). He was surprised to find that the Cardinal knew all his secrets. His Eminence warned him that his enemies were strong enough to destroy him. Then he offered him a commission in his own guards. But D'Artagnan refused. He said the siege of Rochelle was going to begin. Let the Cardinal keep his eye on him and let him prove himself worthy of the offer.

Rochelle was the last stronghold of the Huguenots (Protestants) of France. They were backed by the English. Louis XIII and the Cardinal wanted to conquer the city and break their power once for all. If the Cardinal won he would humiliate the Duke of Buckingham in the eyes of the Queen.

The siege of Rochelle began and D'Artagnan was separated from his three companions because he was serving as a guard in the company of M. des Essarts and they were musketeers under M. de Treville. D'Artagnan knew that by his adventures he had made the Cardinal his enemy. The Cardinal's power was so great that even the King trembled before him. He had won the good-will of the Queen but her protection meant nothing as in the case of Madame Bonacieux. With these thoughts in his mind he was walking along a lonely road away from his camp. He suddenly noticed the muzzle of a gun and another gun on the other side of the road aimed at him. He at once lay down on the ground and the first gun was fired. He got up immediately and the ball from the second gun fell exactly at the place where he lay on the ground : He ran towards his camp and a third shot hit his hat. But he ran fast and made good his escape. He came back pale and out of breath. It was clear that a trap had been laid to kill him. He thought that the men had been hired by Milady.

The next day M. des Essart called D'Artagnan and entrusted him with a dangerous mission. A small fort had been taken by the enemy. He was to go with four men near enough to find whether it was guarded by the enemy or abandoned. Two guards and two soldiers volunteered to go with him. When they went quite near they heard the sound of a dozen bullets with which one guard was killed. But the two soldiers were hiding and fired at D'Artagnan. He came to realise that they had volunteered in order to kill him. One of them was killed with a bullet fired by the enemy and the other was overpowered by D'Artagnan. He confessed that they had been sent by Milady to kill him. A letter was recovered by D'Artagnan from the pocket of the dead soldier. It was not signed. But it disclosed that the woman (Madame Bonacieux) had been safely transferred to a convent, and that the man (D'Artagnan) should be killed.

After a few days D'Artagnan received a dozen bottles of Anjou wine from his three friends with a letter from their steward, Godeau, asking him to drink their favourite wine. D'Artagnan invited the two guards as his guests. The soldier whose life he had spared drank the wine first. The others had filled their glasses when shouts of hurrah were heard. They at once came out. The King and the Cardinal had come. D'Artagnan met his three friends and ask them to come in and drink their own wine. They said that they had never sent any wine. When they came in they found the soldier dead. The wine contained some poison. It had been sent by Milady.

One night the three musketeers were roaming at night. They met the Cardinal. He asked them to follow him and serve him as his guardsmen up to the inn where he was going. They followed him. They were asked to stay in a room and the Cardinal went to the upper room. Through a broken pipe they heard the Cardinal's talk to Milady. He told her that she should immediately proceed to England and tell the Duke of Buckingham to give up the war, otherwise he would bring disgrace to the Queen by showing her letters to the King. Then he secretly told Milady that if he still persisted he would stab the Duke. Milady requested the

Cardinal to get rid of her dangerous enemy—D'Artagnan. The Cardinal promised to do so.

The four friends made a bet with four soldiers that they would have their breakfast at the bastion (raised earthwork) and stay there for an hour in the face of enemy attacks. Their purpose was to have a secret talk there. They went up to the bastion and were soon attacked by the enemy. Grimaud had collected twelve guns and a hundred cartridges of the dead soldiers lying there. They were taking their breakfast there as well as getting ready to fight back the enemy. Five hundred men in their camp watched them taking them for heroes or for madmen. Athos revealed to D'Artagnan that he and Porthos and Aramis had overheard Milady on the previous night asking the Cardinal to get her the head of D'Artagnan. D'Artagnan was shocked to hear this. Grimaud told them that 20 soldiers were coming to attack them. The three muketeers and D'Artagnan fired the shots taking shelter behind the wall with the loop-holes. They put to death seven of the enemy and the rest fled away.

They again came back to breakfast and to talk of confidential matters. Athos told D'Artagnan that he had got the letter given to Milady by the Cardinal, He read out the letter. It gave a free hand to Milady for the evil deed of putting D'Artagnan to death without getting any punishment. D'Artagnan exclaimed to Athos, "How many times have you saved my life !" D'Artagnan said that he wanted to go to England to warn the Duke of Buckingham that a plot had been hatched to get him stabbed. But Athos stopped him from going because the Duke was now at war with France. Aramis proposed that the Queen should be informed in Paris. But then this idea was also given up, because as soon as they would send anyone to Paris the spies of the Cardinal would come to know of it.

The drum was now beating in the city and a big attack was going to be made on them. Athos then said that Milady had a brother-in-law in London. He was Lord Winter. He must be informed that Milady was coming to England to get some one stabbed. He must take care of her as soon as she arrives in England. It was agreed that their

servant Bazin and Planchet should inform Lord Winter and the Queen respectively. Athos asked Grimaud to set up the dead men on the walls and give guns into their hands and put hats on their heads. The attackers went on firing at the dead men and before they came to the bastion the four friends and their servants marched towards their camp. They were now safe from the shots of the enemy. They were greeted and considered heroes by the whole camp. But no one had a doubt that they had gone to the dangerous spot in order to have their secret talks.

Milady went to England in a ship. As soon as it reached the shore of England an officer came in a boat, showed certain papers to the captain and silently took away Milady out of all the passengers. He took Milady in a carriage. She went on protesting and asking questions but the officer only told her that all foreigners who landed in England were taken care of because those were the days of war with France. After an hour's ride the carriage stopped before an iron gate. He led her into a stone chamber within the castle which stood on the sea-shore. Milady felt that she was a prisoner. She found herself in a room with strong iron bars on the side of the sea.

Her dead husband's brother, Lord Winter, came to see her. Milady at once realised that her plot had been discovered and she was a prisoner in the hands of Lord Winter. When Lord Winter talked frankly but sternly with her she tried to attack him. But he was cautious and had got a sword with him. He pointed to the marks on her shoulder which showed that she had already murdered somebody and was branded as a criminal. He told her that after two weeks when he would sail with the Duke to fight a war against France he would send her away in the South Colonies as a prisoner for life. Then he called the officer, John Felton and asked him to take care of her. He told him that he had saved his life. He had picked him up as a poor boy and made him a lieutenant. He warned him, not to fall a prey into the hands of that beautiful woman. He should keep a strict guard on her.

Days passed. Milady spread her net on Felton. He

asked her why she was being ill-treated. Milady made up a false story and told him that the Duke of Buckinghm had dishonoured her when she was a young girl and then branded her on her shoulder as a criminal. Felton was moved and swore that he would stab the Duke. She was happy that her plot would succeed. At that time Lord Winter came. Milady pretended to stab herself and gave herself a slight wound so that Lord Winter may not have any doubts about their talk.

At ten o'clock in the stormy night Felton climbed up a great height from the seaside and broke the iron bars. A rope was hung. Milady embraced Felton and he slowly came down with her. He told her that Lord Winter gave him a letter to the Duke so that Milady may be sent away as a prisoner for her life. He assured her that the Duke would not escape from his hands and would not go to attack France. Felton went to the Duke with the letter of Lord Winter and Milady went to a ship ready to sail to France when Felton would come back.

Felton entered the courtyard of the palace of the Duke and told the men that he had a pressing message from Lord Winter. At that moment a stranger rushed in. He wanted to see the Duke to say something very important but he did not tell his name. The servants allowed Felton to go in first because he told the name of Lord Winter. Felton presented the paper which was to be signed by the Duke. Then he put strange questions to the Duke and at last found an opportunity to stab him with the knife which Milady had given him. As he rushed outside he met Lord Winter at the door. Lord Winter captured Felton and handed him over to the guards. He had found out that Milady had escaped. He had guessed that Felton was going to the Duke not with the idea of getting the paper signed but to stab him and he had followed him.

The Duke lay wounded in his sofa. He received a letter from Anne, the Queen of France, asking him not to wage war on France and to take care of his life as a plot had been hatched to kill him. The Duke ordered that the silver casket presented to him by the Queen with the diamond studs be brought to him. He returned this present of the

queen to her. Then the Duke breathed his last. As Felton was being taken away to be hanged for the crime he told Lord Winter that Milady was sailing away to France. Lord Winter swore that she would not be safe.

Aramis had come to know that Madame Bonacieux was in the convent at Bethune. The four musketeers were now waiting to go there and release her The King came back from the siege of Rochelle. The Cardinal ordered M. de Treville with 20 musketeers to act as the guardsmen. The four musketeers were among them D'Artagnan had fears that if Milady reached Bethune Madame Bonacieux would not be safe. Therefore Aramis wrote a letter to the queen and got her permission to take her out. The four friends got leave for four days from Treville and went straight to Bethune with the Queen's letter to get Madame Bonacieux out. In the meantime Milady also went to the convent at Bethune. She came to know that another woman was taking shelter there. She talked to her in a sympathetic manner and won her confidence. Madame Bonacieux told her almost all her secrets without naming the Queen. She told her that she was expecting some horsemen to come and relieve her and D'Artagnan would be one of them. She even showed the lettter received by her.

Comte de Rochefort, the trusted messenger of the Cardinal (the unknown man of Meung) came to Milady. She sent all the news to the Cardinal and said that she would reach Armentiers after finishing with Madame Bonacieux. She came back to Madame Bonacieux and told her that some persons would come from the Cardinal to take her away, Madame was much afraid to hear this. But her brother's carriage would be coming to take her and she asked Madame Bonacieux to escape with her. Madame agreed. Rochefort's driver came and Milady gave him the orders to wait at the gate. If the musketeers would come the carriage should go away and wait at a little distance where she would reach. As the two women were eating and drinking the sound of horse's hoofs were heard. Milady got up and recognised the horsemen. She told Madame that the men of the Cardinal had come. Madame became weak and nervous. Milady took out her ring and poured a drop of something from the

ring into her glass of wine and asked her to drink so that she should get strength.

As madame drank Milady uttered the words, "This is not the way I wanted to avenge myself." The horsemen were the four musketeers and she had poured out a deadly poison into her glass. Then Milady rushed away out of the room. As the four musketeers came and saw Madame Bonacieux she was already dying. The deadly poison finished her in a few moments. Then Lord Winter suddenly appeared and said that he had come there in search of Countess de Winter (Milady). He had been following her when she sailed from England. Athos traced out Milady in a small hotel at Armentiers. The four musketeers and Lord Winter told her all her crimes and passed the sentence of death on her. She was takan away to the river and was put to death. Three days later the four musketeers were in Paris again.

One day the four musketeers were sitting in a room when the unknown man of Meung (Rochefort) came in. D'Artagnan jumped up to fight with him. But he showed the warrant of arrest to D'Artagnan and asked him to surrender his sword. D'Artagnan gave his sword and followed him. The three musketeers also followed. After a day's journey he was brought before the Cardinal. The Cardinal had a talk with him. But when D'Artagnan related the crimes of Milady and informed him of her death, the Cardinal began to think. Then instead of punishing him he gave him a letter of appointment as a lieutenant in the musketeers. The Cardinal asked D'Artagnan and Rochefort to shake hands.

II. IMPORTANT QUESTIONS WITH ANSWERS

Q. 1. Why did D'Artagnan leave Gascony for Paris ? Describe his journey to Paris and the quarrel he had at Meung.

Ans. D'Artagnan was a young man living in Gascony. He wanted to try his luck in Paris, where every young man with courage, could make his career. Both the King and the Cardinal required the services of brave men. He was young

and daring and knew that he could prove his worth in Paris. It was with this object in view that he undertook journey to Paris. The plan, of course, was suggested by his father who himself had been a warrior in his days. When he started, his father gave him a yellow old horse, fifteen crowns and a letter of introduction addressed to M. de Treville, the captain of the king's musketeers who was his old friend. Also D'Artagnan's father advised him not to bear any insult, never to fear quarrels and to seek adventures wherever he could. His mother, while bidding him farewell wept profusely and gave him receipt for a balsam (balm) that could cure every wound.

Thus equipped, D'Artagnan started on his journey. He was in a state of excitement and was ever ready to pick up a quarrel. He took every smile for an insult and every look as a provocation. He had a proud look and there was a long sword hanging by his side. But the poor pony he was riding made his position ridiculous. Those who saw him riding thus could not help laughing secretly. He clutched his sword several times, but the opportunity to use it did not arise during the journey and he reached the city of Meung without any adventure. He went to the hostelry (inn) of the Jolly Miller where nobody came to welcome him or to hold his horse. Therefore he felt insulted. This was not all. Through an open window he saw a man of lofty bearing talking to two persons who were laughing from time to time. The object of their conversation was D'Artagnan's horse. But D'Artagnan thought they were laughing at him and so he was offended He challenged that unknown person, but the latter remained composed and did not take the challenge seriously. However, he came near D'Artagnan thinking that he was only joking. D'Artagnan spoke haughty and threatening words and then actually fell upon that unknown person who continued assuming a dignified look throughout. His friends, the host and his servants came with sticks, shovels and tongs and began to beat D'Artagnan. He fought bravely, but was overpowered after his sword was broken and badly wounded too. As a result of this fight he had to stay longer in the inn. He was lying unconscious in the room. His wounds were dressed by the host. The unknown person who was certainly a man of influence learnt from the host

that D'Artagnan had in his possession a letter for M. de Treville to whom this man was opposed for some reasons. He stole the letter from D'Artagnan's doublet which was lying in the kitchen. When D'Artagnan came to himself he came out of the chamber and saw the same stranger talking to a lady. He heard that the lady Milady, by name, was instructed by that man to go to England. D'Artagnan was struck by the beauty of the lady. He challenged the stranger for the second time but both the man and the lady went hastily in different directions.

When D'Artagnan found the letter missing, he was besides himself with rage. He threatened the landlord but could not get back the missing letter. However, he learnt from him that probably the letter was stolen by the stranger with whom he had a quarrel. The loss of the letter was a great shock for D'Artagnan but he was helpless. He paid the bill and proceeded to Paris. There he sold his horse for three crowns and got a room for himself which suited his scanty means.

For Quick Revision

Undertook journey to Paris for making career. Three gifts from his father—a horse, fifteen crowns and a letter, recipe from mother. Reached Meung. Found a man laughing. Challenged him but wounded and lay unconscious. Letter stolen. Heard the stranger talking with Milady. Paid the bill and reached Paris.

Q. 2. How did D'Artagnan manage to see M. de Treville and what impression did he form about the people there ?

Ans. M. de Treville was the captain of the king's musketeers and was a very influential person. Many people came to seek his favour. D'Artagnan had lost the letter of introduction given to him by his father. But still he took courage to meet M. de Treville who was expected to do him some favour. When he reached his residence he saw a crowd of people who had come to him with their requests and applications. The sight impressed D'Artagnan very much and he realised that M. de Treville was really a very

important person. Also he saw musketeers who were playing fearlessly with their swords. Their courage and tricks also impressed him much. He went to the antichamber where many people had gathered for an interview with M. de Treville. In the same room he saw Porthos and Aramis two of the three musketeers. Porthos, who looked proud and vain, was wearing rich clothes and behaved like a dandy. Aramis on the other hand looked very intelligent and cultured. D'Artagnan's request for audience was conveyed through an officer and it was granted. He went into the presence of M. de Treville who received him very courteously. Before he could speak M. de Treville called Athos, Porthos and Aramis. Only two of them went to him and stood respectfully before him. He was angry with them because he had heard that they were arrested by Cardinal's guards for rioting in a public house. He chided them but was satisfied when he learnt from the musketeers that they were not arrested but had only fought with them. Athos who was wounded also joined them but he fainted and was carried to another room. When all were gone M. de Treville turned to D'Artagnan and asked him the object of his visit. On hearing his request M. de Treville told him that he could not be enlisted among king's musketeers unless he distinguished himself in some action. He, however, promised to help him and offered to get him admitted to the Royal Academy free of charge. D'Artagnan during his talk with the Captain, also referred to the letter of introduction that he had brought from his father and narrated how it had been stolen by a fine looking man. He added that he wanted to take revenge. M. de Treville warned him against such a course and told him that the man was too strong for him. M. de Treville had some suspicions about D'Artagnan. He thought that he was a spy from the Cardinal. But he dispelled this idea from his mind very soon and sat down to write a letter to the Director of the Royal Academy to give him admission. Just then D'Artagnan saw outside the man with whom he had a quarrel in Meung and rushed out with his sword without caring for the letter. M. de Treville, seeing him running thus, thought that either he was mad or he had escaped because he had failed in his object.

D'Artagnan's visit to M. de Treville strengthened his

resolution to become a musketeer. He had seen the musketeers fencing with naked swords without caring for their life. The impression he got from them was that they were brave men and led a care-free life. Therefore he wished to be like them. This visit also gave him some idea about the court intrigues. He also learnt that M. de Treville was an important person and exercised his authority fearlessly. The musketeers held him in high esteem and were always prepared to carry out his bidding even at the cost of their lives.

For Quick Revision

Went to see M. de Treville without letter Saw musketeers playing with naked swords. Saw a crowd of people who had come with requests. Realised the importance of the captain. Went before M. de Treville and heard him chiding the musketeers. Could not be enlisted among musketeers. Saw the fine looking man and ran out for revenge. Was impressed by musketeers and M. de Treville.

Q. 3. How was D'Artagnan introduced to the three musketeers and how did they become friends ?

Ans. D'Artagnan had seen Porthos and Aramis in the antechamber during his visit to M. de Treville. He had found Porthos vain, haughty and fopish and Aramis a cultured and intelligent young man with a serene look. He had also seen Athos in the chamber of M. de Treville where he had fainted on account of a serious wound. But he could not have the opportunity to get himself introduced to them. When he was coming out of M. de Treville's room in pursuit of his enemy, he struck against Athos who was enraged at the indecency. Athos challenged him to a duel which was accepted. D'Artagnan had to meet him at twelve at a place fixed for the duel. He was still running in search of his enemy when he saw two men talking to each other, one of them being Porthos. In his attempt to pass through the passage between the two, he got himself entangled in the cloak of Porthos and while trying to free himself he saw the back of Porthos's baldric which was not worked in gold. Finding that Porthos was wearing the cloak to hide the back of his baldric, D'Artagnan very imprudently dropped a hint about it which offended Porthos. He also

challenged him to a duel at once which was accepted. D'Artagnan continued looking for his enemy. At a place he saw two men standing. One was Aramis whom he liked for his polite nature and good behaviour. He wanted to make friends with him and so went near him. But Aramis ignored him because he had heard M. de Treville scolding the musketeers. Being thus treated he was thinking of leaving the two men, when he saw a handkerchief falling from the hand of Aramis He picked it up, looked at it and presented to him. Even this could not please Aramis. He was rather enraged and challenged D'Artagnan to a duel. D'Artagnan accepted the third challenge also.

D'Artagnan went to the place where he had to meet Athos at twelve. He was already there waiting for his adversary and his two seconds Porthos and Aramis. D'Artagnan told him that he was alone in Paris and so would accept the judgement of his men. By this time Porthos and Aramis also arrived. D'Artagnan was surprised to find his three enemies together. He was told that they were inseparable friends. He requested them to forgive him if he was killed by the first man and could not fight the duel with the other two. His talk impressed Athos and Aramis but it could have no effect on Porthos. D'Artagnan and Athos had just brandished their swords for the duel when Cardinal's guards led by M. de Jussac arrived at the place. They told them that as they were fighting unlawfully, they should surrender their swords and follow them. The three musketeers decided to resist the guards who were five in number. The guards allowed D'Artagnan to go but he did not leave the place and joined the three musketeers. When the fight began D'Artagnan fought bravely and killed Jussac. Then he assisted Athos who had to deal with two men in spite of his weakness owing to his old wound. As a result of this engagement, one guard was killed, three wounded and one surrendered. The three musketeers along with D'Artagnan went to M. de Treville forming a victorious procession. Both the king and M. de Treville were highly pleased with the musketeers, particularly with D'Artagnan who was awarded forty pistoles and also placed in the company of M. des Essart. He was now a friend of the three musketeers.

For Quick Revision

While running in search of his enemy, struck Athos. Challenge to fight. Got entangled in the cloak of Porthos, dropped a hint about baldric. Another challenge. Approached Aramis, handkerchief and challenge. Went to meet Athos. The other two also came. Cardinal's guards arrived. Fight between the two parties. D'Artagnan killed Jusscan. Went in victorious procession D'Artagnan rewarded and became a friend of the musketeers.

Q. 4 How was D'Artagnan acquainted with the court intrigue and how did he restore Madame Bonacieux to the queen ?

Ans. One day D'Artagnan was sitting alone in his room when a man came to him. He was M. Bonacieux, D'Artagnan's landlord whom he had never seen before. The landlord had come with a request for help. He told D'Artagnan that his beautiful wife had been abducted and requested him to help him in finding out the woman. He also promised that he would not charge any rent from him and would give him fifty pistoles as a reward if he helped him in tracing out his abducted wife. D'Artagnan was inclined to help the grieved husband and wanted to know the details of the abduction case. M. Bonacieux told him that his wife had been abducted for political reasons. She was a seamstress to the queen and was very loyal to her. There was a plot against the queen engineered by the Cardinal and she was abducted to play a part in it. The plot was that somebody had written to the Duke of Buckingham to come and see the queen. In case he came he was to be ensnared so that the queen, who was in love with the Duke might be disgraced. Madame Bonacieux had been removed to act as a tool in the game. D'Artagnan wanted to know who could be the man who had carried away Madame Bonacieux in accordance with the wishes of the Cardinal. The husband described to him the man whom he suspected. D'Artagnan at once concluded that he must be his old enemy the man of Meung and was glad that in helping the landlord, he would also be able to take revenge. When they were talking M. Bonacieux saw a man outside who was wearing a cloak. He was the

suspected person. D'Artagnan recognised him. He was his old enemy. He rushed out to meet him but could not find him anywhere. When he came back he found his three friends Athos, Porthos and Aramis sitting in his room. He told them what he had heard from M. Bonacieux and how he had promised to help him in finding out his wife. Aramis also supported the story of the intrigue by telling him how he was mistaken for the duke and arrested. D'Artagnan was thus acquainted with the court intrigue.

They were considering as to how they could help M. Bonacieux when he came running to them and requested them to save him from the armed guards who had come to arrest him. D'Artagnan acted very prudently at this occasion and not only allowed the guards to arrest him but also entertained their officer with the best wine. This he did to avoid trouble and it raised him in the estimation of his friends. But they were still determined to recover Madame Bonacieux.

On the second evening he heard the voice of Madame Bonacieux in the room below. He rescued her from the guards and restored her to the queen through La Porte. Then to avoid arrest he managed to have an alibi. He went to M. de Treville, put back the hands of the clock to show that he was having an interview at the time when the woman was rescued. These events unfolded his true character.

For Quick Revision

Landlord's wife abducted. Promised to help him. Plot against the queen. His old enemy suspected. The enemy seen but escaped. Learns more about the plot from Aramis. Acted wisely and allowed landlord's arrest. Rescued his wife. Had the alibi to avoid arrest. True character unfolded.

Q. 5. Why and how were the queen's papers searched ? Did the search help the Cardinal in anyway ?

Ans. The Cardinal was determined to disgrace the queen. He knew that the queen was in love with the Duke of Buckingham and wanted to prove this to the king. He had got a letter written to the duke inviting him to come to

Paris and meet the queen. The duke had no knowledge of the trick that was being played upon him and had come in response to the letter which he thought was written by the queen. He even had a meeting with the queen in spite of all the dangers that surrounded him. It was Madame Bonacieux who had conducted him to the queen. The queen, as a token of her love, had given him twelve diamond studs in a rose-wood casket. The Cardinal who had kept himself informed about the duke's visit, had not been able to ensnare the duke. But he was pursuing his nefarious (wicked) designs. He told the king about the duke's visit and of his love affair. The news was a shock for the king. He also conveyed to the king that the queen had been writing a letter throughout the day which was probably addressed to the duke. The king wanted to have the letter in his possession. So he went to the queen in a very angry mood and told her that she should expect a visit from the chancellor. When the chancellor came he told her that he had come to search her papers under orders of the king. The queen felt insulted but she was helpless and had to surrender. The search yielded no result because the desired letter was not discovered. The chancellor then demanded the letter he was after and threatened to search her person if she did not surrender it. This was too much for the queen. She resisted for some time but then produced the letter wanted by the chancellor.

The chancellor carried the letter to the king. The letter was not for the duke. It had been addressed to her brother, the king of Spain and contained political schemes against the Cardinal. Great was the relief felt by the king when he saw that it was not queen's love letter to the duke. This search of queen's papers offended her much. She knew that this indignity (insult) was devised by the Cardinal.

The search did not help the Cardinal in any way. He wanted to prove to the king that the queen had a love affair with the duke. The letter to the duke, if there was any, might have confirmed the truth of his statement. But no such letter was found. This caused great disappointment to the duke. He now thought of another plan to humiliate the queen. He advised the king to make up with the queen

and arrange for a ball which she would like forgiving all the injury done to her. But there was another mischief behind this proposal.

For Quick Revision

Queen suspected of love with Duke of Buckingham. A letter suspected. King angry and ordered search of papers. Chancellor made search. A letter written to queen's brother found. King pleased. Cardinal disappointed.

Q. 6. What for did D'Artagnan visit London? Describe his journey and the difficulties he had to face.

Ans. The queen had given twelve diamond studs in a rose-wood casket to the Duke of Buckingham. Two of them had been removed by Milady during a ball in London. The Cardinal wanted to show them to the king. The queen had been asked by the king to wear the studs at the occasion of the ball that he was arranging. Therefore the queen was in a difficult situation and wanted back the studs from the duke. Madame Bonacieux offered herself for this service and persuaded her husband to go to London with queen's letter. But he had been won over by the Cardinal. D'Artagnan who had every sympathy with the queen and who had rescued Madame Bonacieux volunteered himself for the job. He took queen's letter from Madame Bonacieux and revealed his plan to his friends. They agreed to accompany him to London. M. de Treville was also approached in connection with this undertaking. But he could not help them openly. However, he granted them leave for some days and the four friends with their servants set on their journey to London making it known to the people that they were going to the sea-shore.

D'Artagnan and his three friends Athos, Porthos and Aramis were in high spirits and were determined to accomplish the task they had undertaken. At Chantilly, when they were taking their breakfast they saw a man who had come from Paris. He was one of Cardinal's agents. Finding an excuse, he challenged Porthos to a duel and the challenge was accepted. Thinking that the challenge was a planned action, D'Artagnan and the two musketeers

departed, leaving Porthos to fight the duel. Then near Beauvis they met a group of men on the road who were digging holes in the road. They had a quarrel with D'Artagnan and his companions so much so that they came out with guns and other weapons which they had kept hidden close by. This too was a planned action. Aramis was wounded in the engagement but they all managed to escape. Aramis, being seriously wounded, could not go further. He was left at an inn with his servant. D'Artagnan and Athos accompanied by their servants reached Amiens and stayed at an inn. The two friends occupied one room. Here too mischief was afoot and attempts were made during the night to force open the door and surprise them in sleep. In the morning when Athos went to pay the bill he was attacked by some armed men. He shouted loudly to warn D'Artagnan who escaped along with his servant Planchet leaving his friend Athos and his servant in the inn.

When D'Artagnan reached near Calais he saw Comte de Wardes going to the post. He was bound for London and was sent by the Cardinal. They followed him towards the ship. The Captain of the ship told them that nobody could sail to England without the written permission of the Cardinal. D'Artagnan had no such permission but Comte had got it which he showed to the captain. He was asked to get it signed by the Governor. When Comte started towards Governor's residence with his servant, D'Artagnan and Planchet followed them. At some distance from the town there was a forest. When they were passing through the forest, D'Artagnan challenged Comte to a duel. He wounded him and snatched away the permission from him, Meanwhile Planchet bound Comte's servant. Leaving them in this condition, D'Artagnan reached Governor's residence and got the paper signed. They then boarded the ship and sailed for England. After landing, he took post-horses and made for London at top speed. The duke had gone to Windsor forest for hunting with the king. Duke's confidential valet (servant) Patrick took D'Artagnan to him. D'Artagnan gave him the queen's letter and also told him how he had managed to reach London The duke was very much impressed by the courage and adventures of D'Artagnan. He came back hastily to his palace but was

shocked to find two studs missing. He knew that they were removed by Milady. Two similar studs were made immediately by an expert. D'Artagnan was given the twelve studs which were to be returned to the queen before the proposed dance. Owing to the help and guidance of the duke, D'Artagnan's return journey was quite safe. Thus by bringing back the studs, D'Artagnan saved the honour of the queen.

For Quick Revision

Queen had to attend the dance. Wanted back the studs from the duke of Buckingham. M. Bonacieux refused to go. D'Artagnan and musketeers start for London. Porthos challenged to a duel left behind. Aramis wounded and Athos attacked. D'Artagnan went alone. Wounded Comte and got the letter of permission. Reached London and met the duke. Got two new studs ready. Returned to Paris safe. Saved queen's honour.

Q. 7. Describe D'Artagnan's search for his friends, the three musketeers.

Ans. After his return from England D'Artagnan was wanted by the Cardinal. But he very carefully avoided him. He was also advised by M. de Treville to leave Paris for some time. He therefore left Paris and went in search of his friends who were left behind during his journey to London, for one reason or the other. He took with him the four horses given to him by the Duke of Buckingham as a gift. His faithful servant Planchet was also with him.

Chantilly was the place where D'Artagnan had Porthos to fight the duel at the inn. Reaching there, he learnt from the landlord that Porthos was wounded by his adversary who proved strong for him. However, his life was spared and he was still at the inn much against the wishes of the landlord who was afraid of him. He had not even paid the bill. D'Artagnan met him in his room. He learnt from him that he had lost everything including his horse to a gentleman with whom he gambled. His servant Mosqueton brought provisions for him from the landlord by force and also stole the wine for him. D'Artagnan paid his bill, gave him one

of the horses he had brought from the duke and left telling him that he would see him on his way back.

D'Artagnan then reached Crevecoeur, the place where he had left Aramis. He went to the inn where Aramis was staying and tried to enter his room but was stopped by Bazin, his servant, who told him that Aramis was busy with two clergymen who had come to see him. However, he pushed his way and entered the room. Aramis who was wearing the dress of a Churchman received him coldly and then, when the clergymen were gone, he told him how he had decided to enter the church which had always been his ambition. He seemed to be serious and like a true clergyman offered D'Artagnan a meal without meat. D'Artagnan showed him a perfumed letter that he had brought from his room. It was from Aramis's beloved who, he thought, had deserted him. On having the letter, Aramis threw away his cap and began to dance. He ordered for meat and wine and was no longer a clergyman.

D'Artagnan left Aramis and proceeded to Amiens where Athos was attacked by the landlord and some armed men. Athos, after disabling two men had retired to a cellar and the landlord was helpless against him. He and his servant were living in the cellar where lay all the provisions. They had not come out of the cellar in spite of the landlord's request and had to be fed through a hole. They had emptied many pegs of wine and broken a large number of bottles. The landlord wanted to get rid of Athos and requested D'Artagnan to help him. D'Artagnan met Athos in his room and told him about Porthos and Aramis. He paid the landlord sixty pistoles and the horse previously owned by Athos. This pleased the landlord. Here they lost their horses in gambling and came back on the horses of their servants. Aramis and Porthos had sold their horses and so the four friends returned to Paris on the horses of their servants.

For Quick Revision

D'Artagnan went in search of his friends with horses. Reached Chantilly, gave him a horse and paid the bill. Met Aramis. Found him in the dress of a churchman. Gave

him the letter of his beloved. Aramis changed his mind. Reached Amiens and met Athos who had troubled the landlord too much. Paid his bill. Learnt that Milady had been his wife. All lost their horses. Returned to Paris on the horses of their servants.

Q. 8. How was D'Artagnan introduced to Milady ?

Ans. D'Artagnan had heard much about Milady and had also seen her without knowing who she was. One day he saw her in the church and decided to follow her in order to know more about her. When he came out he found that she was going to St. Germains in a carriage. He asked his servant to follow him and they both reached that place. They got down from their horses and began to wait for Milady. There was a man at some distance. He was the servant of Comte de Wardes and they recognised him. Planchet, D'Artagnan's servant, went to that man to get some information about Comte de Wardes with whom D'Artagnan had fought a duel to obtain Cardinal's written permission for sailing to England. D'Artagnan stood in a lane hiding himself hehind his horse and Planchet had a talk with the man. At this moment Milady's carriage came and stopped at some distance from the house. She gave a letter to her maid, servant to deliver it at the house. By this time Comte's servant was called in. So the maid gave the letter to Planchet and told him to deliver it to his master. The carriage carrying Milady was gone, D'Artagnan got the letter and read it. It was a love letter addressed to Comte de Wardes in which he had been asked to meet Milady at a place. D'Artagnan followed the coach and soon overtook Milady. She was talking to a man who was riding by the side of the carriage and seemed to be quite angry with him. Seeing them quarrelling D'Artagnan sided with Milady and offered to teach the man a lesson. She did not accept the offer and told him that she did not like the man to be punished because he was her brother. The man resented his interference and there was a challenge from both the sides. Milady drove away leaving the two men to decide their quarrel,

Next day the duel was fought. The man was Lord Winter, an Englishman. He was defeated in the duel but

D'Artagnan spared his life because he wanted to know more about Milady through him. Lord Winter took him to Milady and introduced him to that lady. D'Artagnan learnt that she was not an English lady but was a French woman and was the sister-in-law of Lord Winter. Milady was sorry that D'Artagnan had spared the life of Lord Winter. If he were killed all his wealth would have gone to her son who was the nephew of Lord Winter. This was enough to tell D'Artagnan how cruel the lady was.

Being convinced that Milady was in love with Comte de Wardes, D'Artagnan wanted to know more about her. For this purpose he met her several times. One day he impersonated Comte de Wardes and went into her bed-room. Milady took him for her lover and gave him her ring. But she soon recognised D'Artagnan and tried to stab him with a dagger. During the scuffle, he found that she was branded with fleur-de-lis like the wife of Athos who was a branded thief supposed to be dead. D'Artagnan took the ring to Athos who identified it as the one belonging to his mother. Thus it was proved that Milady was the wife of Athos, who he thought, had been hanged. She was now the most dangerous enemy of D'Artagnan.

For Quick Revision

Milady seen in the Church. Went to Comte. D'Artagnan pursued her carriage. Letter given to Planchet by mistake. Milady in love with Comte. Followed the carriage and interfered in the quarrel. Duel between D'Artagnan and Lord Winter. Milday a French woman, the Lord her brother in law. Went to her room in disguise and got the ring. Found Milady a branded thief and the old wife of Athos.

Q. 9. Give an account of the first meeting between D'Artagnan and the Cardinal. What was the offer made to D'Artagnan by the Cardinal ?

Ans. The Cardinal was a very powerful and clever man. He kept himself well informed about everything and had hired agents for this purpose. He kept a close watch over D'Artagnan and knew what he had been doing in Paris and

elsewhere. The Cardinal, who was impressed by the courage and physical strength of D'Artagnan regarded him as his enemy and wanted to win him over to his side. When D'Artagnan had returned from England the Cardinal had sent his guards to bring him in the palace but he had avoided them fearing mischief. After D'Artagnan had introduced himself to Milady, he was once more called by the Cardinal. This time he received a letter from him telling him that he should see the Cardinal in his palace. He was determined to go but his friends opposed him. He did not care for their advice and proceeded to Cardinal's palace. There were four musketeers at the gate. He was allowed to go in and was soon in the presence of the Cardinal.

The Cardinal looked at him intently and then narrated to him his deeds since his departure from Gascony. He knew all that D'Artagnan had been doing including his visit to London. D'Artagnan was surprised to know that he was so spied by Cardinal's men. He was, however, pleased to know that the Cardinal was not angry with him. The Cardinal told him that he liked him for his wisdom and bravery and offered him a commission in the guards promising at the same time that he would be promoted to the rank of a Lieutenant after the campaign. D'Artagnan did not accept the offer. He was loyal to the king and could not persuade himself to leave the king's Guards.

The Cardinal was disappointed on hearing D'Artagnan's reply. However, he showed no anger but told D'Artagnan plainly that he had been protecting him from his enemies and as he had not accepted his offer, he would not do so in the future. He also warned him that one of his enemies, knowing that he was not under his protection might destroy him. D'Artagnan requested the Cardinal to remain neutral so that he might be able to fight his enemies alone. The Cardinal still hoped to win him over to his side. So he promised to give him another opportunity for joining his guards after the campaign.

For Quick Revision

The Cardinal a powerful man. Knew what D'Artagnan had been doing. Wanted to win him. Offered a commis-

sion and made a promise about future. Offer not accepted. D'Artagnan warned against his enemies. He requested to Cardinal to be neutral. Cardinal still hopeful. Promised to take him in future.

Q. 10. Describe the various attempts made by Milady on the life of D'Artagnan.

Ans. After D'Artagnan was introduced to Milady, he wanted to know more about her because she was one of the most active supporters of the Cardinal. One day he posed himself as Comte de Wardes, the man whom she loved, and entered her bed-room. She took him for Comte and gave him her ring as a token of love. But she recognised him soon and was so angry that she took out a dagger and tried to stab him. But D'Artagnan was too strong for her. In the struggle that ensued some parts of her body were exposed. D'Artagnan found that one of her shoulders was branded. He freed himself from her hold and came to Athos whom he related the whole story. He gave him the ring and told him about the mark that he had seen on her shoulder. This proved that she was the wife of Athos who, he thought, had been killed.

The second attempt on the life of D'Artagnan was made during the siege of Rochelle. Milady had engaged some men for his assassination. They had gone to the siege with the army. One day when he was walking alone on a lonely road, they fired at him. He knew that his enemies were hiding themselves somewhere for this very purpose. So instead of fighting them back, he ran to his camp saving his life. Reaching his camp, he examined the hole made by the ball in his cap and concluded that it was not fired from a service gun. He could easily guess that it was a plot against his life engineered by Milady and had to be very cautious.

The third attempt was also made during the siege. D'Artagnan was ordered by his commander to go to the bastion of St. Gervais for scouting. He was accompanied by four volunteers—two guards and two soldiers. As they were advancing the two soldiers lagged behind, of which D'Artagnan took no notice. When they were near the

bastion, the enemy fired at them. One of the guards was injured and the other ran away. D'Artagnan was carrying the injured man back to the camp when the assassins fired again and killed the injured guard. He himself was not hit but he pretended that he was and fell down like a dead person. Seeing him lying thus, the soldiers who had accompanied him to the bastion, came out of their hiding places and reached near D'Artagnan. He attacked them. One of them tried to escape but was fired at and killed by his own companions. The other was injured by D'Artagnan who did not kill him because he had promised to tell him some secrets. The man told D'Artagnan that they had been employed by Milady to kill. The same thing was confirmed by the letter found in the pocket of the dead soldier. The attempt, however failed and D'Artagnan's life was saved.

The fourth attempt was made when Milady sent poisoned Anjou wine to D'Artagnan. He received a letter from the steward of the three musketeers saying that they were in prison but had directed him (steward) to send him the Anjou wine. In fact it was a forged letter and the wine, which was poisoned, was sent by Milady. D'Artagnan invited two of his friends to dinner. But they were not free that night. So it was postponed to the next night. They assembled for the dinner and were going to taste the wine, when they heard the firing of caanon. Thinking that the enemy had attacked, they rushed out to reach their posts. But they found that the guns were fired to salute the king who had arrived in the battle-field. The three musketeers had arrived. The four friends now came back to have the dinner. D'Artagnan was shocked to find one of his servants, the man who had tried to assassinate him, dying after he had tasted the Anjou wine. He also learnt from the musketeers that they had not sent him any wine. They thought over the situation and concluded that the poisoned wine was sent by Milady and her intention was to kill D'Artagnan with poison.

For Quick Revision

D'Artagnan went to Milady's bed-room. Posed himself as Comte, but recognised. First attempt at his life made

but escaped. Second attempt during the siege. Fired at on a lonely road. Hole made in the cap. Third attempt during the siege. Two soldiers accompanied him. One killed, the other injured and caught. Men employed by Milady, Fourth attempt with poisoned wine. A servant tasted it and died. Again saved. Wine sent by Milady with forged letter.

Q. II. How did the Musketeers reach the tavern of Red Dovecote and what did they hear through the stove-pipes ?

Ans. One night the three musketeers were coming back from an inn when they heard the clamping of a horse on the road. They stood and waited for the rider. When he reached near them they exchanged a few words with him and found out that he was the Cardinal. They behaved towards him very respectfully. The Cardinal asked them to follow him. This he did partly because he did not want to make it known that he was out at that hour and partly because he wanted them to escort him. They followed him to the tavern called Red Dovecote. On the way they told the Cardinal that they had a quarrel with some drunk men who were found forcing the door of a woman, who had arrived at the inn. The Cardinal ascertained the truth of the story when he reached the inn and promised to reward them.

Leaving the three musketeers in a big room on the ground floor, the Cardinal went upstair to meet the woman who had arrived there the same day. The woman, as the musketeers came to know later on, was Milady. Aramis and Porthos began to play dice in the room where they were required to wait for the Cardinal. But Athos continued walking about in the room. When he was near the stove-pipe he heard some voices coming through the broken stove-pipe. He pressed close to it and heard what the Cardinal was telling Milady. It was something very important. So Athos called his two friends and the three musketeers heard distinctly the talk that was going on in the upper room. The Cardinal was telling Milady that she should go to London and see the Duke of Buckingham and tell him to desist from attacking France, otherwise he would expose his love

affair with the queen and ruin her. In case he did not listen to the threat, Milady was to get him assassinated so that the attack might be averted. Milady agreed to do this on the condition that she should be empowered to deal with D'Artagnan and Madame Bonacieux, whom she called her enemies, in any way she liked. The Cardinal accepted the condition and gave her a signed blank paper which meant that she could commit any crime against the two. In fact it was the death warrant of D'Artagnan. The three musketeers were shocked to hear this talk between the two and wanted to save their friend D'Artagnan and Madame Bonacieux who were now at the mercy of Milady. Athos went out instructing his friends that in case he was wanted by the Cardinal, they should tell him that he had gone to see if the road was safe. He hid himself near the road and when the Cardinal, followed by the two musketeers and other men, was gone, he came hastily to the inn. He told the attendants that he had been sent back by the Cardinal to deliver a message to Milady and went into her room. She was terrified to see her former husband. Athos threatened to expose her if she did not give him the Cardinal's blank paper. Milady, finding herself helpless, gave him the paper and thus D'Artagnan was saved. He rode back through the fields and within no time was on the road ahead of the Cardinal.

For Quick Revision

Three musketeers coming back from an inn at night. Accosted by Cardinal. Followed him to the tavern. Cardinal upstair to see Milady. Musketeers left in a room below. Heard plot through the pipe. Milady asked to see the Duke of Buckingham and to dissuade him from attack. Agreed to do this. Got a signed blank paper. D'Artagnan's life endangered. Athos took the paper and saved D'Artagnan.

Q. 12. What were the dangers faced by the musketeers during their council ?

Ans. The stove-pipe had helped the musketeers in knowing the intentions of the Cardinal and Milady. There

was a plot against the Duke of Buckingham and the queen and against D'Artagnan and Madame Bonacieux. They were interested in the four persons especially in D'Artagnan and wanted to help them. They had to decide how to foil (defeat) the plot and had to meet for this purpose. The meeting could not be held in the camp where no secrecy could be maintained. They, therefore, went to the bastion of St. Gervais which had been taken from the enemy. D'Artagnan was also with them. In order to avoid suspicion they gave out that they were going to the bastion to have their breakfast.

In the morning when they reached the bastion, they found twelve dead bodies, twelve muskets and about hundred cartridges. After loading their guns, they started taking their breakfast. Grimaud, the servant of Athos, stood as sentinel. Athos related to D'Artagnan what they had heard through the stove-pipe. D'Artagnan felt much perturbed. He knew that as long as Milady was there, he could not hope to live. However, he was glad to know that the Cardinal's signed blank paper had been taken from Milady. They were considering ways to thwart Cardinal's plan, when Grimaud came with the report that there were sixteen pioneers and four soldiers coming to the bastion from the enemy side. They opened fire on them. Six of the enemies were killed, one wounded and the rest ran away.

When they resumed their council, twenty-five soldiers were again seen advancing towards the bastion. They were allowed to advance. When they came near and entered the ditch, the musketeers pushed a broken wall on them. Only three or four of the enemies escaped ; the rest were all killed. This was the plan of Athos and it proved very helpful. Once again when they settled down to the discussion, they saw a full battalion leading towards the bastion. The musketeers got all the dead bodies placed against the wall in such a way that they looked like real soldiers. The enemies came near and fired on the dead bodies. The four friends had stayed longer in the bastion than they had promised to do and had thus won their wager. So they retreated with the flag. The enemies, knowing how they had been deceived by the musketeers, fired on them

when it was too late. The musketeers reached their camp and were hailed as heroes. The Cardinal was so much pleased with them that he made up his mind to place them among his guards. Through the intervention of M. de Treville, D'Artagnan was also made a musketeer making it possible for the four friends to live together.

For Quick Revision

Musketeers had knowledge of the plot wanted to discuss situation. Went to bastion for breakfast. Sixteen pioneers and four soldiers attacked. Six killed, rest escaped. Attack by twenty soldiers. Threw a wall on them. A battalion attacked and fired at dead bodies. Musketeers retreated. Won the wager and hailed as heroes. D'Artagnan made a musketeer.

Q. 13. How was Cardinal's plot made known to the musketeers and what steps did they take to save the persons concerned ?

Ans. The three musketeers followed the Cardinal to the tavern of the Red Dovecote. The Cardinal went upstairs to have a talk with a lady who had recently arrived at the inn. The lady, as the musketeers came to know later on, was Milady. They were waiting for the Cardinal in a big room on the ground-floor. Porthos and Aramis were playing dice while Athos was walking about in the room. Once when Athos reached near the stove-pipe he heard a voice coming from the upper room. He found out that the Cardinal was talking with Milady. It was a very important talk. So he called Porthos and Aramis also to the pipe. The three pressed close to the stove-pipe and heard the whole talk that was going on between the Cardinal and Milady. In fact it was a plot against several persons including their friends D' Artagnan.

The Cardinal was telling Milady that she should go to London and meet the Duke of Buckingham. She was asked to tell the duke that he should not invade France otherwise his love afair with the queen would be exposed which would ruin the queen. In case he did not listen to the threat Milady had to get him assassinated. Milady agreed to do what the Cardinal wanted. But she took a promise from

him that he would allow her to deal with D'Artagnan and Madame Bonacieux, whom she called her enemies, in any way she liked. She even got a signed blank paper from the Cardinal which could empower her to do anything against her enemies. It was almost the death warrant of D'Artagnan. The whole talk between the Cardinal and Milady was heard by the musketeers through the stove-pipe and the plot was made known to them.

The musketeers wanted to save D'Artagnan because he was their friend. Athos went out before the Cardinal had left the tavern and kept himself hiding near the road. When the musketeer and his train were gone, he came back to the tavern and entered Milady's room. She was terrified when she saw her old husband. Athos threatened to expose her if she did not give him the signed blank paper. She was quite helpless and so had to give him the paper which she wanted to use against D'Artagnan. Athos soon rejoined his friends.

They wanted to thwart Cardinal's plan and for this purpose held a council in the bastion of St. Gervais. There they related to D'Artagnan all that they had heard through the stove-pipe. He felt much perturbed to know that his life was in danger. However, he felt relieved when he came to know that the Cardinal's signed blank paper had been taken from Milady. When they were discussing the situation, they were thrice attacked by the enemy. Still they made some important decisions.

It was decided that the queen should be informed about the danger which threatened the duke. The other decision arrived at was that Lord Winter should be alerted against Milady who was reaching London with the intention of committing a murder. This, they thought, would save the duke and the queen. But there were three difficulties in their way. The first was that they had no money. But they needed it to carry the message to the queen and to Lord Winter. This difficulty was solved when it was decided that D'Artagnan should sell the diamond given to him by the queen and secure money for this purpose. The second difficulty was that they could not leave the camp during the siege. But this too was removed when it was decided that Planchet would go to London and Bazin to the queen to deliver

their message. The third difficulty was that they could not contact the queen. This was solved when Aramis suggested that Bazin should meet his cousin (who in fact was his beloved) and she would deliver the message to the queen.

Aramis wrote the letters which were entrusted to Planchet and Bazin. They reached their destination. Lord Winter, who had already been informed about Milady, made her a prisoner when she reached England. The queen sent La Porte to the duke with the warning that his life was in danger. But in spite of this warning the duke was murdered. Milady also escaped from the prison.

For Quick Revision

Musketeers heard the plot through stove-pipe. Athos got letter from Milady. A council held and important decisions made. Some difficulties in the way. But they were solved. Queen and Lord Winter informed. Milady imprisoned but escaped. The duke murdered.

Q. 14. Why and how was Milady imprisoned in England? How did she manage to escape from the prison?

Ans. Milady was sent to England by the Cardinal. She had to tell the Duke of Buckingham that he should not invade France otherwise his love affair with the queen would be exposed and she would be ruined. Milady had to get him assassinated if he did not listen to the threat. The musketeers had sent Planchet to England with the message that Milady was coming with an evil design. He met Lord Winter, Milady's brother-in-law as desired by the musketeers and gave him the letter. So he knew that Milady was coming.

When the ship which carried Milady reached near the coast of England, a naval officer Felton by name, boarded the ship and recognised Milady. He took her to a boat and then to the coast. Milady felt worried on the conduct of the man but was satisfied when he told her that every passenger was treated like that and examined during the war days. There was a coach on the coast which took the officer and Milady to a castle on the sea-shore. She was conducted to a

room where her luggage had already reached. When she looked around and saw the iron bars, she realised that she was a prisoner. This was a great shock to her. She thought that she had been imprisoned by the duke for stealing his studs and sat for some time with her head in her hands. When Lord Winter came to see her he told her that it was he who had imprisoned her because she had come to take away his life. She told her brother-in-law that she had no such intention, but he was not satisfied and was determined to keep her in captivity. He reminded her what she had been doing and also told her that he knew that she had a husband before she married his brother. He went to the extent of telling her that she was a branded thief. Milady grew furious on hearing this and wanted to stab Lord Winter, but she was helpless. Lord Winter also told Milady that she would be kept as prisoner in the castle for some days and then sent to America which was then a convict colony. Then he left her room telling Felton to keep a strict watch over her.

Milady was a very clever woman. She found out that her only hope lay in Felton. So she tried to win him. He was a puritan. She also posed herself as a puritan and was often seen offering prayers and singing hymns. This impressed Felton very much and he felt attracted towards her. He asked her to have full confidence in him. Then she related a false story to Felton. She told him that as a girl she was wronged by the Duke of Buckingam who got her branded as a thief so that none might believe in what she said against him. Felton had already heard much against the duke. This story enraged him and he decided not only to release Milady but also to assassinate the Duke of Buckingam. One day Lord Winter saw him in Milady's room and suspected his motive. Therefore he was transferred to some other place and another guard appointed to keep a watch over Milady. This was another shock for her. Lord Winter, fearing that she might escape, told her that she would be sent to America the following day and also warned her that if she tried to escape she would be shot dead.

During the night Felton came to Milady and knocked at the window. She opened it and recognised Felton who had

come to release her. He removed two bars of the window thereby enabling Milady to come out of the room. He knew that Milady could not get down to the ground herself. So he tied her hands and hanging her round his neck came down to the ground. There was a patrol on duty quite near them, but nobody could see them. Felton reached the shore with Milady and carried her to the boat which took them to the ship. There Felton sprinkled water on her face and she regained consciousness. The Captain of the ship assured her that he would take her to France and there she reached safe and sound.

For Quick Revision

Milady sent to England by Cardinal to advise the duke or to assassinate him. Lord Winter informed by musketeers. He sent Felton who took her to the castle. Milady imprisoned. Lord Winter met her and told her that she would be deported to America. Felton, the puritan won over. Released her by breaking window bars. Carried to the ship. Milady escaped to France.

Q. 15. Why and how was the Duke of Buchingham assassinated ?

Ans. Felton had heard much about the public and private crimes which the Duke of Buckingham had committed. He was a puritan and hated the duke for his crimes. The story told by Milady added fuel to the fire and he decided to assassinate the duke. He was morally convinced that he was doing the right thing. Moreover he was instigated by Milady. She sent him to the Admirality where he could find the duke telling him that she would wait for him up till 10. Felton was taking this risk for Milady who, he thought, was an innocent lady.

When Felton reached Admirality, there was another man who had just alighted from the horse. He was La Porte, the most trusted servant of the French queen. He also wanted to see the duke. Patrick, the duke's servant, allowed Felton to go in because he had told him that he was sent by Lord Winter. La Porte, who did not want to disclose his identity to Patrick, had to wait outside. Felton went to the duke and found him finishing his toilet. He told him that he had

come from the duke and wanted privacy. The duke sent Patrick out. When Felton was alone with the duke, he told him that he had come to get the orders for the deportation of a lady signed. The duke knew this and so he got his pen to put his signature on the paper. He had just dipped his pen in the ink when Felton told him that Milady whom he was deporting to America, was a very innocent woman and that he was not doing the right thing in signing the orders. He was very insolent and even threatened the duke that he would do the worst if he did not set the lady free. When the duke heard his insolent talk, he felt insulted but he controlled himself and only ordered him to leave the room. Felton did not obey him. Realising the danger he was in, the duke advanced towards the bell so that he might call his servant. But Felton stood in his way and stopped him from touching the bell. He then attempted to come out of the room but was again stopped. He spoke loudly but nobody came to him. Now Felton sprang upon the duke who retreated a few steps to draw his sword. At this moment Patrick came in and told him that there was a letter for him from the queen. This was such a striking news that he forgot the danger to his life and looked back. Felton found the opportunity and plunged his knife into his side. Patrick raised a hue and cry and in the confusion that ensued Felton made good his escape. But he was arrested by Lord Winter who had come to see the duke. He realised the enormity of his crime when he saw Milady's ship sailing before time.

The duke was fatally wounded. He expired after he had heard La Porte reading queen's letter to him. Before dying he sent back to the queen her letters, her casket and the dagger wi·h which he was stabbed.

For Quick Revision

Felton thought of duke's crime. Went to him. Allowed to see the duke. Pleaded Milady's cause. Insolent talk. Duke ordered him to leave. Did not obey. Duke stopped when going to the bell. Retreated to draw the sword. Duke told that there was a letter from France. Looked back. Felton stabbed him. Ran away but arrested. Duke sent three things to the queen and died.

Q. 16. Who was Madame Bonacieux ? Why was she persecuted and what was her end ?

Ans. Madame Bonacieux was a young beautiful woman. She was the wife of Bonacieux who owned the inn in Paris where D'Artagnan was living. She was seamstress to the queen. She was introduced to the queen by La Porte, queen's most confidential servant and remained loyal to the queen through thick and thin. She was introduced to D'Artagnan by her husband when she was abducted for the first time.

Madame Bonacieux was persecuted for her loyalty to the queen. She fell into the court intrigues because she wanted to serve the queen. It was she who had arranged the meeting between the Duke of Buckingham and the queen. She exposed herself to danger and visited a number of places for this purpose at night. She took the duke to the queen at the risk of her life. Again, when the queen wanted back her studs from the duke, it was Madame Bonacieux who sent D'Artagnan to England for the studs. The Cardinal knew that she was a favourite of the queen. Therefore he got her abducted, his idea being to learn queen's secrets from her and to prevent her from helping the queen. D'Artagnan had once rescued her from Cardinal's guards. Therefore the two loved each other secretly. Milady, who was employed by the Cardinal for every mischief, was against Madame Bonacieux because she was a favourite of the queen and liked by D'Artagnan. She called her her enemy and wanted to deal with her in any way she liked. She was abducted by the man of Meung and Milady and the musketeers, who wanted to release her, knew nothing about the place where she was held in captivity.

When the four musketeers reached Paris with the king, they heard about Madame Bonacieux. They wanted to release her and as they were free they could leave Paris. So they left for Bethune where they came to know that Madame Bonacieux was in Bethune and left for that town.

Meanwhile, Milady after her return from England reached the same town and got accommodation in the convent where Madame Bonacieux was staying, after she

had shown Cardinal's letter to the superior of the convent. She got herself introduced to Madame Bonacieux who told her that she would be soon released by D'Artagnan who was coming to her after a day or two. Madame Bonacieux was so simple and innocent that she could not judge Milady and disclosed every secret to her. Milady felt perturbed when she heard that D'Artagnan was coming to release her and decided to finish her in no time. She had already won the sympathy of Madame Bonacieux by telling her that she was being persecuted by the Cardinal who was against her. Then she told her that D'Artagnan was in the field and could not come to release her. She convinced her that the letter which she had received from D'Artagnan was a forged one she should not wait for him. When Madame Bonacieux lost hope about her liberation, she began to trust Milady more and more. Milday told her that Cardinal's guards were coming disguised as king's musketeers, to take her away from the convent. Madame Bonacieux felt helpless and agreed to run away with Milady in a carriage which, she said, was sent by her brother for her escape. When the musketeers arrived, Milady told her that they were Cardinal's guards and asked her to hasten with her to the carriage. In fact she wanted to abduct her once more. But Madame Bonacieux was so terrified that she could not move an inch. Milady found that she could not carry her to the coach. So she took a glass of wine, poisoned it and gave it to Madame Bonacieux telling her that it would give her strength enough to walk. Milady escaped and when the Musketeers reached convent they found Madame Bonacieux dying. They could do nothing to save her life but they found out that she was poisoned by Milady.

For Quick Revision

Madame Bonacieux a loyal servant of the queen. Suffered for her loyalty. Arranged meeting with the duke and sent D'Artagnan for studs. Persecuted by Cardinal and Milady. Milady reached convent. Told her that D'Artagnan could not release her. Threatened that Cardinal's guards were coming. Asked her to escape. Milday failed to abduct her, so she poisoned her.

Q. 17. What were the charges against Milady and how was she punished by the musketeers ?

Ans. Milady was a devil incarnate and had played a very ignoble part throughout. She was an agent of the Cardinal and had committed many crimes. The musketeers were determined to put an end to her activities by killing her. Lord Winter too was after her after the assassination of the duke. The musketeers had reached the convent to release Madame Bonacieux and had seen how she was poisoned by Milady. They could wait no longer. So they went in search of Milady. Lord Winter who had come to France with a similar motive also joined them. Through the efforts of Athos she was found hidden in a house and was arrested. There were several charges brought against her.

The first charge was that she got the Duke of Buckingham assassinated by Felton. The charge was proved by Lord Winter who had arrested Felton and seen the duke just when he was stabbed.

The second charge was that by instigating Felton to murder the duke, she had brought sufferings to Felton who was waiting execution. This charge was also proved by Lord Winter.

The third charge levelled against him was that she had tried to get D'Artagnan assassinated during the siege by hired assassins.

Fourthly she was accused that she had sent the poisoned Anjou wine to D'Artagnan with the object of causing his death.

The fifth charge was brought by Lord Winter. H said that she had poisoned his brother, who was her secon husband, and her motive was to take possession of th property that belonged to the deceased.

The sixth charge against Milady was that she ha broken her vows as a nun and had been branded as a criminal. This was disclosed by the man in the red cloak who was the executioner of the city of Lille and who had performed the branding.

The seventh charge was that she had poisoned Madame Bonacieux whom they had seen dying.

All these charges against Milady were proved. So the musketeers pronounced sentence of death upon her for her crimes. She was taken to the river and then rowed to the opposite bank where she was beheaded by the executioner. Her body was then disposed of in the river.

For Quick Revision

Milady a devil incarnate. Found out by musketeers after she had poisoned Madame Bonacieux. Charges against her—assassination of the duke, execution of Felton, attempts on the life of D'Artagnan, poisoned Lord Winter's brother, broke her vow as a nun, poisoned Madame Bonacieux. Found guilty and executed. Body disposed of in the river.

Q. 18. Write a Note on "The Three Musketeers" as a romance. Do you think that the title suits the novel ?

Ans. A romance is a story of pure imagination. It describes adventures and deals with strange situations. The events that we find in a romance are far removed from reality. Sometimes we find it difficult to believe in them. The characters in the romance are not like ordinary human beings ; they have a charmed life and appear like supernatural beings. What we find in a romance is the ideal probability.

The Three Musketeers has an historical background, but still it remains a romance. The events described are not historically true. Most of the persons are not historical personages, they are only the creations of the writer's mind. It is an imaginative story, a romance having all the elements of the romance.

In the first place it is full of adventures. D'Artagnan, the hero of the novel, is a daring young man born for adventures. He faces every danger boldly and comes out victorious every time. He fights duels and meets every situation successfully. He challenges the three musketeers, kills Jussac, releases Madame Bonacieux from the Cardinal's

guards, takes by force the letter from Comte de Wardes, meets the Duke of Buckingham and brings from him studs for the queen. They are some of the adventures performed by D'Artagnan and they elevate him to the dignity of a hero. The three musketeres have their own adventures to show. They all take us to a world which is new and strange for us.

Again, there are some very thrilling situations in the novel. D'Artagnan draws sword to fight the duel with Athos when Cardinal's guards come and change the situation. His guards again create similar situation when they come to arrest Bonacieux. D'Artagnan meets Madame Bonacieux on the road when she is being taken to an unknown place. He is attacked twice by the assassins but is saved. Athos takes by force the letter from Milady and Felton succeeds in carrying away Milady from the prison and has his encounter with the duke whom he assassinates. All the characters face most dangerous situations and come out victorious. They are the true characters of a romance.

Then there are court intrigues which too are romantic in character. The intriguers like the Cardinal, Milady and Rochefort are truly romantic figures. We are impressed by whatever they do and have to recognise their genius. They too take us into the world that is far removed from ours.

The sacrifices which some of the characters make are also romantic in nature. Madame Bonacieux suffers for her loyalty to the queen. The queen is in love with the duke of Buckingham and suffers indignities for his sake. The duke comes to see her at the risk of his life. D'Artagnan endangers his life by helping Madame Bonacieux and the queen. Felton saves Milady and murders the duke for her sake. The musketeers love one another and are prepared to make every sacrifice in the name of love and friendship. Lastly, queen's love affair with the Duke of Buckingham, and Madame Bonacieux's silent love for D'Artagnan are romantic. So The Three Musketeers is a romance.

The title of the novel can be easily challenged. It has been named the Three Musketeers. True it is that they

play an important part in the novel and the story revolves round them, but it is D'Artagnan who dominates the novel. He is unquestionably the hero of the novel and we are more interested in him than in any other character. But he is not one of the three musketeers although he is their friend and is himself made a musketeer at a later stage of the story. He is present everywhere and our attention remains focussed on him throughout. Any title suggestive of his name and adventures might have been more suitable than the one given to the novel by the writer.

For Quick Revision

The Three Musketeers is a romance. Many adventures in the novel. Thrilling situations. Romantic intrigues and sacrifices. Love and friendship also romantic. Title not suitable. Is not suggestive of D'Artagnan's name and adventures.

Q. 19. After reading "The Three Musketeers" what idea do you form about the political and social conditions of France in the 17th century.

Ans. The three musketeers is a romance and as such does not help us much in knowing the political and social conditions of France in the seventeenth century. But it has an historical background and gives us some idea about the political and social life of the period.

We learn from the novel that life then was unsettled. There was no security of life. King Louis XIII was not a strong king and there was laxity in administration. He had his favourites as well as his enemies. So the nobility was divided into two groups and each group tried to suppress the other. The king was an autocrat and had no parliament to help him in the administration of the country. The nobility had all the advantages and could even endanger the life and position of the king. Louis XIII was a nominal king. All power lay in the hands of Cardinal Richelieu who was more of a politician than a priest. He had a great influence on the king and could oppose him whenever he liked. He was against the Huguenots who had great power in France and was determined to break their power. The king had to

follow his advice. France was threatened by Spain and England. The Duke of Buckingham was in love with the French queen and wanted an excuse to invade France. The king had no independent policy to pursue and had to do as the Cardinal wished. Secretly, he was opposed to the Cardinal and wanted to get rid of him. Such being the state of affairs, court intrigues were very common. There were intrigues against the king, against the queen and even against the Cardinal. Men and women were hired for this purpose and those who succeeded were richly rewarded.

The king and the Cardinal had their armed men always ready to fight on their behalf. King's musketeers were always fighting with the Cardinal's guards. Outwardly, both the king and the Cardinal scolded their men whenever they had a clash, but inwardly they encouraged them. It was a time when only men with valour and physical strength could rise. Those who could use the sword skilfully could make their career. The king, the Cardinal and the nobility needed such swordsmen. Certainly it was the age of adventures and those who had courage and strength as did D'Artagnan and the three musketeers.

The life of the commoners was insecure and far from being happy. They had no voice in the administration of the country and were always looked down upon by the nobility. Panics were very common. Roads were unsafe and people lived in dread even in their own houses. Duels were very common and human life was attached very little importance. There was no justice in the country and poverty was crushing the people.

For Quick Revision

Novel not very helpful in knowing true conditions. King an autocrat in the hands of Cardinal. Political condition not satisfactory. King against Cardinal. Court intrigues. Hired men. Armed men needed. An age of adventures. No security of life. Panics common. No justice. Great poverty.

III. CHARACTER SKETCHES

D'Artagnan

D'Artagnan is the hero of the novel. It is he who dominates the novel throughout and engages our attention. He is a romantic hero in the true sense of the word and possesses a number of qualities which make him conspicuous among other characters of the novel. We love him for the qualities of head and heart that he displays on all occasions and feel for him when we find him in a difficult situation. The writer portrays him as a perfect gentleman who is a warrior at the same time.

Ambitious Young man.—D'Artagnan is shown as an ambitious young man who leaves his home to seek his fortune in Paris and he remains ambitious throughout. For this reason he is always prepared to accept challenge, from whatever direction it may come. His ambition is to bring himself into the notice of the king by showing courage and physical strength and in this he succeeds. It is his ambitious nature that compels him to accept the challenge from the musketeers. Again, it is for this very reason that he feels dejected when he is not enlisted among king's musketeers but is asked to attend the Royal Academy. At the sight of the musketeers, he begins to soar high and wishes to be one himself. He is daring because he is ambitious.

His Courage.—D'Artagnan shows courage at every occasion. At Meung he is a stranger but he faces the man who, he thinks, has insulted him and twice challenges him to fight. On reaching Paris, he comes in contact with the three musketeers and incurs their displeasure. He accepts challenge from them and reaches the place fixed for the duel where he remains undaunted in the presence of the three musketeers. He shows physical strength and courage when he fights with Cardinal's guards and kills Jussac and then when he snatches away the letter from Comte de Wardes. He impresses the three musketeers with his daring spirit and they become his most loyal friends. The Duke of Buckingham also admires his courage and so does M. de Treville. Even his enemy, the Cardinal, is deeply impressed by him and wants to have him among his guards.

His Prudence.—D'Artagnan came to Paris as a raw young man who was ready to pick up quarrel with everybody. But he soon became mature and acted very wisely on several occasions. When Cardinal's guards came to arrest M. Bonacieux, he did not resist them in spite of his promise with Bonacieux because he knew that resistance meant his own arrest. He left Porthos to fight the duel because he knew that it was a planned action and his stay would endanger his life. He was interested in the court intrigues in so far as he had to help Madame Bonacieux and the queen and took every step very cautiously. He avoids the Cardinal in the beginning because he knows that he is his enemy and when he meets him, he behaves like a very prudent man and instead of offending the Cardinal, impresses him with his wise talk. When he is attacked by the assassins during the siege, he maintains wonderful self-control and falls down to give his enemies the impression that he is shot dead and this gives him the opportunity to overpower his enemy. He learns the secret of Athos' marriage but keeps it to himself, knowing that disclosure would harm his friend. His friends drink too much, but he is never seen in a state of intoxication. He is everywhere guided by prudence and foresight and anticipates consequences. So he is never led astray. The musketeers hold him in high esteem for his courage, wisdom, and foresight which help him under the most trying circumstances.

A Loving Friend.—D'Artagnan is a loving friend. He stands by the musketeers through thick and thin. When they are left behind during his journey to London, he remains worried about them and on his return to France goes to search for them. He pays their bill and gives them horses. He sells his own things to meet their need. He knows their defects but ignores them for the sake of friendship. He has a kind and sympathetic heart and cannot tolerate tyranny. When M. Bonacieux approaches him for help he agrees to help him in recovering his abducted wife. He rescues Madame Bonacieux from the guards out of sympathy for her and then loves her without declaring his love, because he is being persecuted by the Cardinal. He is on the side of the queen because she is being victimsed by the

Cardinal. He is loyal, steadfast, sacrificing and helpful in friendship so much so that even the Cardinal wants to win him over to his side for these qualities.

A True Hero.—D'Artagnan has all the qualities of a hero. He is brave, strong, daring and has enough of physical strength that enables him to face every situation holdly. He remains undaunted in the face of danger. He is against tyranny without being a tyrant himself and sometimes acts like a superman. We admire his heroism, we are thrilled by his adventures and we feel for him when we find him in a difficult situation. He is a gentleman with no weakness of character to show. So he is lovable.

Athos

Athos comes of a high family and has been serving as a musketeer under an assumed name. He is only next to D'Artagnan in courage and bravery and dominates other musketeers in the last stages of the story. They recognise him as their brain and leader and he justifies their estimation of him. Besides physical strength and courage, he has got intelligence and common-sense which enable him to lead others. He shows his ingenuity in the bastion of St. Gervais when he gets the dead bodies placed against the wall to give the enemy the impression that they are living soldiers. Again he demonstrates his courage when he goes back to the hastion in the rain of bullets to bring the flag. The three friends recognise his superiority and obey him unhesitatingly.

He understands the court intrigues but keeps himself away from them. He is with the king and the queen but at the same time recognises the power and influence of the Cardinal. He remains respectful to the Cardinal and never causes him any offence. When the Cardinal offers to place D'Artagnan among his guards and D'Artagnan does not accept it, Athos is the only man who tells him that he ought to have accepted it. When the three musketeers meet the Cardinal on the lonely road at night, it is Athos who replies to the Cardinal's questions and satisfies him.

That Athos is very resourceful cannot be denied. He proves it in the bastion of St. Gervais where they take breakfast and hold their council. The enemies attack them

thrice during the deliberation; but the ingenuity of Athos repels them every time. The same quality is displayed at the time when he takes the signed blank paper from Milady which is practically the death warrant of D'Artagnan.

Athos is a very sincere man and remains attached to his friends throughout. He has parental affection for D'Artagnan and guides him in his difficulties. He snatches away the letter from Milady because he wants to save D'Artagnan. During their search for Madame Bonacieux, they come across the man of Meung. D'Artagnan wants to pursue him because he is his enemy, but Athos prevents him from following his enemy because he thinks that it will defeat their plan. Again during their journey to London he is attacked by his enemies. He does not call D'Artagnan for help but tells him to save himself.

Athos has a strong sense of duty. He is lying wounded when he learns that he is wanted by his captain M. de Treville. He goes to see him in spite of his weakness and hears his scolding without betraying uneasiness. Again, when once he accepts the challenge from D'Artagnan for the duel, he reaches the place fixed for the duel and welcomes D'Artagnan like a true warrior.

He was once a married man, the notorious Milady being his wife. He left her when he found that she was a branded thief. He thought that she had been hanged, but when he comes to know that she is alive and carrying out her nefarious (evil) designs, he wants to take revenge and pursues her relentlessly. It is he who traces her and brings about her death.

In short Athos is a daring young man, a gentleman and a true friend, his only weakness being that he drinks too much but this can be condoned when we consider the circumstances of his life.

Porthos

Porthos is a well-built young man of great height. He has a haughty countenance and keeps himself dressed in a costume so peculiar as to attract general attraction. He is more of a fop than a soldier. We meet him for the first

time in the antichamber where he is seen in embroidered dress and a cloak which he wears to hide the back of his baldric which is not ornamented. He tells the people that he is wearing the cloak because he has caught cold and also coughs affectedly from time to time. He speaks with a lofty air and his only concern in life is to win admiration from others by exhibiting to them a rich and showy dress and haughty conduct.

Such a man is not expected to be very brave and nowhere does Porthos demonstrate great strength and courage. He is not a great swordsman. When the musketeers fight with Cardinal's guards, he is the only man who fails to defeat his enemy. Again on their way to London, he fights the deal and is defeated. He can equal neither D'Artagnan nor Athos in courage and physical strength and unlike them he lacks in intelligence and commonsense. He cannot understand any complicated matter. When D'Artagnan allows the Cardinal's guards to arrest M. Bonacieux, he is the only man, who objects to it because he thinks that they must with the guards whatever may be the occasion. His friends know his deficiency and condone it.

He may not be physically and intellectually very strong but he is a loyal and reliable friend. He follows his friends without questioning their plan. They also know that he will do as they desire and so do not care to have his opinion on any matter.

A man of his temperament cannot have many worries in life. So Porthos leads a carefree life. He eats, drinks and tries to be merry. When he is left in the inn after the duel he has a happy time because he manages to steal the wine that he needs. Although a young man, Porthos is not interested in women and when he speaks of marriage nobody takes him seriously.

Porthos is vain and always endeavours to conceal his weakness. When he is defeated in the inn, he does not admit that he is wounded but poses that he has sprained his ankle.

Whatever may be his weaknesses, Porthos is a man to be

liked for his loyalty to his friends. He follows them and risks his life whenever occasion demands.

Aramis

Aramis is a well behaved charming young man. He has a serious look and culitvated manners and never fails to impress those who come in contact with him. D'Artagnan is impressed by him when he meets him for the first time and decides to imitate his ways. The musketeers hold him in high esteem for his wisdom, scholarship and courage and on several occassions look up to him for advice. He knows Latin and is a well-read man. He is particularly in-interested in religion.

At one time he was thinking of becoming a clergyman, but then he had to change his mind and became a musketeer. The desire, however, does not leave him and we once find him turning a church man. He makes this decision when his life is spared by the men who attack him. The other thing that determines his decision is his disappointment in love. But when D'Artagnan gives him the letter from his beloved, he at once forgets his seriousness and again becomes happy-go-lucky musketeer.

Although he loves a lady passionately, yet he keeps his love a secret and does not disclose the name of his beloved to any one. When D'Artagnan picks up his handkerchief from the ground he feels offended and challenges him to a duel. His friends, knowing that he cannot tolerate any reference to his beloved, desist from making, reference.

Habitually he speaks little and that too very slowly. He bows frequently and laughs without noise, showing his teeth which look very beautiful. Whenever he has to reply to any question in the affirmation he only nods his head.

Aramis is about twenty three and has an open, ingenuous countenance, dark mild eyes and rosy cheeks.

In courage and bravery, he can easily equal his friends. During the fight with king's guards, he faces two men successfully and gives a good account of himself when he is attacked by Cardinal's men during the journey. He follows the musketeers to the bastion of St. Gervais in spite of the

danger ahead and keeps himself undaunted during the deliberation when the enemies attack them thrice. So he is a charming young man with many qualities of head and heart.

Cardinal

Cardinal Richelieu plays a very important part in the novel. His intrigues and the adventures which they inspire constitute the plot of the novel. He is a figure from history and as such has a special interest for us. His character is fully portrayed in the novel and although we condemn him for his intrigues, we have to recognise his greatness.

A Powerful Man.—The Cardinal has very little concern with his religious office. He is the king's chief minister and enjoys great power and influence. He is all in all in France and has so established himself that even the king is afraid of him. It is he who wages wars and makes peace. The king disapproves of his ways but is helpless. He can neither dismiss him nor do without him. He is a tool in his hands. The Cardinal knows the weaknesses of the king and exploits them whenever he likes. He has his armed guards always ready to fight with king's musketeers. They are terror for those who are opposed to the Cardinal and slaughter their enemies mercilessly.

Relation with the Queen.—He is an enemy of the queen and is always determinad to humiliate her. He has many spies to watch her activities. The queen is in love with the Duke of Buckingham. He knows this and wants to expose her not because he has sympathy with the king but because he is the enemy of the queen. In order to disgrace her, he tries to get hold of the duke when he comes to see the queen secretly and then sends Milady to London to steal the studs from the duke. He persuades the king to search her papers so that by finding the suspected love letter to the duke, the king may be convinced that the queen is not loyal to him. Like the king, the queen too is helpless before him and hears all the indignities he heaps upon her. The poor queen makes a suggestion to her

brother, the king of Spain, to make a show of force so that the Cardinal may be dismissed, but the letter is caught.

A Great Intriguer.—The Cardinal is a great intriguer. He is shown intriguing against the king, the queen and against those who are opposed to his interests. He has his spies and agents spread all over the country and they supply to him the requisite information Even the queen is surrounded by women spies. He rewards them richly for their services and thus spends money lavishly on secret service. Milady and man of Meung are the two hired agents of the Cardinal who are seen moving from place to place, carrying out his biddings. He gets Madame Bonacieux abducted so that she may be used as a tool against the queen. Through his agents he keeps himself informed about everything that is happening in France and there is no secret of his enemies that is not known to him. He knows that the Duke of Buckingham has been to Paris and has met the queen. He knows that D'Artagnan and the king's musketeers are going to England to bring back the studs for the queen and makes several attempts to stop them from reaching their destination. He has got a genius for mischief and all his activities remain unchallenged. It is because of his intriguing nature that everybody is afraid of him.

His Personality.—The Cardinal may be mischievous, but there is some greatness about him. He has a towering personality that enables him to win even the staunchest enemy to his side. The musketeers, in spite of their daring spirit, feel tongue-tied in his presence. He is a shrewd man and understands human nature thoroughly. He does not tell the king directly and plainly that the queen has a love affair with the duke but only drops a hint. He recognises talent and offers to place D'Artagnan among his guards because he is impressed by his courage and strength and ultimately makes him a lieutenant. He is eminently qualified for the high post that he is holding under Louis XIII because only a man of his calibre can tackle the problems which present themselves for solution in the regime of a weaker king. He is obeyed and respected because he is a strongman.

His Meanness. Although the Cardinal is a great man and holds a high office yet he lacks nobility of character and often stoops down to mean acts. He makes mean terms with Milady when he sends her to get the Duke of Buckingham assassinated. He gives her a signed blank paper thereby empowering her to deal with D'Artagnan and Madame Bonacieux in any way she likes. He congratulates the king on the death of the duke which amounts to meanness. Again, the death of Milady, who has served him so long, does not shock him. He is glad to get rid of a dangerous woman. This shows that he is selfish and mean. He is not sincere to anybody.

King Louis XIII

King Louis XIII is not an important character in the novel. Still his character requires analysis because the plot is concerned with his position and policy. We don't know much about his private life from the novel ; we know him only as a weak ruler who has placed himself in the hands of his all-poverful minister. He is not a good administrator and has allowed chaos to prevail in the country. The Cardinal is too powerful for him. He cannot have an independent policy and has to depend upon his minister for everything. The Cardinal does not care for him and gives no importance to whatever he says or does. He does not attach any importance to the pardon granted by the king because he thinks that the king has no such right. The poor king cannot get rid of the Cardinal and follows him in every matter. He knows that the Cardinal is a dangerous person but he feels helpless before him and allows him to have his own way. He feels glad when the queen writes to her brother, the king of Spain, to help the king against the Cardinal. He has his musketeers to defend him but they are not free. They too are afraid of the Cardinal and cannot afford to incur his displeasure. They have to fight frequently with Cardinal's guards. This shows that there is hostility between the king and the Cardinal.

Even in his domestic affairs, the king has to obey the Cardinal. He treats the queen as directed by the Cardinal. He searches queen's papers and asks her to wear the studs

at the occasion of the dance because the Cardinal wants to expose the queen. He cannot resist any suggestion made by his chief minister and even goes to the extent of disgracing the queen. Surely, the Cardinal is a terror for him.

Such a man cannot have a happy domestic life. The queen does not love him at all. She loves the Duke of Bukingham and the king knows this. He cannot win her over. He only threatens her and thus offends her all the more.

He is a weak-willed person and cannot stick to any decision. He is angry with the musketeers when he learns that they have killed the guards but is pleased with them when M. de Treville tells him that it is a victory for him and sends for them so that he may reward them. The king is in short a weak and cowardly person, lacking wisdom, foresight and moral courage. He is a bad ruler and is responsible for all the evils which exist in France during his regime.

M. de Treville

M. de Treville is the captain of the king's musketeers. He is a wise and able man and owes his loyalty to the king. He does not betray the king on any occasion. He rather helps him and defeats many of the plans engineered by the Cardinal. His position is next to the king and the Cardinal. He has great influence in the country and crowds of people come to him with their requests and applications. People know that by winning his favour they will be winning favour of the king.

He has the best soldiers under his flag. They have great respect for him and he too is very kind and helpful to them. He is seen scolding Aramis and Porthos in the presence of D'Artagnan and they listen to him in respectful silence. They speak only when they find that he has cooled down and even then they speak to satisfy him. There is none among the musketeers who may question his authority. They not only respect but also love him because he is always very considerate to them. He grants them leave when they undertake journey to London. They have great confidence in him and feel sure that he will not let them go to prison. When

Athos is arrested, he goes to the king and gets him released. When they fight with the guards, he scolds them outwardly but encourages them inwardly. The musketeers, therefore, find in him their true friend and well-wisher.

M. de Treville is a good intriguer, but he is on the side of the queen. He helps her as much as he can. But he is very cautious and never does anything that may endanger his position. When D'Artagnan tells him that he is going to England to bring studs for the queen, he does not listen to him because the matter concerns the queen. He only grants him leave. This shows that he is very prudent and cautious. Again, when D'Artagnan comes to see him for the first time, he remains very cautious and does not drop a hint to show that there is rivalry between him and the Cardinal. He is an intriguer but all his intrigues are meant to defeat the plans of the Cardinal. He is a patriot and loves his country and the king in spite of his weaknesses.

M. de Treville impresses those who come in contact with him. His is a charming personality and his counsel is sought by all including the king. He is a quiet, reserved person and is not only a good officer but also a good politician. The Cardinal would have humiliated and even removed the king if there were no M. de Treville to support him.

Queen Anne

Queen Anne, the wife of Louis XIII is an unfortunate woman who is being victimised by the Cardinal. All his intrigues are directed against her. She is surrounded by enemies and spies and has to be very alert against them. The Cardinal is always determined to disgrace her and even the king cannot protect her. The chancellor searches her papers under orders of the king and even threatens to search her person if she does not surrender the suspected paper. She cannot resist the man because she knows that she is helpless. The queen who is so insulted deserves our sympathy. She is a tragic character although she does not die a tragic death. We pity her in her sufferings and hate those who bring these sufferings to her. We admire her patience and steadfastness. A weaker woman might have succumbed to the mental injuries which are being inflicted

upon her. Her patience, courage and fortitude impress us very much.

Her husband, although a king, is a tool in the hands of the Cardinal. He has no independent views and has no policy of his own to pursue. He cannot thwart Cardinal's plan to disgrace the queen. He does not love her. Therefore the woman who is neither loved nor protected by her husband will keep her love reserved for somebody. The queen loves the Duke of Bukingham and the king suspects her. But nothing can turn her from the duke. The secret of her love is known to many but she does not waver. The duke is her hero and she must love her.

She is not weak and helpless like the king. She is having her own intrigues to overthrow the Cardinal. She has got some very loyal servants to serve her and even spies to keep her well informed about Cardinal's plans. There is La Porte her most confidential servant and Madame Bonacieux the most reliable woman to execute her plans. It is with their help that she manages to have a meeting with the duke in Paris, in spite of Cardinal's spies.

She does not forget her friends and well wishers. When Madame Bonacieux is imprisoned, she gets her released in spite of Cardinal's hostility. She expresses her gratitude to D'Artagnan when he brings studs from the duke and gives him her diamond in recognition of his services.

The queen loves dances. When her papers are searched, she is offended. But the king tells her that he is holding a ball and she forgets her insult on hearing this news. This shows her love for recreation.

She loves the Duke of Buckingham, but she loves France also and in her letter to the duke advises him to be a friend of France. Again, it is her patriotism that compels her to write to her brother, the King of Spain, asking him to make a show of force so that the king may dismiss the Cardinal and save the country from his evil influence.

Milady

Milady, also known as Lady de Winter, is the most detestable character in the novel. She is a devil incarnate

and feels pleasure in causing pain, even death to others. She is closely associated with the Cardinal and helps him in carrying out his evil designs.

Her Past Life—As a young woman Milady had entered a convent, but she broke her vows and proved a most dangerous woman. She was branded by the executioner of Lille and was known as a branded thief. She then married Athos and when he discovered that she was a branded thief she disappeared. For a long time Athos thought that she had been killed. Milady then married an English baron, Lord Winter. But she poisoned him and got all his wealth. In the novel we meet her for the first time at Meung where D'Artagnan sees her in a carriage. He calls her a beautiful lady.

Her Cruelties—Milady is an intriguer of the first water and is Cardinal's most reliable agent. He learns the secrets of his enemies through her because she is a very clever spy. It is Milady who gets Madame Bonacieux abducted because she wants to employ her against the queen. She keeps her in the prison for a long time and ultimately poisons her. She remains hostile to D'Artagnan throughout and makes several attempts on his life. She tries to stab him but fails in her attempt. Then she sets assassins on him but they too fail to kill him. She sends him poisoned wine but he is again saved. At last she gets a signed blank paper from the Cardinal which is practically the death warrant of D'Artagnan. But this is snatched away from her by Athos and D'Artagnan is saved. This is not all. She gets the Duke of Buckingham assassinated and is also responsible for the execution of Felton. A woman with so many crimes to her credit is certainly a devil incarnate. That she is the most dangerous woman cannot be denied. Even the Cardinal feels great relief when he hears that she has been put to death by the musketeers.

A Cunning Woman—Milady is a very cunning and clever woman. She is not deceived by D'Artagnan when he enters her room posing himself as her lover. She recognises him at once and tries to stab him. Again, when she is imprisoned in England, she remains composed and succeeds

in persuading Felton to get her released. There she poses that she is a puritan and convinces Felton that she is an innocent and much wronged woman. By telling Felton a false story she instigates him against the duke and gets him assassinated. Again when she is in the convent she tells Madame Bonacieux that she is being persecuted by the Cardinal and thus wins her sympathy. She entraps that innocent woman by telling her false stories So she is both cruel and cunning and the death penalty awarded to her does not satisfy our sense of justice.

Her Ingratitude—Milady is a cold and callous woman with no grain of gratitude in her. A cruel and cunning woman cannot have noble feelings even for her friends and well-wishers. So is Milady. Felton saves her from imprisonment and murders the duke for her sake. But she does not wait for him till ten o'clock as was agreed upon and sails for France before time when she comes to know that Felton has done the deed. This shows her ingratitude and devilish nature. She is not kind to her brother-in-law who gives her protection and is grieved when D'Artagnan does not kill him in the duel.

Most Detestable Woman—Milady has physical charms and those who don't know her nature feel attracted towards her. But she has an ugly soul and those who have studied her closely or watched her activities, have nothing but hatred for her. She has no lovable trait of character. She is cruel and attaches no importance to human life, she is cunning and knows no moral code. She is created for mischief, for sufferings to others and so is the most detestable woman. We are glad that she meets an ignoble end but still we feel that she deserves greater punishment.

Madame Bonacieux.

Madame Bonacieux is the most lovable character in the novel. She is a servant of the queen and is the wife of M. Bonacieux who owns an inn. She knows that the queen is being persecuted by the Cardinal and so she serves her to the best of her capacity. She knows that the queen is in love with the duke. She approves of her love and when the duke comes to Paris she conducts him to the queen at the risk of

her own life. Although a timid and modest woman, she is seen moving at night when the duke comes to Paris to see the queen. She suffers for her loyalty to the queen and is abducted by her enemies so that she may be employed against her. It is she who offers her services to the queen when she wants her studs back from the duke. She at first persuades her husband to go to England, but when she finds him unwilling to go, she prevails upon D'Artagnan and sends him to bring the queen's studs. She is unfortunate in having a weak-willed husband who goes to the side of the Cardinal thereby adding to her sufferings.

She is a faithful and good wife. Even her husband admits this before D'Artagnan. But she finds her husband showing manners of character, she begins to hate him. She is a beautiful lady and is loved by D'Artagnan although he does not declare his love to her. She also loves him in return but does not express her love in words. This self-control shows the nobility of her character.

She is not an intriguer like Milady but has fallen into the court intrigues for queen's sake. But still she is never mean and does nothing to which we may take objection. She remains throughout a modest woman with a nobility of character and lovable nature. She is a sweet woman. She suffers for her loyalty to the queen and wins our sympathy.

Madame Bonacieux is very innocent and simple by nature. She cannot understand the hypocrisy of Milady when she tells him that she is being persecuted by the Cardinal and falls into her trap. She is poisoned and at last dies a tragic death. If D'Artagnan is the hero of the novel Madame Bonacieux is easily the heroine although she does not appear conspicuous in the novel.

IV. EXPLANATIONS

1. How do I know that it is not his Eminence who has honoured you with the commission to bring him my head ? Now I really entertain a ridiculous partiality for my head, because it seems to suit my shoulders so admirably. I have no objection to killing you, depend upon that, but quietly, in a snug place, where you will not be able to boast of your death to anybody.

Explanation.—This is an extract from the three musketeers and the words are spoken by Aramis one of the musketeers. Aramis is talking with a man. D'Artagnan comes to them. He is impressed by Aramis and wishes to be sober and quiet like him. But his presence is resented by Aramis. D'Artagnan picks up his handkerchief from the ground and presents it to him. Instead of being thankful to him, Aramis gets offended and the two challenge each other to a duel. Aramis does not know D'Artagnan. He calls him insolent and suspects that he is one of Cardinal's agents.

Therefore addressing D'Artagnan he says that he may be a man sent by the Cardinal to kill him. He would like to fight the duel with him but not at the place where they are standing. Then in a humorous way he says that he does not like to lose his head because it suits his shoulders. Aramis is proud of his strength and is sure that he will kill D'Artagnan in the duel. He tells him that he would fight the duel with him and kill him if he so desires, but they must choose a convenient place for that. He would like to kill him at a place where there may be none to see him dying.

2. Then curious heads were leaning against the tapestry, and growing pale with rage. For their ears glued to the door, did not lose a syllable of what was said, while their mouths repeated, as he went on, the insulting expressions of the captain to the whole population of the ante-chamber. In an instant the whole house was in a state of commotion.

Explanation.—These lines are taken from "The Three Musketeers". D'Artagnan comes to M. de Treville to have an interview with him. Just then two musketeers are called in. M. de Treville scolds them because they had a fight with the Cardinal's guards the previous night in which they were reported to have suffered a defeat and insult. In his anger he thunders at the musketeers and those who are sitting in the ante-chamber come close to hear how the musketeers are being scolded.

Ten persons were putting their ears close to the curtains to hear M. de Treville's words. They felt very angry because they too thought that the musketeers were really insulted by the guards. They heard every word used by the captain

and all expressions which were meant to insult the musketeers. They repeated these expressions to those who were sitting in the room in order to let them know what was happening inside. There was a great stir in the ante-chamber because every body knew that the captain was very angry.

3. "Well!" cried he, throwing his sword upon the bed, "this man must be the devil in person—he had disappeared like a phantom, like a shade, like a spectre. At all events man or devil, body or shadow, this man is born for my damnation, for his flight has caused us to miss a glorious affair, gentlemen, an affair by which there were a hundred pistoles, and perhaps more to be gained.

Explanation.—This is an extract from The Three Musketeers. The three musketeers are sitting in D'Artagnan's room and are discussing how to restore Madame Bonacieux to her husband. Just at this moment the man of Meung who is the abductor of that woman is seen outside. D'Artagnan who thinks him his enemy pursues him with his sword in his hand but fails to get hold of him. He again disappears somewhere much to the disappointment of D'Artagnan.

Here D'Artagnan gives vent to his feelings of anger and despair and exclaims that his enemy is not an ordinary human being. He seems to be a supernatural being who avoids being caught in spite of his best efforts. D'Artagnan is sorry that he has again escaped. He was sure to get a clue from him about the abducted lady whose recovery would have brought him a rich reward. While he is sad at his failure, he expresses his determination to kill the man who is his enemy and hopes that he will be caught one day.

4. "Oh! meddle in nothing which concerns me; do not seek to assist me in what I am accomplishing. And this I ask of you in the name of the interest with which I inspire you, in the name of the service you have rendered me, and which I never shall forget while I have life. Rather place faith in what I tell you. No longer concern yourself about me; I exist no longer for you, any more than if you had never seen me."

Explanation.—These lines are taken from "The Three Musketeers" by Alexandre Dumas, and the words are spoken by Madame Bonacieux to D'Artagnan. D'Artagnan while coming from M. de Treville at night sees Madame Bonacieux outside the house of Aramis where she exchanges handkerchief with a woman inside. When she leaves the house he follows her and soon overtakes her. She is moving about in the dark in connection with the duke's secret visit to the queen. D'Artagnan wants to know the secret from her and refers to the handkerchief. But Madame Bonacieux would not let him know this secret. She knows that D'Artagnan loves him but in spite of that she does not want to disclose the secret.

Here she makes an appeal to D'Artagnan. She requests him not to probe into her secret and also tells him that she does not require his help in the matter. She makes this appeal in the name of the interest he has been taking in her and in the name of the service that he has rendered her. She is indebted to him for his help and sympathy, but in spite of that she would not let him know the secret because it concerns the queen. Therefore repeating her appeal she says that he should not be trying to know what she is doing at night, nor should he offer his services to her.

5. Then, casting a glance on the handsome young man, who was scarcely twenty-five years of age, and whom he was leaving lying there unconscious and perhaps dead, he uttered a sigh over that unaccountable destiny which leads men to destroy one another for the interest of people who are strangers to them, and who often do not even know of their existence.

Explanation.—These lines are taken from "The Three Musketeers". D'Artagnan was going to England. On the port he met Comte de Wardes who had with him Cardinal's permission for sailing to England. D'Artagnan had no such permission. He therefore followed Comte de Wardes and when they were at a lonely place he attacked him and snatched away the Cardinal's order from him. The passage describes the feelings of D'Artagnan when he had made Comte de Wardes unconscious.

He had overpowered Comte de Wardes who was a handsome young man hardly twenty-five years old. He was lying unconscious and was perhaps dead. D'Artagnan, on seeing the man lying in that condition heaved a sigh and thought how men kill one another for the sake of others who are not known to them and who have never seen them. He had attacked the man for the sake of the queen whom he had never seen and who knew nothing about him. He was thinking of the risk that he had taken for others otherwise he had no complaint against Comte de Wardes and had no reasons to treat him in that manner.

6. "My comrade knew her, and called her so, she made the bargain with him, and not with me; he has even now in his pocket a letter from that person, which must be of great importance to you, judging by what I have heard".

Explanation.—This passage occurs in "The Three Musketeers". The speaker is one of the two men who had attacked D'Artagnan during the siege of Rochelle. The man had fallen on the ground and D'Artagnan was going to kill him. He made an appeal to D'Artagnan to spare his life and promised that he would tell him a very important secret. D'Artagnan wanted to know who had employed him and his companion to assassinate him. The man told him that they were employed by Milady. He knew this much only, but his companion who had been killed and who was lying at some distance knew the details of the bargain.

Here the wounded person is speaking. He says that his companion knew the name of the lady who had employed them for D'Artagnan's assasination and he called her Milady. It was the dead man who had made the bargain and not he. He then tells D'Artagnan that the dead person has a letter in his pocket from Milady which will prove to be of great help to him. D'Artagnan then searches the pockets of the dead person and actually finds a letter which gives him a clue about Madame Bonacieux.

7. "God has so willed it"! said he, with a fanatic's resignation, but without however, being able to take his eyes from that ship, on board of which he doubtless fancied he could distinguish the white phantom of her to whom his life was to be sacrificed.

Explanation.—These lines are taken from "The Three Musketeers" by Alexandre Dumas. Felton had assassinated the duke and was arrested. Milady had promised to wait for him till ten o'clock, but she sailed as soon as she learnt from the gun report that the Duke of Buckingham had been assassinated. She did not wait for Felton in spite of her promise and sailed to France to save her own life. When Felton saw her ship going, he realised that he had been befooled by Milady. Now he was sorry for what he had done but repentance could do him no good.

Therefore here Felton says that whatever has been done could not be averted. Being puritan he accepts God's will without a complaint. He keeps his eyes fixed on Milady's ship that is sailing towards France and feel that he has been deceived by Milady. As he stood looking towards the ship he, with the help of his imagination, saw the lady for whose sake, he had sacrificed his life.

8. "Oh! how foolish she was to tell me you would not come. I hope silently, I was not willing to flee. Oh! rightly I have acted! How happy I am!

Explanation :—These lines are taken from "The Three Musketeers" and are spoken by Madame Bonacieux. She is in the convent where Milady also reaches. Being an innocent and simple woman Madame Bonacieux discloses every secret to Milady and even tells her that D'Artagnan is soon coming to release her. Milady who has come to avenge herself on Madame Bonacieux deceives her and tells her that D'Artagnan is in the battlefield and she should not wait for him. She persuades her to accompany her. In fact Milady wants to abduct Madame Bonacieux and drags her to her carriage when she learns that the musketeers are coming. She finds Madame Bonacieux too weak to move to her carriage. Therefore she poisons her. When the musketeers come they find Madame Bonacieux dying. These are her last words and are addressed to D'Artagnan.

She says, "Milady was a fool to tell me that you were not coming. I was disappointed but still I hoped that you would come. I did not want to run away with her. I stayed here because I hoped to meet you. I did the right thing and I am glad that you have come at last."

CHAPTER I

SOME IDIOMATIC EXPRESSIONS

1. *To bear the brunt*—(to bear the main force). As a matter of fact, all boys were responsible for the mischief, but Hamid had to bear the brunt.

2. *To be taken aback*—(to be surprised). He was completely taken aback when he heard the news of his unexpected failure.

3. *To blow one's own trumpet*—(to sing one's own praises). It is bad manners to blow one's own trumpet amongst one's friends.

4. *To eat a humble pie*—(to apologize). My opponent had to eat humble pie when I asked him to account for his misconduct.

5. *Above board*—(above suspicion). Quaid-i-Azam was a clean fighter. His every action was above board.

6. *To bury the hatchet*—(to patch up the quarrel). When the two political parties had fought to an end, they agreed to bury the hatchet.

7. *After one's heart*—(in accordance with one's liking). I wish I could shatter the old world and rebuild it after my heart's desire.

8. *To cross the rubicon*—(to take a bold step). The Punjab Government has crossed the rubicon; it has enforced prohibition in the Province.

9. *Entered the list*—(to accept the challenge). The Muslim League entered the list and held a referendum in the North-West Frontier Province.

10. *Apple of discord*—(a bone of contention). Their father's property proved an apple of discord between the two brothers.

11. *To bid fair*—(to promise to be). Akhtar bids fair to be a great tennis-player.

12. *To hit below the belt*—(to strike a person unfairly). By making an ungenerous reference to his family life in the public meeting, he hit him below the belt.

13. *To the backbone*—(thoroughly). Mahatma Gandhi made a great show of his nationalism, but he was a Hindu to the backbone.

14. *Castles in the air*—(imaginary schemes). Professors and poets are notorious for building castles in the air.

15. *To plough the sand*—(to waste efforts). Why waste time in pleasing him; it is ploughing the sand.

16. *To feather one's nest*—(to make profit from another). He tried to keep his partner in darkness about the business, as a matter of fact, he was trying to feather his own nest.

17. *In cold blood*—(deliberately, without provocation). He was sentenced to death for the cold-blooded murder of his master.

18. *To burn one's boats*—(to commit oneself to a decision for good). Tariq addressing his soldiers said : "Victory or death, there is no retreat I have burnt my boats."

19. *Hold a brief for*—(argue in favour of). I hold no brief for the provincial officer, but I am inclined to the view that their dishonesty is much made of.

20. *To nip in the bud*—(to destroy in the very beginning). Nip the evil in the bud.

21. *Well up*—(master). He is well up in Chemistry, but is very weak in English.

22. *To be a host in one's self*—(to be enough). Haider Ali was to his soldiers a host in himself.

23. *To be at sea*—(confused). When I first looked up philosophy I found myself at sea in it.

24. *To be on the carpet*—(under discussion). May I know what is on the carpet now.

25. *To bring to the hammer*—(sell by auction). When he failed to pay his long-outstanding debts, his furniture was brought to the hammer.

26. *To carry the day*—(to win a victory). After a pitched battle he carried the day.

27. *To come to grief*—(to meet with disaster). He started business with great expectations, but soon came to grief.

28. *To shed crocodile tears*—(to be hypocritical). Mahatma Gandhi who was actually responsible for the massacre of innocent Muslims shed crocodile tears over their deaths.

29. *To cut to the quick*—(pinch). My remarks cut him to the quick.

30. *Under the rose*—(secret). For a long time the activities of R.S.S.S., proceeded under the rose.

31. *To catch a Tartar*—(to meet a stronger army). The Indian Government attacked the raiders in Kashmir, but now they have come to realize that they have caught a Tartar.

32. *Came off*—(brilliant success). He came off with flying colours in the contest.

33. *To play the second fiddle*—(to act as a subordinate). Mussolini played the second fiddle to Hitler.

34. *To put a spoke in one's wheel*—(obstruct progress). The Congress has been always guilty of putting a spoke in the wheel of country's independence.

35. *To take the bull by the horn*—(to face difficulties with courage). Don't shrink, take the bull by the horn and you are sure to overcome the difficulties.

36. *To take the tide at the flood*—(to avail of an opportunity). Most of the success in life depends on taking the tide at the flood.

37. *To flog a dead horse*—(to waste energy). The attempt to create an inter-Dominion understanding is like flogging a dead horse.

38. *At the eleventh hour*—(at the nick of the time). He who promised help, deserted me at the eleventh hour.

39. *At all events*—(at all costs). I will try to help him at all events.

40. *To see eye to eye*—(to agree). I cannot see eye to eye with you in this matter.

41. *To rest upon one's laurels*—(to be satisfied with achievements). A true adventure never rests upon his laurels. He carries on his work till the last.

42. *To see how the wind blows*—(to watch the turn of events). Don't feel disgusted with the rapid changes. Let us wait and see which way the wind blows.

43. *To steal a march*—(to take an advantage by striking earlier). The Hindus had stolen a march upon us by more than two decades.

44. *To swallow the bait*—(to be deceived). He offered me a huge salary to win over my co-operation. I was foolish enough to swallow the bait.

45. *A fair weather friend*—(friend in prosperity). When he became poor his fair-weather friends left him.

46. *To fall foul of*—(to quarrel with). We began the discussion in good humour, but soon it grew hot, and consequently we fell foul of each other.

47. *To cut a poor figure*—(to produce a poor impression). When Disraeli rose to address the audience for the first time he cut a poor-figure.

48. *By fits and starts*—(at intervals). Most of the boys are not regular in their studies. They work by fits and starts.

49. *To worship the rising sun*—(to honour the new man). Subordinates have no particular love for their boss; they worship the rising sun.

50. *To make cat's paw of*—(to use as tool). My dear boy he is making a cat's paw of you to achieve his end.

51. *To burn the candle at both ends*—(to consume one's energy in two ways). In those days he was working for ten hours a day without taking any rest. Indeed he was burning the candle at both ends.

52. *To keep abreast of*—(informed). The situation is changing so rapidly these days that no one can keep himself abreast of the world politics.

53. *To be up in arms*—(ready to fight). The underdog is up in arms everywhere to fight against the capitalist.

54. *To pay one in his own coin*—(to pay back in the same terms). He declined to help me in the difficulty. I paid him in his own coin by refusing to help him when he sought it.

55. *Much ado about nothing*—(to make a lot of fuss over an ordinary thing). This is quite unimportant, you are making much ado about nothing.

56. *Sword of Damocles*—(ever-impending fear). The examination was hanging like the sword of Damocles on his head.

57. *A bolt from the blue*—(a sudden shock). The death of his father came to him as a bolt from the blue.

58. *To give a good account of oneself*—(to give a good impression). He gave a good account of himself in the interview.

59. *A put-up affair*—(conspiracy). The murderers waylaid him when he was going to his village; the whole thing was a put-up affair.

60. *To go to the dogs*—(to be utterly ruined). His scheme went to the dogs for want of funds.

61. *A far cry*—(a long way). Delhi is a far cry from this place.

62. *A feather in one's cap*—(an honour). His success in the debate was another feather in his cap.

63. *To turn one's back upon*—(to forsake). He turned his back upon his old friends when he got into the service.

64. *To keep the ball rolling*—(continue talking). Now when I have broken the ice, you should keep the ball rolling.

65. *To show the white feather*—(to show cowardice). When more help came in, our opponents showed the white feather.

66. *To fall flat*—(to have no effect). My advice fell flat upon his ear.

67. *To have a bee in one's bonnet*—(whimsical). He thinks, mere thinking makes you rich, that is the bee in his bonnet.

68. *To take French leave*—(to go without giving notice). He was accustomed to take French leave at least once in a year.

69. *A wet-blanket*—(a morose person). His friends always avoided him in their meetings. He was a notorious wet-blanket.

70. *To make a clean breast of*—(to confess). The thief made a clean breast of everything.

71. *To miss the bus*—(to miss the last chance). His uncle offered him help, but he missed the bus by his foolishness.

72. *To make common cause with*—(to support). The "brave" Khalsa made a common cause with the R. S. S. S. "heroes" to kill the Musalmans.

73. *A cock and bull story*—(imaginary, a lie). My friend told me a cock and bull story about the unexpected disappearance of his brother.

74. *In high spirits*—(hilarious). Everybody was in high spirits on the day of his visit.

75. *To keep an eye on*—(to watch). I asked him to keep an eye on his movements.

76. *To be in one's elements*—(in a suitable mood). When he begins to talk about various brands of tea, he is in his elements.

77. *Against the grain*—(against one's principles). It is against my grain to recommend the case of mischievous boys.

78. *To keep up appearances*—(to pretend). He is, in fact, a poor man but he dresses well to keep up appearances.

79. *To have all eggs in one basket*—(to risk all one's wealth in one enterprise). He invested all his money in the People's Bank which came to grief. He was a fool to put all his eggs in one basket.

80. *To kick up a row*—(to cause a quarrel). He is always ready to kick up a row.

81. *To knowck the bottom of*—(to render an argument invalid). My opponent tried to knock the bottom out of my arguments in the debate.

82. *To turn over a new leaf*—(to make a new beginning). After the death of his brother, he turned over a new leaf.

83. *To give a leg up*—(to help). His uncle gave him a leg up in the business.

84. *To pull one's leg*—(to befool one). When he patted me in the company of his friends, he was actually pulling my legs.

85. *To look forward to*—(to wait eagerly). I am looking forward to the day of your marriage.

86. *To read between the lines*—(to realise the underlying meaning). I can read between the lines that his apology is a mere excuse.

87. *A hard nut to crack*—(difficult). To beat him at tennis is a hard nut to crack.

88. *To turn the scales*—(to change the course). The entry of America turned the scales of war.

89. *Over and above*—(in addition to the normal income). He makes a lot of money over and above his salary.

90. *To move heaven and earth*—(to do one's best). I will move heaven and earth to get you this job.

91. *To put up with*—(to bear). I cannot put up with this insult.

92. *A burning question*—(a subject which has evoked wide interest). The problem of Kashmir is a burning question of the day.

93. *To set store by*—(to regard as important). I set great store by your sincere friendship.

94. *At sixes and sevens*—(in disorder). When I entered his room, his things were lying at sixes and sevens.

95. *To end in smoke*—(to come to nothing). His schemes to electrify the small village ended in smoke.

96. *To laugh in one's sleeves*—(to be secretly amused). When he was arrested, his friend laughed in his sleeves.

97. *On tenter hooks*—(in a state of anxiety). What is happening to-day in U.N.O.? We are on tenter-hooks to know.

98. *To be in the soup*—(in trouble). He is in the soup to-day because he is arrested for profiteering.

99. *To raise the wind*—(to obtain the necessary money). The concern failed, because the directors could not raise the wind.

100. *To take by storm*—(The young speaker took the house by storm (won over the audience).

101. *Up to the mark*—(to a certain standard). This boy is not up to the mark.

102. *Yeomans' service*—(help in need). He rendered yeoman's service to the refugees.

103. *To take after*—(to resemble). This boy takes after his mother.

104. *A nine days' wonder*—(a thing of temporary interest). Our enemies thought that Pakistan was a nine days' wonder but its achievements have opened their eyes.

105. *To a T*—(excellently). If you succeed in marrying Najma, she will suit you to a T.

106. *To play one's trump-card*—(effective measure). I will play my trump-card when all other measures fail to win him over.

107. *To rest on one's oars*—(to take rest after hard work). Our politicians who had to put up a hard struggle are resting on their oars now.

108. *To poke one's nose*—(to meddle). Do not poke your nose in others' affairs.

109. *To pay through the nose*—(to pay heavily). He was intemperate in his youth and he had to pay through his nose in his old age.

110. *To get the sack*—(to be dismissed). Our clerk got the sack yesterday for his insolence.

111. *To look for a needle in haystack*—(to make a useless search). Looking for a vacant house in Lahore these days is to look for a needle in haystack.

112. *A lion's share*—(more than one's rightful share). He got the lion's share out of his father's property.

113. *Over head and ears*—(completely). He is over head and ears in debt.

114. *To give oneself airs*—(to feel proud of). He gives himself airs because his father is a Minister.

115. *To keep at arm's length*—(to avoid). Keep him at arm's length, because he is a notorious rogue.

116. *To back out*—(to withdraw). He promised to accompany me to Karachi, but when the time came, he backed out.

117. *A bed of roses*—(easy). Life is not a bed of roses.

118. *To give a bit of one's mind*—(to speak frankly). I gave a bit of my mind to the students.

119. *To pull the string*—(to manage affairs secretly). Indian Prime-Minister is only a dummy. His personal assistant pulls the string.

120. *Gift of the gab*—(felicity of speech). Our principal has the gift of the gab and makes an impressive speech on every occasion.

121. *To turn one's coat*—(to change one's side). He was a Unionist, but when Muslim League came in power he turned his coat.

122. *To be on the last legs*—(about to collapse). He is on his last legs. I am afraid, he will go bankrupt.

CHAPTER II

PAIRS OF WORDS

Accent, Accentuated.—The foreigner cannot copy the exact *accent* of a language. Your word *accentuated* the bitterness which was already present among them.

Accept, Except.—I cannot easily *accept* these terms of service. All boys *except* Naseem were present to-day.

Adapt, Adopt.—You must *adapt* yourself to the changing circumstances. I am at a loss to know what course I should *adopt* now (or) He *adopted* a son.

Advice, Advise.—I need your *advice* and I wish you would *advise* me.

Affection, Affectation.—She had great *affection* (love) for her children. There is a great *affectation* in his tone when he pronounces an English word (artificiality of manner).

Ago, Since.—*Since* is preferable to *ago* when referring to events that are recent; *ago* is preferable to *since* when referring to events that are not recent, *e.g.*, "Since ten days," but "a year ago."

Altar, Alter.—He kneels before the *altar* (communion table). Nothing can *alter* (change) his convictions.

Ascent, Assent.—Men *ascend* to virtue. The captain did not give his *assent* (agree) to the proposal.

Aught, Ought.—*Aught*, anything ; *Ought* expresses duty, rightness, or strong probability. If there be *aught* of good in this religion......He *ought* not to play bridge.

Bare, Bear.—His *bare* body was scorched by the hot sun. I cannot *bear* this kind of treatment at your hands.

Bath, Bathe.—It requires persistence and hardihood to take a cold *bath* in winter. Several people *bathe* on the wells in villages.

Believe, Belief.—I find it difficult to *believe* you when you talk of ghosts in which I have no *belief*.

Berth, Birth.—Reserve your *berth* (sleeping place in a train). Our *birth* is but a sleep and a forgetting.

Beside, Besides.—*Beside*, by, close to; *besides*, in addition to. His house is situated *beside* the river. He was *besides* himself with anger when he heard the accusations.

Borne, Born.—The sea-*borne* (carried, sustained) trade of Egypt is considerable. He was *born* with a silver spoon in his mouth.

Breath, Breathe.—When I reached the top, there was no *breath* left in me. My friend too could hardly *breathe*.

Canvas, Canvass.—I wear *canvas* shoes when I go out to play tennis. The candidates for the seats of the assembly *canvass* freely during the election days.

Cast, Caste.—He *cast* an angry look at me or I have *cast* my lot with you for good or for worse. We believe in no *caste* or custom.

Change, Alter.—Some *changes* have been made in the time table. I have *altered* my opinion about him.

Childish, Childlike.—No one failed to be imposed by his *childlike* (simple, meek) simplicity. His suggestion was simply *childish* (foolish, unwise).

Chord, Cord.—She touched the *chords* (strings) of violin with a light finger. Get me a string *cord* (thin rope) from the bazar.

Cloth, Clothe.—It will take six yards of this *cloth* to *clothe* you.

Coarse, Course.—Great men lead a simple life and wear *coarse* cloth. There is no other *course* open for young graduates except to join the Law College.

Compliment, Complement.—He paid him a *compliment* (expression of admiration). A regiment has its *complement* (that which fills up or completes) of men.

Comprehensive, Comprehensible.—The minister gave a *comprehensive* statement outlining the whole industrial policy of the Government. Your answer is not *comprehensible* at all.

Comprised, Composed.—His library *comprised* of several thousand books. The aeroplane is *composed* of very complex machinery.

Confidant, Confident.—Khurshid is Rashid's *confidant* (one who is entrusted with secrets). Hamid is *confident* (fully assured) of his success.

Conscious, Conscientious.—He is *conscious* of (has a knowledge of) his own worthlessness. He is a *conscientious* worker (acts according to the dictates of his conscience).

Corps, Corpse.—We have a detachment of the Punjab University Training *Corps* in the College (a division of Army), *Corpses* covered the streets of Amritsar when we passed through it on our way to Pakistan (dead bodies).

Council, Counsel.—This is an important matter and it will be decided by the *council* of ministers. The teacher gave him a valuable *counsel*, but he paid no heed to it.

Credible, Creditable.—Azam's story is not *credible* (worthy of belief). Suharwarthy's journey was *creditable* (worthy of credit or praise).

Custom, Habit.—You will come across strange *customs* in the villages of the Panjab (unusual practices). It is my *habit* to take a long walk early in the morning.

Depreciate, Deprecate. His merits were greatly *depreciated* (lowered in value) by telling lies. His conduct was greatly *deprecated* (disapproved) by all those who were present.

Desert, Dessert.—Rajputana is full of *deserts*. We had bananas and mangoes for *dessert* (fruit course) at the dinner yesterday.

Device, Devise. It was a pleasure dome of rare device (a plan devised). The scientists have *devised* a new method of doing this work.

Disease, Decease.—We cannot fight against *disease* and poverty only with the weapon of education. He was called home on account of the sudden *decease* of his elder brother (death).

Draft, Draught, Drought.—Make a *draft* (a rough copy) of this application. A *draught* (current) of fresh air opened all the windows; Lahore has this year been suffering from *drought* (dry weather).

Eligible, Illegible.—He is not *eligible* for this post for he is over age (—fit). Rehmat writes an *illegible* hand which he himself cannot read at times (—not legible, or not easily read).

Emigrant, Immigrant.—The Pakistanis who go to settle in England are *emigrants* from Pakistan and *immigrants* in England.

Envelop, Envelope.—The mist *enveloped* (surrounded) us. Put this paper in the *envelope*.

Event, Accident.—The murder of Julius Caesar was an *event* that influenced the history of the Roman Empire. He met with an *accident* and broke his leg.

Falsehood, Lie.—He did not know that he was uttering a *falsehood* (not a wilful lie). He told a *lie* to escape punishment (a deliberate violation of truth).

Farther, Further.—I shall not proceed *farther* or I will not go a step farther. *Further* details are not forthcoming. or I have nothing *further* to say. One must not try to *further* his ambitions by foul means.

Forbear, Forgive.—You should *forbear* from foolish gossip. Although he has hurt me, I *forgive* him.

Forebode, Forecast.—H. G. Wells *forecast* the outbreak of the war in 1935. Such a cloudy morning *forebodes* a rainy day.

Forewarn, Forearm.—I *forewarned* him of the danger. Pakistan is *forearmed* for any possible aggression. Or *Forewarned* is *forearmed.*

Foresee, Foreshadow.—A wise man always foresees trouble ahead. These incidents *foreshadow* the coming of a big change in the affairs of our country.

Foul, Fowl.—He always plays *foul* (dirty). We should take pity on men, beasts and *fowls* (birds).

Gracious, Graceful.—God is *Gracious.* He has a *graceful* style of writing.

Greed, Avarice, Ambition.—*Greed* brings one to ruin (the desire for more than one needs). His *avarice* (love of money) brought about his death. Everybody must be fired by *ambition* (denotes the desire for success, fame or power).

Grief, Grieve.—To his *grief,* he lost both his parents. It will *grieve* him sorely.

Historic, Historical.—"Gentlemen, that was an *historic* occasion when we laid the foundation of the first educational institution of that type in our province" (—noted in history or so important as to be worthy of being recorded in history). There are no ruins round about here which have any *historical* importance (—relating to history).

Hoard, Horde.—The burglars robbed the miser of his *hoard. Hordes* of Tartars descended upon the plains of Hindustan.

Honorary, Honourable.—The *honorary* secretary of the club read out the annual report. The *Honourable* Prime Minister of Pakistan will shortly visit Lahore.

Honour, Honesty.—Principal's order must be *honoured. Honesty* is the best policy.

Hope, Expect.—I *hope* she will soon recover from her illness. We *expect* rain to-night.

House, Home.—Where is your *house* situated? East or West, *home* is the best.

Human, Humane.—*Human* nature is alike in all countries His *humane* (kind) policy endeared the ruler to his subjects.

Imaginary, Imaginative.—Your tears are *imaginary*, no one will hurt you (—unreal).—All poets are highly *imaginative* (—given to or gifted with imagination).

Impassable, Impassible, Impossible.—The river was in floods and was absolutely *impassable*. No patient is *impassible* (not subject to suffering). It is *impossible* for me to agree to such a scheme.

Informer, Informant.—As he acts an *informer* for the police he is hated by his neighbours. My *informant* is a gentleman for whom I have the highest regard.

Ingenious, Ingenuous.—Every one praised his ingenious scheme for removing illiteracy from the villages (—clever). The child was so frank and *ingenuous* that no one could take any exception to his behaviour (—frank, artless).

Insensible, Senseless.—The lower part of my body has become *insensible*. A boy was knocked down by a car. He fell down *senseless* to the ground. They were a *senseless* race (without the reasoning faculty).

Intend, Mean.—When do you *intend* (propose) to go? What do you *mean* by these remarks?

Judicious, Judicial.—His behaviour was kind and *judicious*. (wise). There ought to be a *judicial* inquiry into this case (relating to court of justice).

Learn, Teach.—He has finally *learned* the lesson that I have been trying to *teach* him.

Lose, Loss, Loose.—You should *lose* no time to inform her of her *loss*. As he is grown thinner his clothes hang *loose* on him.

Medal, Meddle.—Khalil won a gold *medal*. Don't *meddle* (interfere) in other people's affairs.

Metal, Mettle.—Coins are made of *metal*. This enterprise will test my *mettle* (courage, endurance).

Miner, Minor.—Six *miners* (workers in a mine) lost their lives in the disaster. Since he is a *minor*, his property is put under the Court of Wards.

Naught, Nought.—The gain of lust is *naught* (nothing). Put six *noughts* to the left of this figure (cipher).

Necessaries, Necessities.—He has only the bare *necessaries* of life. This will meet the *necessities* (imperative need) of the case.

Persecute, Prosecute.—*Persecute* (to harass) *e.g.* "to *persecute* an innocent child". *Prosecute* (*a*) (to bring before a court), *e.g.*, He was *prosccuted* for forgery. (*b*) to continue, *e.g.*, He has gone to England to *prosecute* post-graduate studies.

Polite, Politic.—He was very *polite* (courteous) in carrying out his *politic* (well devised) schemes.

Popular, Populous.—He is very *popular* among his friends. Lahore is a *populous* city (with a large population).

Precede, Proceed.—I will *precede* (to go before) you in reaching there. He intends to *proceed* to England for further studies.

Prescribe, Proscribe.—Will you please *prescribe* some medicine for me. The book has been *proscribed* (printing and publishing forbidden by Government).

Proof, Prove.—You have no *proof.* You cannot *prove* that what you say is true.

Recollect, Remember.—He *recollected* all points but one. I shall always *remember* your kindness.

Refused, Deny.—He *refused* to give his book to me. He *denied* the statement.

Resource, Recourse.—When all his *resources* (means of supplying a want) were exhausted, he was obliged to have *recourse* (restoring of oneself to possible source of help) to begging.

Respectful, Respectable, Respected.—I have received a *respectful* letter from a *respectable* gentleman addressing me! "*Respected Sir.*"

Sensible, Sensitive.—A *sensible* man cannot but be *sensitive* (easily affected) to these pungent remarks.

Soar, Sore.—Prices of commodities are *soaring* high these days. This is a Lahore *sore* (injury to skin).

Social, Sociable.—We must wage a war against *social* evils. If you wish to succeed here try to be *sociable* (fond of mixing with others).

Sooth, Soothe.—In *sooth* (truth) this is the man. The balm *soothed* my pain.

Stationary, Stationery.—The Pole Star is *stationary* (not moving) in the heavens. He sells books and *stationery*.

Substitute, Replace.—An oar was *substituted* for the broken mast (discharge a function for another). The broken mast was *replaced* (have its place filled up) by an oar.

Suspense, Suspension.—Do not keep me in *suspense* (waiting). The *suspension* (giving up) of hostilities was welcomed by all.

Symmetry, Cemetery.—Our hostel building has no *symmetry*, it is ill-planned (—right proportion of parts). You will find the grave of Rose Aylmer in a *cemetery* in Calcutta (—burial ground).

Testimony, Evidence.—The *testimony* (written statement of the witness) was contradicted by the other *evidence* (information given personally).

Trade, Commerce.—The large exodus of the Hindus naturally affected the *trade* of the Panjab. The *commerce* of America extends all over the world (trade on a large scale).

Transferred, Transformed.—He has *transferred* his Bank accounts to the Lloyds Bank.. After listening to the sermon he was completely a *transformed* man.

Usage, Custom.—He met with a harsh *usage* (treatment). It is the *custom* in our family to marry early.

Womanly, Womanish.—She was gentle, kind and lovable. She was almost full of *womanly* virtues (in good sense). He is *womanish* in habits (in bad sense).

Wise, Prudent.—He is a *wise* man, you must listen to his advice. He proved himself very *prudent* in deciding the career of his son.

CHAPTER III

ONE WORD SUBSTITUTIONS

1. A hater of humanity=**Misanthrope.**
2. Government by rich people=**Plutocracy.**
3. Government by the representatives of people =**Democracy.**
4. One man's absolute rule=**Autocracy.**
5. Marriage with one wife=**Monogamy.**
6. Marriage with more than one wife=**Polygamy.**
7. A lover of books=**Bibliophile.**
8. A man who thinks only of himself= **an Egoist.**
9. One who cannot read or write=**Illiterate.**
10. A style full of words=**Verbose.**
11. A speech delivered without preparation=**Extempore.**
12. A word no longer in use=**Obsolete.**
13. A man with narrow or prejudiced religious views =**a Fanatic.**
14. One who eats human flesh=**Cannibal.**
15. The act of stealing from other's writings = **Plagiarism.**
16. Animals feeding on meat = **Carnivorous.**
17. One who lives upon vegetables =**Vegetarian.**
18. One who hates women = **Misogynist.**
19. One who loves mankind=**Philanthropist.**
20. A document written with hand=**Manuscript.**
21. Capable of catching fire=**Inflammable.**
22. Incapable of getting repaired=**Irreparable.**
23. More like a woman than a man=**Effeminate.**
24. Incapable of being tired=**Indefatigable.**
25. A bird of passage = **Migratory.**
26. The motive of getting money = **Mercenary.**
27. A game in which neither party wins=**Drawn.**

28. An officer without salary=**Honorary.**
29. An officer with salary but no work=**Sinecure.**
30. One who bears the same name as you=**Namesake.**
31. A book published after the death of the author =**Posthumous.**
32. That which is inherited from the father=**Patrimony.**
33. One who lives at the same time=**Contemporary.**
34. A poem that has no known writer=**Anonymous.**
35. Inordinate desire for money=**Avarice.**
36. Handwriting which cannot be read=**Illegible.**
37. Incapable of being elected=**Ineligible.**
38. Which cannot be seen=**Invisible.**
39. Incapable of being corrected=**Incorrigible.**
40. The first speech=**Maiden-speech.**
41. A remedy for all diseases=**Panacea.**
42. Murder of one's father=**Patricide.**
43. A disease that ends in death=**Fatal.**
44. A person with an evil reputation=**Notorious.**
45. A general pardon for political offenders=**Amnesty.**
46. A sin which cannot be pardoned=**Venial.**
47. The first appearance on the stage=**Debut.**
48. Allowance due to a wife from her husband on separation=**Alimony.**
49. To talk impiously about holy things=**Blasphemy.**
50. One who is fond of fighting=**Bellicose.**
51. A person who dies without making a will=**Intestate.**
52. Countries that touch each other at the border =**Contiguous.**
53. A medicine that induces sleep=**Narcotic.**
54. A medicine that counteracts poison=**Antidote.**
55. A partner who takes no active part in business =**Sleeping partner.**
56. One who paints or plays for mere pleasure=**Amateur.**

57. A state without a government = **Anarchy.**
58. One who lives upon others = **Parasite.**
59. One who knows everything = **Omniscient.**
60. One who is present everywhere = **Omnipresent.**
61. One who abandons his faith = **an Apostate.**
62. One who can use both hands with equal skill = **Ambidexterous.**
63. One who belongs to neither side = **Neutral.**
64. A man who easily believes in what he is told = **Credulous.**
65. Words inscribed on a grave = **Epitaph.**
66. One who is interested in things of the past = **Antiquarian.**
67. One whose parents died = **Orphan.**
68. One who cannot pay his debts = **Insolvent.**
69. A language which is no longer in use = **Dead language.**
70. Shows little or no interest = **Indifferent.**
71. Refuses to admit defeat = **Undaunted.**
72. Your work goes from bad to worse = **Deteriorates.**
73. One who is not in the habit of saving for the future. = **Improvident.**
74. One who belongs to the same country = **Compatriot.**
75. Happening at the same moment = **Simultaneous.**
76. A voice that can hardly be heard = **Inaudible.**
77. That cannot be imitated = **Inimitable.**
78. That cannot be conquered = **Unconquerable.**
79. A man who is never in the wrong = **Infallible.**
80. That which cannot be touched = **Intangible.**
81. One reluctant to communicate to others what he knows = **Reserved.**
82. Fraudulently divert money (belonging to others) to one's own use = **Embezzle.**

CHAPTER IV

WORDS FOLLOWED BY PREPOSITIONS

1. **Abstain from.**— I *abstain from* drink and smoking.

2. **Abound in, with.**—My pond *abounds in* fish. Your essay *abounds with* obsolete words.

3. **Account for.**—He will have to *account for* his behaviour.

4. **Accompanied by.**—We proceeded to the station *accompanied by* our host.

5. **Accused of.**—He was *accused of* theft.

6. **Accustomed to.**—You will soon get *accustomed to* the office work.

7. **Accede to.**—I cannot *accede to* your request.

8. **Access to.**—I have no *access to* the Chief Minister.

9. **According.**—He came here *according to* his promise.

10. **Accountable to, for.**—You will be *accountable to* your master *for* the money.

11. **Acquaint with.**—I shall *acquaint* you *with* the circumstances which compelled me to do the deed.

12. **Adapt to.**—You will have to *adapt* yourself *to* the changed circumstances.

13. **Addicted to.**—He is *addicted to* drinking.

14. **Adhere to.**—I shall *adhere to* my views through thick and thin.

15. **Admit of.**—Your essay *admits of* no improvement.

16. **Afraid of.**—I am *afraid of* his revenge.

17. **Agree to, with.**— I *agree to* your proposal. I agree with you in this matter.

18. **Agreeable to.**—I shall do nothing that may not be *agreeable to* your wishes.

19. **Aim at.**—He *aimed at* the lion and killed it.

20. **Alarmed at.**—He was *alarmed at* the sight of the fire.

21. **Alive to.**—The people were *alive to* the danger which surrounded them.

22. **Allied to.**—I am *allied to* the cause for which you are fighting.

23. **Amazed at.**—Everybody will feel *amazed at* your proposal.

24. **Ambitious of.**—Those who are *ambitious of* fame win it.

25. **Angry with.**—He is *angry with* me because I opposed him in the meeting.

26. **Annoyed at.**—The professor was *annoyed at* his behaviour.

27. **Answer to, for.**—You will have to *answer to* your boss *for* this negligence.

28. **Apply to, for.**—I have *applied to* the Principal *for* leave.

29. **Apprise of.**—We must *apprise* him *of* his loss.

30. **Approve of.**—I hope you will *approve of* these suggestions.

31. **Ashamed of.**—You must be *ashamed of* your conduct.

32. **Associate with.**—I cannot *associate* myself *with* a liar.

33. **Assure of.**—You must first *assure* me *of* your help.

34. **Attend to, upon.**—Gentlemen! *attend to* me. We *attended upon* the D. C. for two hours.

35. **Avail of.**—You must *avail* yourself *of* this opportunity.

36. **Aware of.**—Keep yourself *aware of* his intentions.

37. **Beg of.**—He *begged of* me the sum of Rs. 20.

38. **Believe in.**—I do not *believe in* his words.

39. **Bent on.**—He is *bent on* going.

40. **Beset with.**—Our path is *beset with* dangers.

41. **Bestow upon.**—You have *bestowed* a great favour *upon* me.

42. **Blind to.**—He is *blind to* his own interest.

43. **Boast of.**—I have no wealth to *boast of.*

44. **Call on.**—He *called on* the Principal yesterday.

45. **Capable of.**—I hope you will find him *capable of* doing the work entrusted to him.

46. **Capacity for.**—He seems to have no *capacity for* thought.

47. **Cede to.**—Kashmir will ultimately *cede to* Pakistan.

48. **Certain of.**—He is *certain of* success in the examination.

49. **Charge with.**—He was *charged with* the murder of his neighbour.

50. **Cheat of.**—The old man was *cheated of* Rs. 200.

51. **Compare with, to.**—*Compare* my pen *with* yours. The flying leaves are *compared to* birds.

52. **Compensate for.**—He was sufficiently *compensated for* his work.

53. **Compete with.**—I shall *compete with* you for the prize.

54. **Competent for.**—He is not *competent for* the post of a lecturer.

55. **Comply with.**—I hope you will *comply with* my request.

56. **Condemn to.**—He was *condemned to* death for murder.

57. **Conduce to.**—Exercise *conduces to* health.

58. **Confide in, to.**—We should not *confide in* the man whom we have never tried. You were a fool *to confide* your secret *to* your enemy.

59. **Confident of.**—We are *confident of* our ultimate victory.

60. **Congratulate on.**—Allow me to *congratulate* you *on* your brilliant success.

61. **Connive at.**—He who *connives at* a sin is a sinner himself.

62. **Convince of.**—I am *convinced of* my mistake.

63. **Deaf to.**—He is always *deaf to* his father's advice.

64. **Decide upon.**—At last we *decided upon* calling an emergency meeting of the committee.

65. **Deficient in.**—He is *deficient in* common sense.

66. **Deprive of.**—He was *deprived of* all his money by his father.

67. **Desirous of.**—He is *desirous of* joining service.

68. **Desist from.**—I could not *desist from* making the attempt.

69. **Despair of.**—You have done your papers well but still you *despair of* your success.

70. **Dispense with.**—The director has *dispensed with* his services.

71. **Eligible for.**—Only M.A.'s are *eligible for* the post.

72. **Endowed with.**—She is *endowed with* beauty.

73. **Engage in.**—My brother is *engaged in* literary pursuits.

74. **Entitled to.**—The Principal is *entitled to* rent-free accommodation.

75. **Essential to.**—Exercise is *essential to* health.

76. **Exempted from.**—He was *exempted from* the payment of hostel dues on account of poverty.

77. **Familiar with.**—He is not *familiar with* any book on Shakespeare.

78. **Fit for.**—Your brother is not *fit for* military service.

79. **Forgetful of.**—I was never *forgetful of* my duty.

80. **Gifted with.**—Naseem is *gifted with* a sweet voice.

81. **Grateful to.**—I am *grateful to* you for your kind help.

82. **Grieve at.**—I am *grieved at* your failure.

83. **Guard Against.**—You must *guard* yourself *against* his evil intentions.

84. **Inclined to.**—Your father is *inclined to* get you admitted into the College.

85. **Indebted to.**—I am *indebted to* you for your guidance in the matter.

86. **Indifferent to.**—A saint is *indifferent to* praise and blame.

87. **Indignant at.**—The manager felt *indignant at* the insult offered to him.

88. **Infected with.**—The whole town is *infected with* disease.

89. **Infested with.**—The jungle is *infested with* snakes.

90. **Informed of.**—He was *informed of* his father's arrival.

91. **Insist upon.**—You should not *insist upon* the payment of the debt in the presence of others.

92. **Introduce to.**—I was *introduced to* the chief guest by my friend.

93. **Intrude upon.**—He took me to task for *intruding upon* his privacy.

94. **Listen to.**—He will not *listen to* your advice.

95. **Marry to.**—He was *married to* a rich lady.

96. **Mindful of.**—I never find him *mindful of* his promise.

97. **Mourn for.**—We shall long *mourn for* our dead leader.

98. **Negligent in.**—He is very *negligent in* attendance.

99. **Object to.**—He *objected to* my remarks.

100. **Opposed to.**—I am *opposed to* the holding of a meeting at this stage.

101. **Overwhelmed with.**—Rahim was *overwhelmed with* grief when he heard the news of his son's death.

102. **Part with.**—I cannot *part with* this pen.

103. **Partial to.**—I took objection to his judgement because he was *partial to* his friend.

104. **Persevere in.**—If you *persevere in* study, you may win the scholarship.

105. **Popular with.**—He is very *popular with* his colleagues.

106. **Prepare for.**—I am *prepared for* the worst.

107. **Prevent from.**—You cannot prevent me from helping my friend.

108. **Proud of.**—He is *proud of* his ability.

109. **Provide for, with.**—You should *provide for* your son's education. He was *provided with* a sword for the journey.

110. **Qualified for.**—He is not *qualified for* the post that he holds.

11. **Reconciled to.**—With the passage of time he had to *reconcile* himself *to* his loss.

112. **Recover from.**—He has not yet *recovered from* the shock.

113. **Refrain from.**—I purposely *refrained from* sending you the reply earlier.

114. **Rejoice at.**—Let us *rejoice at* our victory.

115. **Rely upon.**—We should not *rely upon* his promise.

116. **Responsible to, for.**—I am *responsible to* the Principal *for* the result.

117. **Respond to.**—Nobody *responded to* the appeal made by the Moulvi.

118. **Search for.**—I am *searching for* the lost needle.

119. **Sensitive to.**—He is not *sensitive to* blame.

120. **Short of.**—I am *short of* money these days.

121. **Sentenced to.**—The criminal was *sentenced to* death.

122. **Subscribe to.**—I do not *subscribe to* the views expressed by the speaker.

123. **Surprise at.**—Everybody was *surprised at* his failure.

124. **Sympathise with.**—Nobody came to *sympathise with* Hamid when he lost all his belongings.

125. **Supply with.**—I shall *supply* you *with* food and clothings.

126. **Thankful to, for.**—We should be *thankful to* him *for* his timely help.

127. **True to.**—He was *true to* his promise and came when we needed him most.

128. **Trust in.**—I cannot *trust in* the man who has betrayed me once.

129. **Urge upon.**—We should *urge upon* the Government to open a dispensary in our village.

130. **Vexed at.**—He was *vexed at* his son's behaviour.

131. **Wait upon.**—A deputation led by Karim Dad *waited upon* the Governor.

132. **Warn of, against.**—I *warned* him *of* the intentions which Khalid harboured *against* him. You should *warn* him *against* his partner.

133. **Wonder at.**—Everybody *wondered at* his conduct.

CHAPTER V

COMMON ERRORS

Incorrect	*Correct*
1. There were no cattles grazing in the field.	1. There were no cattle grazing in the field.
2. He is well up in his study.	2. He is well up in his studies.
3. The man owns eight heads of cattle.	3. The man owns eight head of cattle.
4. I have two hundreds rupees with me.	4. I have two hundred rupees with me.
5. You will get your wage.	5. You will get your wages.
6. The Principal has not yet passed the order.	6. The Principal has not yet passed the orders.
7. His means is small.	7. His means are small.
8. We won the match by an inning.	8. We won the match by an innings.
9. Only you and me know this secret.	9. Only you and I know this secret.
10. I and he will start a business.	10. He and I will start a business.

Incorrect	*Correct*
11. You and Saeed has spoiled the whole game.	11. You and Saeed have spoiled the whole game.
12. Each of the boys were dissatisfied.	12. Each of the boys was dissatisfied.
13. Neither of his sons were present at the time of his death.	13. Neither of his sons was present at the time of his death.
14. One must always keep his words.	14. One must always keep one's words.
15. Whom, do you think, reported against me.	15. Who, do you think reported against me.
16. The two men trusted one another.	16. The two men trusted each other.
17. The people of Pakistan are stronger than India.	17. The people of Pakistan are stronger than those of India.
18. He is a best writer.	18. He is a very good writer.
19. There were no less than fifty boys in the class.	19. There were no fewer than fifty boys in the class.
20. Lahore is the oldest of any other city in Pakistan.	20. Lahore is the oldest City in Pakistan.
21. Every one of these chairs are broken.	21. Every one of these chairs is broken.
22. A few men are free from faults.	22. Few men are free from faults.
23. We slept whole the night..	23. We slept the whole night.
24. He has no any book to read.	24. He has no book to read.
25. Karachi is a worth seeing place.	25. Karachi is a place worth seeing.
26. We have finished the two first chapters of this book.	26. We have finished the first two chapters of this book.

Incorrect	*Correct*
27. The climate of Peshawar is better than Karachi.	27. The climate of Peshawar is better than that of Karachi.
28. Many a flowers are born to blush unseen.	28. Many a flower is born to blush unseen.
29. None of my two sisters is at home.	29. Neither of my two sisters is at home.
30. He was too much tired to do some work.	30. He was too tired to do any work.
31. Camel is ship of desert.	31. The camel is the ship of the desert.
32. English are a brave nation.	32. The English are a brave nation.
33. The both brothers have passed.	33. Both the brothers have passed.
34. The thing of beauty is the joy for ever.	34. A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.
35. Why are you making noise?	35. Why are you making a noise?
36. He has a too high opinion of himself.	36. He has too high an opinion of himself.
37. Earth moves round sun.	37. The earth moves round the sun.
38. I have spent all money that I had.	38. I have spent all the money that I had.
39. He is a better poet than a novelist.	39. He is a better poet than novelist.
40. What beautiful scene this is!	40. What a beautiful scene this is!
41. How you managed to bring him round?	41. How did you manage to bring him round?

Incorrect	*Correct*
42. I have seen him yesterday.	42. I saw him yesterday.
43. You need not to go there.	43. You need not go there.
44. I shall come if he will come.	44. I shall come if he comes.
45. Being very hot, we could not move out of doors.	45. It being very hot, we could not move out of doors.
46. Going up the hill, a small cottage was seen.	46. While going up the hill, we saw a small cottage.
47. After crossing the river, the weather became clearer.	47. After we had crossed the river, the weather became clearer.
48. I do not know where was he at that time.	48. I do not know where he was at that time.
49. I will be drowned; no one will save me.	49. I shall be drowned; no one will save me.
50. The teacher with all his boys were there.	50. The teacher with all his boys was there.
51. I did my work before he came.	51. I had done my work before he came.
52. How he could help you when he had no money.	52. How could he help you when he had no money.
53. I wish my brother was here.	53. I wish my brother were here.
54. He denies to steal the book.	54. He denies having stolen the book.
55. He speaks as if he is a king.	55. He speaks as if he were a king.
56. We ran fast so that we may catch the train.	56. We ran fast so that we might catch the train.

Incorrect	*Correct*
57. His all relatives have come.	57. All his relatives have come.
58. He prevented me to go.	58. He prevented me from going.
59. Our examination will begin on Friday.	59. Our examination begins on Friday.
60. I met him in the way.	60. I met him on the way.
61. We entered into the room.	61. We entered the room.
62. At last he came out from the room.	62. At last he came out of the room.
63. We had hardly reached home that it began to rain.	63. We had hardly reached home when it began to rain.
64. Send the books on my address.	64. Send the books to my address.
65. He is ill from Monday last.	65. He has been ill since Monday last.
66. I said it upon his face.	66. I said it to his face.
67. We reached in the college in time.	67. We reached the college in time.
68. He forbade me from going.	68. He forbade me to go.
69. You should avail from this opportunity.	69. You should avail yourself of this opportunity.
70. We shall discuss upon the matter.	70. We shall discuss the matter.
71. I shall comply to your orders.	71. I shall comply with your orders.
72. My horse resembles with yours.	72. My horse resembles yours.
73. He will not listen what you say.	73. He will not listen to what you say.

Incorrect	*Correct*
74. I went to enquire his health.	74. I went to enquire after his health.
75. I congratulate you for your standing first in the college.	75. I congratulate you on your standing first in the college.
76. We played cards for an hour.	76. We played at cards for an hour.
77. I shall write you after a week.	77. I shall write to you after a week.
78. He was married with a young lady.	78. He was married to a young lady.
79. He was annoyed with my behaviour.	79. He was annoyed at my behaviour.
80. I shall start receiving your letter.	80. I shall start on receiving your letter.
81. We had no difficulty to reach the station.	81. We had no difficulty in reaching the station.
82. He insisted on me to stay.	82. He insisted on my staying.
83. I am thinking to send him the news.	83. I am thinking of sending him the news.
84. He is fortunate to get the scholarship.	84. He is fortunate in getting the scholarship.
85. He has a passion to read.	85. He has a passion for reading.
86. He loves with his son.	86. He loves his son.
87. I am too glad to see you.	87 I am very glad to see you.
88. He only died last year.	88. He died only last year.
89. Walking is quite useful for health.	89. Walking is very useful for health.

Incorrect	*Correct*
90. The teacher taught very well the boy.	90. The teacher taught the boy very well.
91. She sings delightful.	91. She sings delightfully.
92. I was very surprised to find him there.	92. I was much surprised to find him there.
93. No sooner we left the house it began to rain.	93. No sooner did we leave the house than it began to rain.
94. He asked me that why I had come late.	94. He asked me why I had come late.
95. Unless you do not work hard you cannot get through the examination.	95. Unless you works hard you cannot get through the examination.
96. Walk carefully lest you should not fall.	96. Walk carefully lest you should fall.
97. I will stay until you do not return.	97. I will stay until you return.
98. Although he is my friend but I do not trust him.	98. Although he is my friend yet I do not trust him.
99. He is both a student as well as a clerk.	99. He is a student as well as a clerk.
100. As I am ill so, I cannot attend the meeting.	100. As I am ill, I cannot attend the meeting.
101. I do not like those sorts of people.	101. I do not like that sort of people.
102. I have great pleasure to make this declaration.	102. I have great pleasure in making this declaration.
103. He never desires for anything.	103. He never desires anything.
104. I have not received any reply of my letter.	104. I have not received any reply to my letter.

Incorrect	*Correct*
105. He is one of my best friend.	105. He is one of my best friends.
106. The old man had lost the peace of his mind.	106. The old man had lost his peace of mind.
107. I have purchased two pairs of shoes.	107. I have purchased two pair of shoes.
108. I have got five hundreds rupees.	108. I have got five hundred rupees.
109. Until he does not work hard, he must be fined.	109. He must be fined until he works hard.
110. There is a good news for you.	110. There is good news for you.
111. The whole Lahore went to hear his speech.	111. The whole of Lahore went to hear his speech.
112. Do not make noise in the class-room.	112. Do not make a noise in the class-room.
113. The officer passed order for his dismissal.	113. The officer passed orders for his dismissal.
114. It is your own fault and not of your friend.	114. It is your own fault and not that of your friend.
115. There is no use of buying this book.	115. It is no use buying this book.
116. Never we have met such an idiot.	116. Never have we met such an idiot.
117. I must take your leave now.	117. I must take leave of you now.
118. He asked me as to why I am late.	118. He asked me why I was late.
119. You are the person who are wanted.	119. You are the person who is wanted.

Incorrect	*Correct*
120. I request you not to cut jokes with me.	120. I request you not to joke with me.
121. I do not know where was he at that time.	121. I do not know where he was at that time.
122. I met no other men but those.	122. I met no other men than those.
123. He neither has nor will accept your terms.	123. He neither has accept nor will accept your terms.
124. He went to school but returned back immediately.	124. He went to school but returned immediately.
125. He preferred death rather than disgrace.	125. He preferred death to disgrace.
126. The speech he gave at the function was impressive.	126. The speech he made at the function was impressive.
127. Cholera is raging in the town for over a month.	127. Cholera has been raging in the town for over a month.
128. Never in the history of India there was a greater man.	128. Never in the history of India was there a greater man than he.
129. This is a worth seeing scene.	129. This is a scene worth seeing.
130. You are a coward man.	130. You are a cowardly man.
131. These all troubles will soon be over.	131. All these troubles will soon be over.
132. At the age of twenty, my family moved to Delhi.	132. When I was twenty, my family moved to Delhi.
133. The girl who does best she will be given a rupee.	133. The girl who does the best will be given a rupee.
134. If you will work hard, you will succeed.	134. If you work hard you will succeed.

Incorrect	*Correct*
135. It is one of the best films that has been released this year.	135. It is one of the best films that have been released this year.
136. They enjoyed very much in the fair.	136. They enjoyed themselves very much in the fair.
137. He talks as if he is a king.	137. He talks as if he were a king.
138. Only he died last year.	138. He died only last year.
139. He is capable to do it.	139. He is capable of doing it.
140. I do not know where has he gone.	140. I do not know where he has gone.
141. The way you talk makes me angry.	141. The way in which you talk makes me angry.
142. He with some of his friends and relations paid me a visit.	142. He paid me a visit with some of his friends and relations.
143. I kept standing.	143. I remained standing.
144. Do not find faults with everybody.	144. Do not find fault with everybody.
145. He conquered cities after cities.	145. He conquered city after city.
146. You mistake to think that he is poor.	146. You are mistaken in thinking that he is poor.
147. On talking to the man he was found to be an old soldier.	147. When I talk to the man he was found to be an old soldier.
148. Nothing but novels please him.	148. Nothing else but novels please him.
149. You must go to the barber to have your hairs cut.	149. You must go to the barber to have your hair cut.
150. I laid in bed till eight in the morning.	150. I lay in bed till eight in the morning.

Incorrect	*Correct*
151. He told me that he is waiting for me since a long time.	151. He told me that he had been waiting for me for a long time.
152. Why he wrote such foolish letter.	152. Why did he write such a foolish letter.
153. I am too glad to know that you have passed.	153. I am very glad to know that you have passed.
154. He had no sooner gone when his brother arrived.	154. No sooner did he go than his brother arrived.
155. I would go if I was you.	155. I would go if I were you.
156. By roaring of the lion we were kept in alarm.	156. We were kept in alarm by the roaring of the lion.
157. I request that you would kindly raise my salary.	157. I request you to kindly raise my salary.
158. The river flows wrapped.	158. The river flows wrappedly.
159. All kinds of good things are existed here.	159. All kind of good things exist here.
160. The teacher with all his boys were there.	160. The teacher with all his boys was there.
161. No anyman is able to withstand his fate.	161. No man is able to withstand his fate.
162. If he is your friend then he will surely help you.	162. If he is your friend he will surely help you.
163. I am tired with his advice.	163. I am tired of his advice.
164. Never be guilty for rudeness.	164. Never be guilty of rudeness.
165. He is somewhat tall for his age.	165. He is rather tall for his age.
166. There is no harm to do this.	166. There is no harm in doing this.
167. We discussed on the question.	167. We discussed the question.

168. They slept whole the night.	168. They slept the whole night.
169. I prefer death than this life.	169. I prefer death to this life.
170. He will never listen my story.	170. He will never listen to my story.

CHAPTER VI

DIRECT AND INDIRECT SPEECH

Assertive Sentences

Direct.—He said to me, "You can stay in my house."

Indirect.—He told me that I could stay in his house.

Direct.—The boy said, "Father, I have done you a great wrong."

Indirect.—The boy told his father that he had done him a great wrong.

Direct.—The old man said, "I am the first man to reach the hall. I shall have to wait long for others."

Indirect.—The old man said that he was the first man to reach the hall and added that he would have to wait long for others.

Direct.—"I have never been a thief, Sir," said the boy to his master.

Indirect.—The boy told his master respectfully that he had never been a thief.

Direct.—Karim said, "My son, I am leaving nothing for you except my bad name. You will have to struggle hard in life for yourself and other members of the family who depend upon you."

Indirect.—Karim told his son that he was leaving nothing for him except his bad name. He also told him that he would have to struggle hard in life for himself and other members of the family who depended upon him.

Interrogative Sentences

Direct.—He said to me, "What can I do for you?"

Indirect.—He asked me what he could do for me.

Direct.—Rashid said to Hamid, "Why do you look sad?"

Indirect.—Rashid asked Hamid why he looked sad.

Direct.—Nazir said, "Friend, where have you been so long?"

Indirect.—Nazir asked his friend where he had been so long.

Direct.—He said to me, "Have you brought my book?"

Indirect.—He asked me if I had brought his book.

Direct.—My friend said, "Would you like to accompany me to the club?"

Indirect.—My friend asked me whether I would like to accompany him to the club.

Direct.—"Where do you live?" asked the stranger of Alice.

Indirect.—The stranger enquired of Alice where she lived.

Direct.—The teacher said to the students, "Why don't you work hard? Do you think you will get through the examination without preparing for it?"

Indirect.—The teacher asked the students why they did not work hard and further asked if they thought they would get through the examination without preparing for that.

Imperative Sentences

Direct.—Rahim said to his servant, "Leave my house at once."

Indirect.—Rahim ordered his servant to leave his house at once.

Direct.—He said to him, "Please wait here till I return."

Indirect.—He requested him to wait there till he returned.

Direct.—The old man said, "My son, trust in God and do the right."

Indirect.—The old man advised his son to trust in God and do the right.

Direct.—Hamid said to me, "Do not waste your time."

Indirect.—Hamid advised me not to waste my time.

Direct.—She said to her son, "Do not mix up with bad boys."

Indirect.—She forbade her son to mix with bad boys.

Direct.—The servant said to the master, "Pardon me this time, sir."

Indirect.—The servant begged the master to pardon him that time.

Direct.—Sadiq said to his friends, "Let us settle the matter once for all."

Indirect.—Sadiq proposed to his friends to settle the matter once for all.

Direct.—He said to me, "Let me go home today."

Indirect.—He suggested to me (or requested me) to let him go home that day.

Direct.—He said to his men, "Do not lose heart. The enemy will surrender one day."

Indirect.—He advised his men not to lose heart and told them that the enemy would surrender one day.

Optative and Exclamatory Sentences

Direct.—She said, "May God bless you, my son."

Indirect.—She prayed that God might bless her son.

Direct.—The old man said to me, "May you have a happy time."

Indirect.—The old man expressed the wish that I might have a happy time.

Direct.—We all said, "May it rain today."

Indirect.—We all prayed that it might rain that day.

Direct.—She said, "O God, have pity upon me."

Indirect.—She prayed to God to have pity upon her.

Direct.—He said, "Alas! I am undone."

Indirect.—He exclaimed sorrowfully that he was undone.

Direct.—The boys said, "Hurrah! we have won the match."

Indirect.—The boys exclaimed with joy that they had won the match.

Direct.—Saeed said, "How clever I am!"

Indirect.—Saeed said that he was very clever.

Direct.—The girl said, "How beautiful is the night."

Indirect.—The girl exclaimed with joy that the night was very beautiful.

Direct.—The farmer said, "Would, I were a rich man!"

Indirect.—The farmer wished that he were a rich man.

Direct.—He said, "Good bye, my friends! We hope to meet again tomorrow."

Indirect.—He bade his friends good bye and hoped that they would meet again next day.

Some Typical Sentences

Direct.—He said to me, "I thank you for doing me this favour."

Indirect.—He thanked me for doing him that favour.

Direct.—Karim said to his friend, "I hope you will recover soon."

Indirect.—Karim expressed to his friend his hope that he would recover soon.

Direct.—He said to his son, "Will you meet your uncle?" "Yes" said the son.

Indirect.—He asked his son if he would meet his uncle. The son replied that he would.

Direct.—My friend said, "Yes, I have betrayed you."

Indirect.—My friend admitted that he had betrayed me.

Direct.—Hamid said to Rashid, "If you do not return my book, I shall report to the Principal."

Indirect.—Hamid threatened Rashid that if he did not return his book, he would report to the Principal.

Direct.—He said, "A thief! A thief! Catch the thief!"

Indirect.—He raised the alarm that there was a thief and called the people to catch him.

Direct.—The boy said, "By Heaven, I am innocent."

Indirect.—The boy swore that he was innocent.

Direct.—The policeman said to the boy, "I shall teach you a lesson, you ruffian."

Indirect.—The policeman called the boy a ruffian and threatened to teach him a lesson.

Direct.—My friend said to me, "Beware of the pick-pockets."

Indirect.—My friend warned me against the pickpockets.

Direct.—He said to me, "Cheer up my friend. Forget the past and face the future boldly.

Indirect.—Calling me his friend he encouraged me and advised me to forget the past and to face the future boldly.

Miscellaneous Sentences

Direct.—"I like this place," he said at length. "Do many people come here, friend?"

Indirect.—At length he told his friend that he liked that place and enquired of him if many people came there.

Direct.—Fred said to the doctor, "I don't know what you're talking about. You are half asleep still. Let us have a glass of beer."

Indirect.—Fred told the doctor that he did not know what the latter was talking about. He added that he was half asleep still and proposed to him that they should have a glass of beer.

Direct.—"Now, Bill, sit where you are," said the blind man. "Hold out your right hand. Boy, take his right hand by the wrist, and bring close to mine."

Indirect.—The blind man ordered Bill to sit where he was and to hold out his right hand. He also told the boy to take his right arm by the wrist, and bring that close to his.

Direct.—"You really are stupid," exclaimed the wife. "Couldn't you possibly think out a way of getting out of this difficulty?" "If you are so wise, why don't you think of a way yourself?" said the offended husband. "Very well, I shall

think of a way," replied the wife. "But you must leave everything to me. Now go back to the tiger and tell him that your wife is bringing the cow."

Indirect.—The wife told her husband angrily that he really was stupid. She asked him if he could not possibly think out a way of getting out of that difficulty. The offended husband asked her that if she was so wise, why she did not think of a way herself. The wife agreed to think of a way but desired that he must leave everything to her. She then told him to go back to the tiger and tell him that his wife was bringing the cow.

Direct.—The traveller said "Can you tell me the way to the nearest inn?" "Yes," said the peasant, "do you want one in which you can spend the night?" "No" replied the traveller; "I only want a meal."

Indirect.—The traveller asked the peasant if he could tell him the way to the nearest inn. The peasant replied that he could, and asked whether the traveller wanted one in which he could spend the night. The traveller answered that he did not wish to stay there, but only wanted a meal.

Direct.—"Gentlemen," I said after silence had been restored, "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy. Do not be astonished at my statement. Is it fair to judge me by appearance only?" "We never have judged," replied one of my hearers, "and we never will judge you in this way." "What a wonderful admission!" I said. "Surely you cannot mean what you now assert." He responded, "How can you doubt it? Would that I could restore your confidence in our fidelity." "Show it by action," was my answer "and you need never fear my disapproving of your conduct."

Indirect. Addressing them as gentlemen, I told them, after silence had been restored, that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in their philosophy. I told them not to be astonished at my statement and asked whether it was fair to judge me by appearance only. One of my hearers replied that they never had judged and would never judge me in that way. I exclaimed that it was a wonderful admission and expressed the hope that he could not mean what he then asserted. In response, he enquired how I could doubt

it and wished that he could restore my confidence in their fidelity. My answer was that they should show it by action and I assured them that they need never fear my disapproving of their conduct.

Direct.—(A Dialogue between the Fox and Farmer).

FARMER.—I have caught you at last, you rogue, I will hang you!

FOX.—Why?

FARMER.—For stealing my geese.

FOX.—It is the way of our family.

FARMER.—It shall be your way no longer, you shall be hanged, you are a rogue.

FOX.—No, no neither rogue nor fool. At any-rate have patience with me.

Indirect Form.—Calling the fox rogue the farmer congratulated himself that he had caught him at last and said that he would hang him. The fox wanted to know why. The farmer replied that it was for stealing his geese. The fox pleaded that it was the way of his family. Whereupon the farmer said that it would be his way no longer, for he would soon be hanged as a rogue. The fox urged that he was neither a rogue nor a fool and begged the favour to have patience with him.

Direct.—"You shall not die!" she cried, "you shall marry me after all." "You seem to think madam," replied Denis, "that I stand much in fear of death."

"Oh no, no," she said, "I see you are no poltroon. It is for my own sake—I could not bear to have you slain for such a scruple."

"I am afraid," returned Denis, "that you underrate the difficulty, madam. What you may be too generous to refuse, I may be too proud to accept. In a moment of noble feeling towards me, you forgot what you perhaps owe to others."

Indirect.—She told him with certainty that he would not die and would marry her after all. Denis replied respectfully that she seemed to think that he stood much in fear of death. She examined that she was not thinking so and told him that he was not poltroon. He added that it was for his own sake

—she could not bear to have him slain for such a scruple. Denis replied respectfully that he was afraid she underrated the difficulty. He added that what he might be too generous to refuse, he might be to proud too accept. He continued saying that in a moment of noble feeling towards him she forgot what she perhaps owed to others.

CHAPTER VII
PUNCTUATION

1. Wealth may seek us but wisdom must be sought.

Punctuation.—Wealth may seek us, but wisdom must be sought.

2. The boy in spite of his best efforts, could not persuade his father to send him to England.

Punctuation.—The boy, inspite of his best efforts, could not persuade his father to send him to England.

3. O, What a fall was there, my countrymen.

Punctuation—O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !

4. Are you mr silver sir i asked holding out the letter.

Punctuation.—"Are you Mr. Silver, sir?" I asked, holding out the letter.

5. Life is for the strong to be lived by the strong and if needs be taken by the strong.

Punctuation.—Life is for the strong, to be lived by the strong, and, if needs be, taken by the strong.

6. It is very easy to decide this case said the wise caliph i want these men to put their hands on the horse one by one let the beggar do it.

Punctuation.—"It is very easy to decide this case", said the wise Caliph. "I want these men to put their hands on the horse, one by one. Let the beggar do it first."

7. One day walking together up a hill I said to friday do you not wish yourself in your own country again yes he said what would you do there said I would you turn wild and eat mens flesh again he looked full of concern and shaking his head said no no.

Punctuation.—One day, walking together up a hill, I said to Friday, "Do you not wish yourself in your own country again?" "Yes," he said. "What would you do there?" said I, "Would you turn wild and eat men's flesh again?" He looked full of concern and shaking his head said, "no, no."

8. As Caesar loved me I wept for him as he was fortunate I rejoice at it as he was valiant I honour him but as he was ambitious I slew him.

Punctuation.—As Caesar loved me, I wept for him, as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it, as he was valiant, I honour him but as he was ambitious, I slew him.

9. There is no royal road to learning the higher it is the harder is the toil of the spirit that is required for its attainment but this toil brings with it happiness as we advance along the path we see more and more new territory to traverse new heights to scale heights which are accessible only by patient labour, but the scaling of which promises us a new sense of possession.

Punctuation.—There is no royal road to learning. The higher it is the harder is the toil of the spirit that is required for its attainment. But this toil brings with it happiness. As we advance along the path, we see more and more new territory to traverse, new heights to scale, heights which are accessible only by patient labour, but the scaling of which promises us a new sense of possession.

10. Where does my father go after dinner i asked martha one night when my mother was in my bedroom folding my clothes how dare you ask such a question said my mother and how dare you talk to the child about your masters comings and goings but where does he I repeated to martha when my mother was gone out of the room.

Punctuation.—"Where does my father go after dinner?" I asked Martha one night, when my mother was in my bedroom, folding my clothes. "How dare you ask such a question?" said my mother, "and how dare you talk to the child after your master's comings and goings?" "But where does he?" I repeated to Martha, when my mother was gone out of the room.

11. How can children be taught to rely upon their own spiritual resources and resist the temptation to become read-

ing addicts hearing-addicts seeing-addicts first of all they can be taught how to entertain themselves—by making things by playing musical instruments by purposeful study by scientific observation by the practice of some art and so on.

Punctuation.—How can children be taught to rely upon their own spiritual resources and resist the temptation to become reading-addicts, hearing-addicts, seeing-addicts? Firstly of all, they can be taught how to entertain themselves—by making things, by playing musical instruments, by purposeful study, by scientific observation, by the practice of some art, and so on.

12. Do you want any supper the landlady asked the traveller he did not reply but seemed to be lost in thought what can this man be she muttered to herself he is some wretched beggar who hasnt an anna to pay for his supper will he be able to pay for his bedroom.

Punctuation.—"Do you want any supper?" the landlady asked the traveller. He did not reply, but seemed to be lost in thought. "What can this man be?" She muttered to herself. "He is some wretched beggar who hasn't an anna to pay for his supper. Will he be able to pay for his bedroom?"

CHAPTER VIII

(*a*) PASSAGES FOR SUMMARIES

1

Rip Van Winkle, however, was among those happy mortals, of foolish, well oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away, in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This however, always provoked

a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Ans. SUMMARY

Title.—Rip Van Winkle.

Rip Van Winkle was a foolish ease loving man and preferred starvation to work. He would have whistled away his life but for his wife who always scolded him for his idleness. He listened to the eloquent lectures of his wife but said nothing. This provoked her all the more till he was compelled to leave the house. This was the only course that could suit the henpecked husband.

2

In Pakistan we attach a great deal of importance to religion and we want to build up our country as an Islamic State. I must explain that we are not going in for any kind of domination by priests or fanaticism or intolerance. These have nothing whatever to do with Islam. What we wish to emphasise are the basic Islamic principles of equality, brotherhood and social and economic justice. We believe that a civilisation or a society which concerns itself with material things alone cannot endure. Human needs are not entirely material, but are also spiritual and they must both be satisfied if an individual or a society is to be a balanced one. In other words, a human being must know that his whole existence is geared to something higher, something which is higher and yet has a very intimate connection with his day-to-day existence. We Muslims believe that the universe belongs to God and that human beings can find real happiness and the deepest kind of contentment only if they submit to the will of God. Islam does not believe in the renunciation of this world. It insists that only a good citizen, a good neighbour, a good husband or a good mother can be a good Muslim. The highest kind of saintliness is that which is practised by a citizen who is honest, kind and charitable in his dealings with his fellow beings.

Ans. SUMMARY

Title.—Pakistan as an Islamic State.

In Pakistan, which will be an Islamic State, we attach great importance to religion but there will be no scope for

priesthood, fanaticism and intolerance there. Only the basic Islamic principles of equality, brotherhood, social and economic justice will be emphasised. For us it is not only the material progress that matters but also spiritual progress. We believe that this universe belongs to God and we can have happiness and contentment only when we submit to His will. Islam does not believe in the renunciation of this world but it insists on virtues which make a man a good citizen.

3

The great advantage of early rising is the good start it gives us in our day's work. The early riser has done a large amount of hard work before other men have got out of bed. In the early morning the mind is fresh, and there are few sounds or other distractions, so that work done at that time is generally well done. In many cases the early riser also finds time to take some exercise in the fresh morning air, and this exercise supplies him with a fund of energy that will last until the evening. By beginning so early he knows that he has plenty of time to do thoroughly all the work he can be expected to do, and is not tempted to hurry over any part of it. All his work being finished in good time, he has a long interval of rest in the evening before the timely hour when he goes to bed. He gets to sleep several hours before midnight, at the time when sleep is most refreshing, and after a sound night's rest rises early next morning in good health and spirits for the labours of a new day. It is very plain that such a life as this is far more conducive to health than that of the man who shortens his waking hours by rising late, and so can afford in the course of the day little leisure for necessary rest. Any one who lies in bed late, must, if he wishes to do a full day's work, go on working to a correspondingly late hour, and deny himself the hour or two of evening exercise that he ought to take for the benefit of his health. But, in spite of all his efforts, he will probably not produce as good results as the early riser, because he misses the best working hours of the day.

Ans. SUMMARY

Title.—The Advantages of Early Rising.

Early rising gives us a good start in our day's work. An early riser finishes much of his work before others leave their

bed and he does it in the best way because he is fresh. Also he can have exercise in the morning which provides him enough energy for his work. He is never in a hurry, has a long interval of rest in the evening and goes to bed earlier where he enjoys a sound sleep which refreshes him for the labour of a new day. On the other hand a late riser has to work till late in the evening and has no leisure that is so essential for health. He cannot achieve as much as the early riser because he wastes the best working hours.

4

The bull elephant is larger than the female, and is generally more savage. His habits frequently induce him to prefer solitude to a gregarious life. He then becomes a doubly vicious. He seldom strays many miles from one locality, which he haunts for many years. He becomes what is termed a "rogue." He then waylays the natives, and in fact becomes a scourge to the neighbourhood, attacking the inoffensive without the slightest provocation, and carrying destruction into the natives paddy fields perfectly regardless of night fires or the usual precautions for scaring beasts. The daring pluck of these "rogues" is only equalled by their extreme cunning. You may perhaps see him upon a plain or in a forest. As you advance, he retreats or he may at once charge. Should he retreat, you follow him; but you may shortly discover that he is leading you to some favourite haunt of thick jungle or high grass, from which, when you least expect it, he will suddenly burst out in full charge upon you.

Ans. SUMMARY

Title.—The Habits of a Rogue

The bull elephant is larger and more savage than the female. He loves solitude, remains near his favourite haunt and being more vicious is called a rogue. He attacks the natives without provocation and destroys the paddy fields. He is very cunning and retrcats when you advance towards him till he takes to his favourite haunt of thick jungle where he will attack you when you least expect it.

5

One September night a family had gathered round their hearth, and piled it high with the driftwood of mountain

streams, the dry cones of the pine, and the splintered ruins of great trees, that had come crashing down the precipice. Up the chimney roared the fire, and brightened the room with its broad blaze. The faces of the father and mother had a sober gladness; the children laughed; the eldest daughter was the image of happiness at seventeen; and the aged grandmother, who sat knitting in the warmest place, was the image of happiness grown old. They had found the "herb, heart, eaes," in the bleakest spot of all new England.

This family were situated in the notch of the white Hills. where the wind was sharp throughout the year, and pitilessly cold in the winter,—giving their cottage all its fresh inclemency before it descended on the valley of the Saco. They dwelt in a cold spot and a dangerous one; for a mountain towered above their heads, so steep that the stones would often rumble down its sides, and startle them at mid-night.

Ans. SUMMARY

Title.—A Happy Family.

One September night a family had gathered round their hearth which was piled high with driftwood of mountain and the fire brightened the room. They all looked very happy. They were in the notch of the white Hills where the wind was cold and sharp throughout the year. It was a dangerous place because a mountain towered above their heads from where stones often came down rolling and startled them.

6

In this world of human affairs there is no worse nuisance than a boy at the age of fourteen. He is neither ornamental nor useful. It is impossible to shower affection on him as on a little boy; and he is called a baby, and if he answers in a grown-up way he is called impertinent. In fact any talk at all from him is resented. Then he is at the unattractive growing age. He grows out of his clothes with indecent haste, his voice grows hoarse and breaks and quivers, his face grows suddenly angular and unsightly. It is easy to excuse the shortcoming of early childhood, but it is hard to tolerate even unavoidable lapses

in a boy of fourteen. The boy himself becomes painfully self-conscious. When he talks with elderly people he is either unduly forward or else so unduly shy that he appears ashamed of his existence. Yet it is at this very age when in his heart of hearts as young lad most craves for recognition and love; and he becomes the devoted slave of any one who shows him consideration. But none dare openly love him, for that would be regarded as undue indulgence and therefore bad for the boy. So what with scolding and chiding, he becomes very much like a strong dog that has lost his master. For a boy of fourteen his own home is the only paradise. To live in a strange house with strange people is little short of torture, while the height of bliss is to receive the kind looks of women, and be never slighted by them.

Ans. SUMMARY

Title.—A Boy at the Age of Fourteen.

A boy at the age of fourteen is a great nuisance. He cannot be loved because his behaviour appears either childish or impertinent. He looks unattractive owing to his rapid growth and is always self-conscious. A boy at this age craves for love and becomes devotedly attached to a person who admires or loves him. But none dare love him because indulgence may spoil him. He loves his home and feels out of place among strangers. He especially desires to be loved and respected by the fair sex.

7

We need, and should teach in schools, loyalty to something greater than our own nation. It is nationalism that has brought the world to its present terrifying condition, and that is making an acceptable solution of international problems so hard to find. The loyalty that is needed is loyalty to man, and not to man merely as a biological species, but as the sole embodiment, so far as our knowledge extends, of certain values. Man is capable of creating beautiful things, he is capable (within limits) of knowledge, he can experience love and admiration and ecstasy. It is true that he exemplifies also the opposites of these goods : the creation of hideous squalor, wilful ignorance, hatred and envy and anguish. But in spite

of all that is horrible and all the insistent incitements to despair, I retain the belief that man is capable of developing his better potentialities and gradually lessening the intensity of his evil passions. It is this belief, not a narrow nationalism, that should be taught in schools and made the basis of social obligation. It is this belief—so at least it seems to me—that alone supplies an antidote to despair that is rational, and not based upon some comforting myth that invites men to abrogate the primary duty of a sober search for what is true.

Ans. SUMMARY

Title.—Not nationalism but loyalty to man should be taught in schools.

We should teach loyalty to man in schools and not nationalism which is doing great harm to the world. In spite of his weaknesses man is an embodiment of certain values, capable of creating beautiful things and developing his better potentialities. This belief alone can combat with despair that is being felt at present and should be taught in schools in place of narrow nationalism.

8

The impression of the personality of Lawrence remains living and vivid upon the minds of his friends, and the sense of his loss is in no way dimmed among his countrymen. All feel the poorer that he has gone from us. In these days dangers and difficulties gather upon Britain and her Empire, and we are also conscious of a lack of outstanding figures with which to overcome them. Here was a man in whom there existed not only an immense capacity for service, but that touch of genius which everyone recognizes and no one can define. Alike in his great period of adventure and command or in these later years of self-suppression and self-imposed eclipse, he always reigned over those with whom he came in contact. They felt themselves in the presence of an extraordinary being. They felt that his latent reserves of force and will-power were beyond measurement. If he roused himself to action, who should say what crises he could not surmount or quell. If things were going badly, how glad one would be to see him come round the corner.

Ans. SUMMARY

Title.—The Personality of Lawrence.

The personality of Lawrence has left a vivid impression upon the minds of his friends and his loss is being felt by all his countrymen. The British Empire, in these critical days, needs a man of his capacity and genius. He was an extraordinary man with great force and will-power. He reigned over those who came in contact with him and could meet every situation boldly.

9

At a West of England hotel at which I was staying, a waiter came up to me with a half-finished packet of cigarettes, and said, "Are these your cigarettes, sir?" I told him that I did not know, and asked him where he had found them. "They were on the writing desk in the corner," he said; "I think they must be yours, sir, because the packet has been opened at the top." "Why, what other way is there of opening a packet of cigarettes?" I asked. "Well, sir," he replied, as deferentially informative as Jeeves, himself, 'you see, most gentlemen tear the paper wrapping off before opening the packet, but I took particular notice that you never take the wrapping off but just open the packet at the top. Didn't you know that, sir?" I confess I was amazed. Here was a Sherlock Holmes in a remote part of England who in the course of three days could tell me things about my habits that I did not know myself. I had never before realized either that I habitually opened cigarette packets in one particular way or that my particular way differentiated me from the mass of civilized mankind. I had always thought of myself as a creature of few habits, and those mostly bad; yet here I was exposed as a slave of habit even in so trifling a matter as getting the first cigarette out of a new packet. (Robert Lynd)

Ans. SUMMARY

Title.—Robert Lynd reminded of his habit.

A waiter in a West of England hotel came to Robert Lynd with a half-finished packet of cigarettes and asked him if the packet belonged to him. He was not sure whether it was his

packet but the waiter told him that it must be his because it was opened without removing the wrapping which Robert Lynd always did. The waiter was like Sherlock Holmes and had discovered a habit in Robert Lynd of which he had no knowledge. Thus was the author exposed as the slave of habit.

10

To my mind the only sensible reason for reading anything is because we enjoy it or hope to enjoy it. Of course, pleasure covers a whole variety of feeling and shades of feeling. But it is my strongest belief about reading that one should read only what one likes, because one likes it. I am talking, of course, of our private reading. When we are studying special subjects, or working for examination, we obviously have to read a good deal that we would not choose to read in other circumstances. It may seem odd to have to insist that one should only read because one likes it, but people read for such a queer variety of reasons. There are people who read a book not because they enjoy the book but because they want to be able to say that they have read it. They want to be in the swim. Ten to one, when they read a book for these reasons, they only skim through it, because they all really want to do them good. They make a duty of it, a kind of penance. Sometimes, they go so far as to set themselves so many pages at a time. If it is some kind of technical book which they are reading in order to improve their knowledge, well and good. But if it is a novel or a poem or any part of what we call English literature, then the person who is reading it in this way is wasting his or her time.

Ans. SUMMARY

The only sensible reason for reading is enjoyment. Therefore in our private reading we should read only those books which we can enjoy. But in studying special subjects or in preparing for examination, we have to read what we may not like. Some read a book to show that they have read it which, of course, is a forced reading. Only a technical book and not a book of literary value can be read in this way.

11

If violence is answered by violence, the result is a physical struggle. Now a physical struggle inevitably, arouses in the minds of those directly and even indirectly concerned in it emotions of hatred, fear, rage and resentment. In the heat of conflict all scruples are thrown to the winds, all habits of forbearance and humaneness, slowly and laboriously formed during generations of civilized living, are forgotten. Nothing matters any more except victory. And when at last victory comes to one or other of the parties, this final outcome of physical struggle bears no necessary relation to the rights and wrongs of the case; nor, in most cases, does it provide any lasting settlement to the dispute.

Ans. SUMMARY

Title.—The Use of Violence.

Violence when met by violence results in physical struggle which arouses emotions of hatred, fear, rage and resentment and leads to conflict when all habits of forbearance and humaneness formed during civilized living are forgotten. Violence is used for the sake of victory but this victory does not settle the dispute.

12

Like every other instrument that man has invented, sport can be used either for good or for evil purposes. Used well, it can teach endurance and courage, a sense of fair play and a respect for rules, co-ordinated effort and the subordination of personal interests to those of the group. Used badly, it can encourage personal vanity and group vanity, greedy desire for victory and hatred for rivals, an intolerance and contempt for people who are beyond a certain arbitrarily selected pale. In either case sport inculcates responsible cooperation; but when it is used badly the cooperation is for undesirable ends and the result upon the individual character is an increase of attachment; when it is used well, the character is modified in the direction of non-attachment. Sport can be either a preparation for war or, in some measure, a substitute for war; a trainer either of potential war-mongers or of potential peace-lovers, an educative influence forming either militarists or

men who will be ready and able to apply the principles of pacifism in every activity of life. It is for us to choose which part the organized amusements of children and adults shall play.

Ans. SUMMARY

Title. The Purposes of Sport

Sport can be used either for good or for evil purposes. Used well, it can teach endurance, courage, sense of fair play, respect for rules co-ordinated effort and regard for group interest. Used badly, it encourages vanity, greedy desire for victory, hatred for rivals and intolerance. Sport can be either a preparation for war or means to the establishment of peace and it is for us to decide what purpose it should serve.

(*b*) QUESTIONS ON PASSAGES

Read the following passage and answer the questions given below:—

1. The "Red Death" had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal or so hideous. Blood was its Avator and its seal—the redness and the horror of blood. There were sharp pains, and sudden dizziness, and then profuse bleeding at the pores, with dissolution. The scarlet stains upon the body, and especially upon the face of the victim, were the pest ban which shut him out from the aid and from the sympathy of his fellow-men; and the whole seizure, progress, and termination of disease, were the incidents of half-an-hour.

(*a*) Suggest a suitable heading for the passage.
(*b*) What were the symptoms of Red Death?
(*c*) What do the words "devastated" and "pestilence" mean?
(*d*) What are your feelings after reading the passage and why?

Ans. (*a*) The Red Death.

(*b*) Sharp pain, sudden dizziness, bleeding, scarlet stains on the body were the symptoms of the disease.

(*c*) Devastated means destroyed or annihilated, pestilence means a dangerous epidemic.

(*d*) When we read the passage we have feelings of horror because it describes a horrible disease that always proved fatal.

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2. Read the following passage and answer the questions given below :—

Now, William Dobbin, from an incapacity to acquire the rudiments of the above language, as they are propounded in that wonderful book the Eton-Latin grammar, was compelled to remain among the very last of Doctor Swishtail's Scholars and was "taken down" continually by little fellows with pink faces and pinafores when he marched up with the lower form, a giant amongst them with his downcast, stupefied look, his dog's-eared primer, and his tight corduroys. High and low, all made fun of him. They sewed up those corduroys, tight as they were. They cut his bed-strings. They upset buckets and benches, so that he might break his shins over them, which he never failed to do. They sent him parcels, which when opened, were found to contain the paternal soap and candles. There was no little fellow but had his jeer and joke at Dobbin; and he bore everything quite patiently dumb and miserable.

(*a*) Give the substance of the passage in about 30 words.
(*b*) Why was Dobbin supposed to be the weakest student in the school?
(*c*) How did Dobbin behave among students?
(*d*) How did the boys tease Dobbin?

Ans. (*a*) Dobbin did not know Latin and so was supposed to be a very poor student. He remained in the lower form and looked like a giant among small boys. He was very shabbily dressed and looked clumsy. The boys teased him in different ways and had their jeers and jokes at him but he did not utter a word.

(*b*) Dobbin was supposed to be the weakest student because he did not know Latin grammar.

(*c*) He felt shy and awkward among the students and remained silent when they teased him.

(*d*) They made fun of him, sewed up hiscorduroys, cut his bed strings, upset buckets and benches and sent him parcels

containing paternal soap and candles.

3. Read the following passage and answer the questions given at the end :—

Many people are indulgent to the vices they practise, and have small patience with those they have no mind to; some, broader minded, can accept them all in a comprehensive toleration, a toleration, however, that is more often theoretical than practical; but few can suffer manners different from their own without distaste. It is seldom that a man is shocked by the thought that someone has seduced another's wife, and it may be that he preserves his equanimity when he knows that another has cheated at cards or forged a cheque (though this is not easy when you are yourself the victim), but it is hard for him to make a bosom friend of one who drops his aitches and almost impossible if he scoops up gravy with his knife. Dr. Saunders lacked this sensitiveness. Unpleasant table manners affected him as little as a purulent ulcer. Right and wrong were no more to him than good weather and bad weather. He took them as they came. He judged but he did not condemn. He laughed.

(*a*) What do you learn about Dr. Saunders from this passage?

(*b*) What generalization do you find in the passage?

(*c*) Give briefly the substance of the passage.

Ans. (*a*) Dr. Saunders lacked sensitiveness and was not affected by unpleasant manners. He never worried about right and wrong and never condemned anything because he took everything lightly.

(*b*) Many people practise vices themselves but cannot tolerate the vices of others. They dislike the manners of others if they happen to be different from theirs. They may do anything themselves, but they cannot see others doing the same thing.

(*c*) Many people practise vices but cannot tolerate the same in others. They have no practical toleration and are opposed to the manners which are not like their own. But Dr. Saunders was a different man. He was least sensitive and never worried about right and wrong. He had a jolly nature and never condemned anything.

(c) POEMS FOR COMPREHENSION

1. Write a paragraph on the idea contained in the following poem :—

Who love would seek,
Let him love evermore
And seldom speak;
For in love's domain
Silence must reign;
Or it brings the heart
Smart
And pain.

Ans. The poet believes in silent love. He must have a very painful experience in love. His advice is that those who love should keep their love a secret. They should not reveal their love to their beloved. If they let this secret out they will have to suffer for it. Love demands perfect silence on the part of the lover. There must be silence in the kingdom of love. Those who express their love and make it known to their beloved, enrage her and have to suffer for it. Love should not be publicised otherwise it will bring acute pain to the heart. So the advice contained in the poem is that lover should never speak of his love.

2. Paraphrase the following poem :—

A widow bird sate mourning for her love
Upon a wintry bough;
The frozen wind crept on above,
The freezing stream below.
There was no leaf upon the forest bare.
No flower upon the ground,
And little motion in the air
Except the mill-wheel's sound.

Ans. A female bird sat alone mourning the death of her mate. She was sitting on the branch of a tree. It was winter season. The frozen wind moved stealthily above and the water of the stream below had also frozen. The trees in the forest had no leaves and stood bare, nor any flower could be seen on the ground. There was no movement in the air nor any sound except that of the wheels of the mill which was working.

3. Give in your own words the meaning of the following lines :—

Not gold but only men can make,
A people great and strong—
Men who, for truth and honour's sake
Stand fast and suffer long.
Brave men who work while others sleep,
Who dare while others fly—
They build a nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky.

Ans. The strength of a nation does not depend upon its wealth. A nation is strong if it has strong men to serve their nation and country. Only the men who fight for the sake of truth and honour and who remain steadfast can raise the prestige of their nation. They serve their nation facing every danger and make it strong. These men do their duty while lazy people are seen asleep. They have the courage to face danger when others run away from it. Their bravery and spirit of sacrifice strengthen the nation, make it prosperous and secure and raise it in the estimation of the world.

4. Read the following poem and write the story in prose giving it a suitable heading :—

Her arms across her breast she laid;
She was more fair than words can say:
Barefooted came the beggar maid
Before the king Cophetua.
In robe and crown the king stept down,
To meet and greet her on her way:
"It is no wonder," said the lords
"She is more beautiful than day."
And shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen:
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and lovesome mien.
So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been:
Cophetua sware a royal oath,
"This beggar maid shall be my queen."

Ans. *The Beggar Maid.*

A beggar maid came to king Cophetua. She was a very beautiful woman. She was barefooted and had placed her hands across her breast showing her poverty and respect to the king. When the king, who was wearing robe and crown saw her, he came down from the throne in order to welcome her. The courtiers seeing her beauty exclaimed that she was the most beautiful lady. She was a beggar woman in rags and looked like the moon in the cloudy sky. They all praised her beauty. Someone praised her ankles, the other her eyes while others admired her hair and appearance. She looked like a fairy and those who saw her were of the opinion that they had never seen such a beautiful lady before. Her bewitching beauty had its effect upon king Cophetua who fell desperately in love with her and pledged that he would marry her and make her his queen.

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5. Write in your own prose the event described in the following poem:—

I saw a boy with eager eye
Open a book upon a stall,
And read as he'd devour it all,
Which, when the stall-man did espy,
Soon to the boy I heard him call,—
"You, sir, you never buy a book,
Therefore in one you shall not look."
The boy passed slowly on, and with a sigh
He wished he never had been taught to read;
Then of the old Churl's books he should have had no need.

Ans. The poet once saw a boy standing at a book stall. He had picked up a book from the stall and was reading it greedily. When the stallman saw this he said to the boy, "You never buy a book, therefore you are not allowed to have only one book in your hand and to read it like this." On hearing this the boy was compelled to leave the stall. He heaved a sigh and wished that he were not taught to read. In that case he would never have needed a book from that ill-tempered old stall-man.

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6. Paraphrase the following poem, also suggest a title :

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Besides the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love.
A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.
She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh
The difference to me!

Ans. Paraphrase. Lucy lived at an unfrequented place by the side of the springs of Dove. There were few people who loved or admired her. She was just like a violet flower which is hidden by a stone or she was just like an isolated star shining in the sky. She lived an unknown life and very few people knew when she died. Now when she is buried in her grave, her absence makes all the difference to me who loved and admired her silently.

Title. *The Death of Lucy.*

7. Read the following poem carefully :—

How ill, doth he deserve a lover's name.
Whose pale, weak flame
Cannot retain
His heat in spite of absence or disdain;
But doth at once, like paper set on fire,
Burn and expire.
True love can never change his seat,
Nor did he ever love that could retreat.
The noble flame which my breast keep alive.
Shall still survive
When my soul's fled;
Nor shall my love die when my body's dead;
That shall wait on me to the lower shade.
And never fade,
My very ashes in their urn
Shall, like a hallow'd lamp for ever burn.

What is the poet's conception of "true love" here? How does he distinguish it from "false love"?

Ans. "True Love" according to the poet is a flame that burns constantly in the heart of the lover. It shall survive even when the lover is dead. When he is gone and turned into ashes, the sacred flame of love shall burn for ever.

"False Love" on the other hand is a pale, weak flame that cannot retain its heat for a long time. A false lover is like a tidewaiter. The absence of his beloved cools down his passion. It is like a paper which is set on fire. It burns with a sudden light but only for a short time.

8. Give in your own English the meaning of the following lines. Suggest a suitable heading :—

She is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be:
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me.

O then I saw her eyes were bright,
A well of love a spring of light,
But now her looks are coy and cold
To mine they never reply.

And yet I cease not to behold.
The love-light in her eye:
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

Ans. My beloved, like many other young maidens, is not of any striking beauty to a casual observer. I did not recognise her charms, till she smiled on me. When she smiled, her brilliant eyes became a spring of light. But now her looks are modest and do not respond to my love. But in spite of her shyness I see a sparkling light of love in her eyes. Even the very frown on her face appears more charming than the smiles of other maidens.

Title. *The Beauty of my Beloved.*

9. It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make Man better be,
Or standing long an oak, three hundred years,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sore:

A lily of a day
Is fairer far in Mar,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of Light
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

Read the above poem and answer the following questions :—

(*a*) **Give in brief the main idea of the poem.**

(*b*) **Suggest a proper title for the poem.**

(*c*) **Explain the italicised expressions.**

Ans. (*a*) It is neither the length of age nor the bulk of the body that add to the value of a man. A man may enjoy a long life like an oak and still be useless. Our life is not counted in years but in actions. A few crowded hours of glory are better than a century of nameless life.

(*b*) **Title.** *Brief But Glorious Life.*

(*c*) **"A Lily of a Day".** Lily is a beautiful flower, but it is very short-lived. It blossoms at night and fades away before the noon. But in spite of this shortness of life it is cherished by lovers of beauty.

It was the plant and flower of Light. Lily is known for its beauty and freshness. It adds a charm to the garden by its gay colour and sparkling whiteness.

And in short measures life may perfect be. Human life is not valuable for its longevity or the size of the body. One can perform one glorious action and die. This will enshrine his name in the hearts of people.

10. When I had money, money O!
I knew no joy till I went poor;
For many a false man as a friend
Came knocking all day at my door.
Then felt I like a child that holds
A trumpet that he must not blow
Because a man is dead: I dared
Not to speak to let the false world know.
Much have I thought of life and seem
How poor men's hearts are ever light;

And how their wives do hum like bees
About their work from morn till night.
So when I hear these poor ones laugh
And see the rich ones coldly frown,
Poor men, think I need not go up,
So much as rich men should come down.
When I have had money, money O!
My many friends proved all untrue;
But now I have no money O!
My friends are real though very few.

—W. H. Davies.

(*a*) **Give clearly in your own English the meaning of the above poem.**

(*b*) **Do you agree with the views expressed in the poem?**

Ans. (*a*) The poet says when he was rich he had a crew of flattering friends who danced attendance upon him, but he was not happy in spite of his wealth. He was like a child who holds a trumpet but cannot blow like a man lying dead in the house. He means that he could not express his opinions frankly. Now when he has become poor he knows why the poor are always happy, because he is not so much afraid of a fall as a rich man is. When he was rich he had many false friends, but now when he has become poor he has few friends but they are real ones.

(*b*) I agree with the views expressed in the poem. Wealth makes us blind to our own faults and to the faults of other people. It brings round us a number of friends, but they are all fair-weather friends. They do not love us but they love our wealth. As long as we are rich we are afraid of the world. We stand on ceremony and try to observe etiquette which is false. Poverty is a blessing in disguise. A poor man is not afraid of a fall, because he is already on the level ground. It is only the rich man who is afraid of a change in the fortunes.

CHAPTER IX

EXERCISES IN TRANSLATION

Exercise 1

(ا) ۱- حامد بڑی جلدی خفا ھو جاتا ھے - ۲- وہ میرے ساتھ ھمیشہ خندہ پیشانی سے پیش آتا ھے - ۳- آجکل تو امیر لوگ ھی مزے کی زندگی گزارتے ھیں - ۴- تمہارا بھائی ھوسٹل میں کیوں نہیں داخل ھو جاتا - ۵- کون جانتا ھے کل کیا ھونے والا ھے - ۶- ھمیں بتایا جاتا ھے کہ مستقبل قریب میں پورا امن ھو جائے گا - ۷- ھر انسان کو اس کی محنت کا صلہ دیا جاتا ھے - ۸- کیا ان بچوں کی پوری نگرانی کی جاتی ھے ؟

(ب) ۱- مجھے آپ کا خط ابھی ملا ھے - ۲- تم نے میرا بڑا وقت ضائع کیا ھے - ۳- ان تمام نے میری رائے کے ساتھ اتفاق کیا ھے - ۴- میرا پاؤں پھسل گیا اور میں سڑک کے قریب ایک گڑھے میں جا گرا - ۵- تمہیں کس نے بتایا کہ میں کاروبار شروع کرنے والا ھوں - ۶- تم نے بر وقت مکان کی مرمت کیوں نہ کروالی - ۷- ھمارے پہنچنے سے پہلے جلسہ برخاست ھو چکا تھا - ۸- چور کو موقع پر ھی پکڑ لیا گیا تھا - ۹- جن لڑکوں نے مجھے تنگ کیا تھا انہیں سزا مل گئی ھے - ۱۰- ھمارے ساتھ ایسا ظالمانہ سلوک پہلے کبھی نہیں ھوا -

(ج) ۱- ابھی چاند نکل آئے گا اور ھم یہاں سے روانہ ھو جائیں گے - ۲- اگر کل اس کی چٹھی آ گئی تو میں آپ کو بلوا لوں گا - ۳- اگر تم نے اپنے آپ کو درست نہ کیا تو مجھے مجبوراً تمہارے خلاف کوئی قدم اٹھانا پڑے گا - ۴- اسے چھڑانے کے لئے ھر ذریعہ استعمال کیا جائے گا - ۵- ایسا فیصلہ کرنے سے پہلے ھمیں ان کی طاقت کا اندازہ بھی لگانا ھوگا -

(A) (1) Hamid loses temper very soon. (2) He always receives me with a smiling face. (3) Only the rich people have happy life these days. (4) Why does not your brother join the hostel? (5) Who knows what will happen tomorrow. (6) We are told that there will be perfect peace in the near

future. (7) Every man gets the reward of his labour. (8) Are these children properly looked after?

(B) (1) I have just received your letter. (2) You have wasted much of my time. (3) They have all agreed to my proposal. (4) My foot slipped and I fell into a pit near the road. (5) Who told you that I am going to start a business? (6) Why did you not get the house repaired in time? (7) The meeting had been adjourned before we reached. (8) The thief was caught at the spot. (9) The boys who teased me have been punished. (10) We have never been meted out such cruel treatment before.

(C) (1) Soon the moon will appear and we shall start from here. (2) If I receive his letter tomorrow, I shall send for you. (3) If you do not mend your ways, I shall have to take some step against you. (4) Every means will be employed to get him released. (5) We shall have to assess their power before making such decision.

Exercise 2

۱- اگر وہ میرا دوست ہوتا تو مصیبت کے وقت میرا ساتھ نہ چھوڑتا۔ ۲- اگر میں آپ کی جگہ ہوتا تو یہ غلطی نہ کرتا۔ ۳- ایک آپ ہی ایسے دوست ہیں جسکے خلاف مجھے کبھی کوئی شکایت نہیں ہوئی۔ ۴- میں نے تو محض اپنی رائے کا اظہار کیا ہے۔ ۵- میں ابھی بستر پر لیٹا ہی تھا کہ باہر شور سنائی دیا۔ ۶- ہمیں ایسے نوجوانوں کی ضرورت ہے جن کے دلوں میں اپنے وطن کی محبت ہو۔ ۷- آپ ہی کی بدولت تو مجھے یہ مقام حاصل ہؤا ہے۔ ۸- آدمی جتنا زیادہ امیر ہوتا جاتا ہے، اتنا ہی زیادہ حریص بنتا جاتا ہے۔ ۹- اس نے ہمیں کھانا ہی نہیں کھلایا، بلکہ کپڑے بھی پہنائے ہیں۔ ۱۰- روٹی کا تو ذکر ہی کیا، وہ تو چاول بھی ہضم نہیں کرسکتا۔ ۱۱- میرا مقصد اسے جرمانہ کرنا نہیں، بلکہ اسے درست کرنا ہے۔ ۱۲- اگرچہ وہ میرا دوست ہے، لیکن مجھے پھر بھی اس پر اعتبار نہیں۔ ۱۳- آہستہ بولو ایسا نہ ہو کہ کوئی ہماری باتیں سن لے۔ ۱۴- ہم تیز دوڑے تاکہ وقت پر کالج پہنچ جائیں۔ ۱۵- جبتک آپ تمام راز نہ بتائیں، میں اپنا مشورہ نہیں

دے سکتا ۔ ۱۶۔ کاش اس وقت میرا بھائی زندہ ہوتا ۔ ۱۷۔ افسوس
میں نے دولت کی قدر نہ کی اور آج یہ دن دیکھنا نصیب ہوا ۔
۱۸۔ خدا تمہیں اپنے ملک اور قوم کی خاطر ہر قربانی کرنے کی توفیق
عطا فرمائے ۔ ۱۹۔ خدا کرے کہ سعید اس وقت گھر پر ہی ہو ۔
۲۰۔ اُف کس قدر ڈراؤنی آندھی ہے ۔

(1) Had he been my friend he would not have desolated me in my misfortune. (2) Had I been in your place I would not have committed this mistake. (3) You are the only friend against whom I never had any complaint. (4) I have only expressed my opinion. (5) I had just been to bed when a noise was heard outside. (6) We need such men as may have love for their country. (7) I got this position through you alone. (8) The richer a man grows the greedier he becomes. (9) He has not only fed us but also clothed us. (10) Not to speak of bread, he cannot digest rice even. (11) I do not mean to fine him but to set him right. (12) Although he is my friend yet I do not trust him. (13) Speak in a low voice lest somebody may overhear us. (14) We ran fast so that we might reach the college in time. (15) I cannot give you my opinion unless you tell me the whole secret. (16) Would that my brother were alive today! (17) Alas! I wasted my wealth and have come to this plight. (18) May God enable you to make every sacrifice for the sake of your country and nation. (19) May Saeed be in his home at this time. (20) Oh! What a terrible storm it is!

Exercise 3

کہتے ہیں کہ کسی ملک میں ایک بہت ہی دانا شخص رہتا
تھا ۔ وہ بہت سی زبانوں اور علموں میں ایسا ماہر تھا کہ کوئی
شخص اسکا مقابلہ نہ کر سکتا تھا ۔ اس نے سفر بھی بہت کیا تھا۔ اور
قریب قریب دنیا کے تمام ملکوں میں گھوم پھر چکا تھا ۔ وہ ہر بات پرغور
کرنے ، ہر مسئلے کے متعلق سوچنے کا عادی تھا ۔ یہی وجہ تھی کہ
اسکی رائے عموماً درست ہوتی ۔ درست بھی ایسی کہ لوگ سنتے تو
عش عش کرتے۔ جب وہ لوگوں سے باتیں کرتا یا کسی مسئلے پر

اپنی رائے کا اظہار کرتا تو لوگ دھیان دے کر سنتے اور یاد رکھنے کی کوشش کرتے۔ اسکے اپنے وطن کے لوگ اسکی بہت عزت کرتے تھے۔ اور اسکی باتوں کو دانائی کی باتیں جان کر ان پر عمل کرنے کی کوشش کرتے۔ ہر بچہ، بوڑھا اور نوجوان اس کی عزت کرتا اور اس کو اپنا دانا بزرگ سمجھکر اسکی پیروی کرتا۔

There lived a very wise man in a country. He was an unrivalled scholar having mastery over many languages. He had also travelled widely and had visited almost every country of the world. He had formed the habit of thinking over every matter and considering the pros and cons of every problem. For this reason his opinion was always correct and won applause from the audience. Whenever he talked with the people or expressed his opinion about any problem, people listened to him with rapt attention and tried to remember whatever he said. His countrymen had great regard for him. They took his words for wise sayings and tried to act upon them. Every child, old and young man respected him and regarded him as a wise elderly person worthy to be followed.

Exercise 4

ھمیں اپنے بچوں کی پوری طرح نگرانی کرنی چاھئے - جو والدین اپنے بچوں کا خیال نہیں رکھتے وہ اپنے فرض میں کوتاھی کرتے ھیں جسکی سزا انہیں ایک دن بھگتنی پڑتی ھے - والدین کا فرض ھے کہ وہ اپنے بچوں کے لئے بہترین ماحول پیدا کریں - بچوں کے عادات ھمیشہ بری صحبت سے ھی بگڑتے ھیں - وہ بچے جن کی پرورش ایسے گھروں میں ھوتی ھے جہاں ھر وقت لڑائی جھگڑا رھتا ھے اور گندی زبان استعمال ھوتی ھے یا جہاں ھر وقت اداسی چھائی رھتی ھے بڑے ھو کر اچھے شہری نہیں بن سکتے - ایسا ماحول ان کے دماغ اور اخلاق پر بہت برا اثر ڈالتا ھے - اکثر والدین بچوں کے شور سے تنگ آ کر انہیں باھر گلیوں میں کھیلنے کے لئے بھیج دیتے ھیں وھاں بچوں کو آزادی تو ضرور ھوتی ھے - لیکن یہ آزادی ان کی بہتری کا موجب نہیں بنتی - وہ دوسرے بچوں کے ساتھ ملنے جلنے کی وجہ سے برے عادات سیکھتے ھیں - یہی نہیں بلکہ وہ قریب سے گزرنے والوں کے لئے مصیبت کا باعث بنتے ھیں -

We should keep a strict watch over our children. Those parents who do not look after their children neglect their duty, for which they have to suffer one day. It is the duty of parents to create best environments for their children. It is only the bad company that spoils the habits of children. The children who are brought up in homes where there are quarrels, where abusive language is being used and where the atmosphere is always very sad, cannot be good citizens where they grow up. Such atmosphere affects adversely their minds and morals. Most of the parents get tired of the noise which their children make and send them in the streets to play. There the children have freedom, but this freedom does them no good. They mix up with other children and pick up bad habits. This is not all. They also cause great trouble to the passers-by.

Exercise 5

بیگم نے کہا - میر صاحب ! خاطر جمع رکھو - یہ سب زندہ ھیں - مرے نہیں - انہیں ابھی اچھا کئے دیتی ھوں - لیکن اس شرط پر کہ یہ سب ننگے سر اور ننگے پاؤں میرے گھر جائیں اور صبح کو اپنا جوتا اور ٹوپی لینے آئیں - میں نے چارو ناچار اس شرط کو منظور کر لیا - اُس نے ہر ایک کی گردن ھاتھ سے ھلائی - وہ ھوشیار ھو کر اٹھ بیٹھے جب اس طریق عمل سے وہ اچھے ھو گئے تو میں نے کہا جس طرح تم نے ان سب کو بے ھوش کیا ایسا ھی ایک ھاتھ مجھ پر مارو - اُس نے میرے لحاظ کی وجہ سے بہت پس و پیش کیا - جب میرا اصرار بڑھ گیا تو وہ رومال مجھے بھی رسید کیا - میں بھی بے ھوش ھو کر گر پڑا - اُسی وقت اُس نے میری گردن ھلائی میں اچھا ھو گیا - جب ھم سب جانے لگے تو اُس نے دو ھزار روپیہ ھماری نذر کیا - ھم نے کہا ھم روپیہ نہیں لے سکتے اور نہ یہاں آج سے کوئی آئے گا - تم چین اور آرام سے پاؤں پھیلا کر سویا کرو -

The Begum said, "Mir Sahib, rest assured, they are all alive. Don't think they are dead. I shall bring them to life just now on the condition that they all leave my house bare headed and with naked feet and then come back in the morning to have their caps and shoes." I had to accept this condition. She shook every man by the neck. They all regained

consciousness and stood up. Finding them restored to life thus, I made her the request to touch me like them and rob me of consciousness. She hesitated out of regard for me but when I insisted, she struck me with the same handkerchief. I also lost consciousness and fell down. She then shook me by the neck and I came to myself. When we were leaving, she presented two thousand rupees to us. I told her that we could not accept the money and also assured her that in future nobody would come to disturb her and that she could have a peaceful sleep.

Exercise 6

ایک غریب اور اندھی عورت مکہ کی ایک گلی میں زخمی ہو کر گر پڑی۔ اُس کا سامان چاروں طرف بکھر گیا جسے دیکھ کر چند لونڈے اور اوباش اس کے گرد جمع ہو گئے اور مذاق کرنے لگے۔ اتفاق سے ایک شخص کا ادھر سے گزر ہوا اور اس دردناک منظر کو دیکھ کر اس کی آنکھوں میں آنسو آ گئے۔ اس نے اوباشوں کو اس حرکت سے منع کرنا چاہا۔ لیکن وہ اُلٹا اس سے مذاق کرنے لگے اس پر اِس شخص نے خاموشی سے اندھی عورت کو ھاتھ پکڑ کر اُٹھایا۔ اس کی سب چیزیں سمیٹ کر اپنے کندھے پر اُٹھا لیں۔ اور پتہ پوچھ کر اس کے گھر پہنچا دیا۔ عورت نے جب اپنے محسن کا نام پوچھا تو وہ بولا مجھے محمد (صلے اللہ علیہ وسلم) کہتے ھیں آج سے تم بازار نہ جانا۔ میں ھر روز آ کر تمہارا کام کر جایا کروں گا۔

۱۔ جلسہ ختم ہوتے ھی میرے پاس آ جانا۔
۲۔ اگر آپ کل تشریف لائیں تو شاید میں آپ کے ساتھ جا سکوں۔
۳۔ آخر میں فتح ھماری ھی ہوگی۔
۴۔ اب اپنے کئے کی سزا بھگتو۔

A poor blind woman fell injured in a street of Mecca. The things she was carrying fell scattered around her. Seeing this sight some rascally ruffians gathered round her and began to hurl jokes at her. By chance a man passed that way. His

eyes welled up with tears at this sad sight. He tried to stop the ruffians but they in return made him the target of their jokes. He remained silent and holding the woman by her arm made her stand. He gathered her things and placing them on his shoulder led the woman to her house. The woman wanted to know the name of the person who had been so kind to her and so she was told that he was Muhammad (may peace and blessing of God be upon him). He also told her not to go to the bazar in future and volunteered himself to work for the woman.

(1) Come to me after the meeting is over.
(2) If you come tomorrow I may accompany you.
(3) Victory will be ours at last.
(4) You must suffer for your deeds.

Exercise 7

اب جب ہم بی - اے میں داخل ہونے لگے - تو ہم نے یہ سوچا کہ بی - اے میں ریاضی لیں گے - اس طرح سے کمپارٹمنٹ کے امتحان کے لئے فالتو کام نہ کرنا پڑے گا - لیکن ہمیں سب لوگوں نے یہی مشورہ دیا کہ تم ریاضی مت لو - جب ہم نے اسکی وجہ پوچھی تو کسی نے ہمیں کوئی معقول جواب نہ دیا - لیکن جب پرنسپل صاحب نے بھی یہی مشورہ دیا تو ہم رضامند ہو گئے چنانچہ بی - اے میں ہمارے مضامین انگریزی - تاریخ اور فارسی قرار پائے - ساتھ ساتھ ہم ریاضی کے امتحان کی بھی تیاری کرتے رہے گویا ہم تین کی بجائے چار مضمون پڑھ رہے تھے - اس طرح سے جو صورت حال پیدا ہوئی اس کا اندازہ وہی لوگ لگا سکتے ہیں جنہیں یونیورسٹی کے امتحانات کا کافی تجربہ ہے - ہماری قوت مطالعہ منتشر ہو گئی اور خیالات میں پراگندگی پیدا ہوئی - اگر مجھے چار کی بجائے صرف تین مضمون پڑھنے ہوتے - تو جو وقت میں فی الحال چوتھے مضمون کو دے رہا تھا - وہ بانٹ کر تین مضامین کو دیتا آپ یقین مانیے اس سے بڑا فرق پڑ جاتا -

When I was seeking admission to B.A., I wanted to take Mathematics as one of my subjects because I thought it would spare me the extra labour for my compartment examination. However, everybody advised me against this decision. I wanted to know the reason, but nobody could satisfy me. But when the principal offered me the same advice, I had to abandon the idea. So my combination in B.A. was English, History and Persian. At the same time I was preparing Mathematics for my examination. This means I was preparing four subjects instead of three. The situation thus created can be judged by those alone who have sufficient experience of University examinations. My attention was divided and I felt confused. If I were to do only three subjects, the time devoted to the fourth could be easily spared for these three and you can imagine what a great difference it would have made for me.

Exercise 8

بیمار کا نوجوان بھائی آیا ۔ اداسی کی ھلکی سی سیاھی اس کے چہرے پر چھائی ھوئی تھی ۔ آتے ھی ماں کو آواز دی مگر وہ بدستور غم کی تصویر بنی زمین پر نظریں جمائے آنسو بہاتی رھی ۔ نوجوان نے منہ اٹھایا تو ملک الموت دکھائی دیا ۔ وہ ڈر گیا ۔ پھر اپنے جاں بلب بھائی کا منہ دیکھا تو مردے کی طرح پیلا پایا ۔ ''موت''! لڑکے نے فرشتے سے کہا ''شہر میں اور بہت سے بچے ھیں ۔ تو انہیں شکار کیوں نہیں کرتی ؟ آخر اس بچے نے کیا خطا کی ھے کہ اس کی جان لینے پر تل گئی ھے ؟ اتنا بھی نہیں سوچتی کہ ھم سب اس سے کتنی محبت کرتے ھیں ؟ اس کا مرنا ھم سب کا مرنا ھے ۔ اگر ھمارے ھی گھر کو تم نے تاک لیا ھے تو یہاں بھی کئی آدمی موجود ھیں ۔ کسی اور کو لے لے ۔ دیکھ ایک میں ھی تیرے سامنے کھڑا ھوں میرے بھائی کے بدلے مجھے لے جا ۔

The young brother of the patient came wearing a sad look. He called his mother but the woman, an embodiment of grief, kept her tearful eyes fixed on the ground. When the youngman raised his head, he saw the Angel of Death and was frightened. Then he had a look at the face of his dying

brother. It was as pale as that of a dead person. "O Death," said the boy to the angel "there are many other children in the city, why don't you victimise them? What after all is the fault of this child that you are bent upon taking away his life? Don't you know how much love we all have for the child? Surely his death means the death of all these people. If your choice is only our house, there are many other persons here. You may have any one of them. Look, here I stand before you. Have my life and spare the life of my brother.

Exercise 9

ہم تسلیم کرتے ہیں کہ اہل یورپ اور امریکہ والے مادہ پرست ہیں دہریت کے شکار ہیں۔ لیکن ہمیں یہ بھی تسلیم کرنا پڑیگا کہ ان لوگوں میں بعض ایسے اوصاف موجود ہیں جو ہمارے لوگوں میں نہیں پائے جاتے۔ اخلاق کے لحاظ سے وہ ہم سے بہت آگے ہیں اور ان میں وہ تمام خوبیاں موجود ہیں جنکی ہر مذہب تعلیم دیتا ہے۔ یہی وجہ ہے کہ وہ اپنی لا مذہبی کے باوجود بھی اپنے آپ کو مذہبی لوگ خیال کرتے ہیں۔ مثال کے طور پر ہر مذہب دیانتداری پر زور دیتا ہے۔ لیکن اکثر دیکھا گیا ہے۔ کہ بعض لوگ اپنے مذہب پر عمل پیرا ہونے کے باوجود دیانتداری سے کام نہیں لیتے اور اپنی بد دیانتی کا مظاہرہ کرکے نہ صرف خود بدنام ہوتے ہیں بلکہ اپنے مذہب کو بھی بدنام کرتے ہیں۔ مغربی لوگوں میں بد دیانتی کی بہت کم مثالیں نظر آئینگی۔ اسی طرح ہمارے ہاں جھوٹ بھی بہت زیادہ ہے مہذب ممالک میں جھوٹ کو سب سے بڑی برائی خیال کیا جاتا ہے۔ اور جھوٹ بولنے والے کو وہاں کا معاشرہ برداشت نہیں کر سکتا۔ اسکا مطلب یہ نہیں کہ یہ برائیاں مذہب کی وجہ سے پیدا ہوتی ہیں۔ حقیقت یہ ہے کہ مذہب ان کا دشمن ہے اور جو شخص کسی مذہب پر ایمان رکھتے ہوئے ان برائیوں کو اپناتا ہے وہ مذہب کا دشمن ہے۔

We admit that the people of Europe and America are materialists and atheists. But we shall also have to admit that these people have some virtues which are not found among our people. So far as morality is concerned, they are more advanced than our people and they possess all those virtues

which every religion inculcates. That is why they call themselves religious people in spite of their irreligiousness. For instance, every religion lays emphasis upon honesty but it has often been seen that some of the people do not practise honesty in spite of their religious practices. By showing dishonesty they not only bring disrepute to themselves but also to their religion. There are very few instances of dishonesty among the Western people. Similarly, there is too much of falsehood among us. In civilised countries, it is supposed to be the greatest evil and the society there cannot tolerate a liar. This does not mean that these evils owe their origin to religion. In reality religion is the enemy of these evils, and he who practises them in spite of his faith in any religion, is the enemy of religion.

Exercise 10

بہت گزر گئی ھے باقی جو تھوڑی سی ھے وہ بھی گزر جائے گی - پھر موت ھوگی اور ابدی نیند - نہ دنیا ھوگی اور نہ اسکے دھندے - بچپن میں سہانے خواب دیکھا کرتا تھا - جوانی میں امنگوں کے سہارے ھواؤں میں پرواز کرتا تھا - جوانی کے ڈھلتے ھی اپنی ناکامیوں کا احساس ھونے لگا خوابوں کے حسین محل اپنی آنکھوں سے گرتے دیکھے اور آخر اس نتیجہ پر پہنچا کہ زندگی ناکامیوں اور مایوسیوں کا نام ھے - اب بڑھاپا ھے - جسم میں توانائی باقی نہیں - زندگی بوجھ معلوم ھوتا ھے - سوچتا ھوں کہ کیا تھا اور کیا بن گیا ھوں - میری پیدائش کی غرض کیا تھی - کیا وہ غرض پوری ھوئی ھے کیا میں نے زندگی کو زندگی سمجھ کر گزارا ھے - یہ سوالات اکثر دماغ میں آتے ھیں - ان کا جواب تلاش کرتا ھوں لیکن بے سود -

۱- یہ فیصلہ اتوار کو جماعت کے ھنگامی اجلاس میں کیا گیا تھا -

۲- ھم کشمیر کے لئے آخری دم تک لڑینگے -

۳- تمہیں موقع سے فائدہ اٹھانا چاھئے -

۴- وہ مجھے راستہ میں ملا -

I have passed a greater part of my life, the few years that remain will also pass. Then there will be death and eternal sleep. I shall get rid of this world and its affairs. As a ch ild

I had happy dreams and then in youth my ambitions kept me soaring high in the air. When youth declined there was the realisation of failures. I saw with my own eyes crumbling the castles that I had built in the air and then arrived at the conclusion that life only means failures and disappointments. Now I am an old man, body has lost its strength and life appears a burden. What a great change do I find in myself! What was the object of my life? Has it been achieved? Have I passed the life as I should have? Such are the questions which assail my mind. I try to find their answer but without success.

(1) This decision was arrived at in an emergency meeting of the party on Sunday. (2) We shall fight for Kashmir to the last. (3) You must avail yourself of the opportunity. (4) He met me on the way.

Exercise 11

باپ بولا ''حمید کیا خبر لائے ہو'' حمید خاموش رہا بوڑھا کسان بیٹے کی خاموشی سے متفکر ہو گیا ۔ اس کا مغموم چہرہ ناکامی کی شہادت دے رہا تھا ۔ حمید ایف اے کا طالبعلم تھا ۔ آج اس کے نتیجہ کا اعلان ہؤا تھا ۔ اسکا نام پاس ہونے والے طلبا کی فہرست میں نہیں تھا ۔ وہ اس سے پہلے بھی دوبار فیل ہوچکا تھا ۔ اب تیسری بار ناکامی کا منہ دیکھنا پڑا ۔ اسکا حمید کے دل و دماغ پر جو اثر پڑا ۔ اسکا اندازہ آسانی سے لگایا جا سکتا ہے ۔ کسان غریب تھا ۔ لیکن باپ تھا ۔ بیٹے کو غمزدہ نہیں دیکھ سکتا تھا ۔ کہا بیٹا تم نے کوشش کی لیکن ناکام رہے ۔ انسان کا کام کوشش کرنا ہے ۔ نتیجہ خدا کے ہاتھ میں ہے ۔ ناکامی پر آنسو بہانا گویا خدا کے فیصلہ کے خلاف احتجاج کرنا ہے ۔ خدا چاہتا ہے ۔ کہ تم اور محنت کرو ۔ تم اس کی رضا کے خلاف آواز نہیں اٹھا سکتے ۔ مانا میں غریب ہوں ۔ میرا بہت سا روپیہ ضائع ہؤا ہے ۔ لیکن مجھے تمہاری ناکامی سے کوئی صدمہ نہیں ہؤا ۔ تم آج سے ہی اپنی ناکامی کا غم بھول کر دوبارہ محنت شروع کر دو ۔ خدا تمہیں اس محنت کا صلہ دیگا ۔

The father said, "What is the news, Hamid?" Hamid kept silent. The old farmer felt worried at his son's silence. His

sad look was telling of his failure. Hamid was an F.A. student. Today his result was announced. His name was not there in the list of the students who were declared successful. He had failed twice before this and had experienced failure for the third time. It is not difficult to know how this failure affected the heart and mind of Hamid. The farmer was a poor man but he was a father after all. He could not see his son in grief. He said, "My son, you tried but could not succeed. Man's duty is only to make an effort; the result is with God. To shed tears over failure means to protest against the decision of God. It is the will of God that you should work more. You cannot raise a voice against His will. True it is that I am poor and have got much of my money wasted, but your failure is not a shock for me. Forget the grief caused by your failure and start your work again from today. God will reward your labour."

Exercise 12

صبح سویرے ایک کار سڑک کا موڑ کاٹنے لگی تو سامنے ایک چھوٹی سی موٹر کھڑی ہوگئی - اگر کار کا ڈرائیور فوراً ہی ''ڈیڈ بریک'' نہ لگاتا تو بڑی خوفناک ٹکر ہوجاتی - چھوٹی سی موٹر کا دروازہ کھلا تین نقاب پوش ہاتھوں میں بندوقیں لئے کار کے پاس آگئے - ڈرائیور کے ساتھ ایک دولتمند شخص خاموش بیٹھا تھا - پچھلی سیٹ پر اس کی جوان بیوی اپنی ملازمہ کے ساتھ دم بخود تھی - یکایک بندوق کی نالی کا رخ جوان بیوی کی طرف ہوگیا اور دوسری بندوق کی ایک نالی اس شخص کے سینے پر جھک گئی - سینے پر جھکی ہوئی نالی میں ارتعاش تھا - اس شخص نے دیکھا کہ بندوق تھامنے والے کا ہاتھ کانپ رہا ہے - موت کا ہاتھ زندگی کو دبوچنے سے پہلے نامعلوم خوف کے تحت کانپ رہا تھا - اس کانپتے ہوئے ہاتھ کو دیکھکر اس شخص نے بڑے اطمینان سے کہا ''ہمیں دنگہ فساد نہیں کرنا ہے - تم جو کچھ چاہتے ہو ہم تمہیں دینگے'' - تیسرا نقاب پوش آگے بڑھا - اس نے پہلے تو کار کے پہیے کا ٹائر چاک کیا اور پھر کار کے اندر جھک کر جوان بیوی کی گود میں پڑا جواہرات کا ڈبہ اٹھا لیا اور جب وہ تینوں ڈبہ لیکر چلنے لگے تو ان میں سے ایک نے اس شخص کو کہا دیکھئے صاحب کوئی رکاوٹ نہ ہو مہربانی فرما کر ہمیں نکل جانے دیں -''

Early in the morning when a car was having a turn on the road, there stood a small motor in its way. Had not the driver applied dead brake, there would have been a terrible collision. The door of the small motor opened and three men with veiled faces came near the car holding guns in their hands. There was a rich man sitting by the side of the driver. On the back seat was his young wife with her maid servant and holding her breath in fear. In a moment the barrel of the gun turned towards the young wife and the other gun pointed towards that man's chest. The barrel pointing towards the chest looked unsteady. He saw that the hand that held the gun was trembling. The hand of Death trembled under the influence of some unknown fear before destroying life. At the sight of that unsteady hand, the man sáid calmly "We are not going to fight with you. You will have from us whatever you want." The third man with veiled face advanced and burst the tyre of the wheel and then putting his head into the car, picked up the box containing jewellery that lay in the lap of the young wife. As they were leaving carrying the box with them one of the men said to him. "Look here sir, we don't want any interruption. We hope you will allow us to escape."

Exercise 13

یہ کہاں تک درست ہے ۔ کہ ہم اپنے آباؤ اجداد کی نسبت زیادہ خوش ہیں ۔ میری رائے میں یہ سوال ایک طویل بحث کا محتاج ہے ۔ اس کے حق میں اور خلاف بہت کچھ کہا جاسکتا ہے جن لوگوں کا یہ خیال ہے کہ ان کی زندگی گذشتہ زمانہ کے لوگوں کی زندگی سے بہتر ہے ۔ صرف مادی ترقی پر نظر ڈالتے ہیں ۔ اس ترقی کی بدولت موجودہ انسانوں کو وہ آسائشیں حاصل ہیں ۔ جن سے پرانے لوگ بالکل محروم تھے ۔ زندگی کی دقتیں کم ہوگئی ہیں اور بہت سے مصائب جنکا انسان کو مقابلہ کرنا پڑتا تھا ۔ ان پر قابو پا لیا گیا ہے ۔ ہر شخص دن بدن آرام پسند ہوتا جارہا ہے ۔ زندگی پہلے کی نسبت زیادہ محفوظ ہے ۔ اس لحاظ سے ہم کہ سکتے ہیں ۔ کہ ہم اپنے آباؤ اجداد کی نسبت زیادہ خوش ہیں ۔ لیکن خوشی محض مادی ترقی کا نام نہیں ہے ۔ اس کی وجہ سے ہماری زندگی کے مسائل زیادہ پیچیدہ ہوگئے ہیں ۔ پریشانیاں پہلے کی نسبت زیادہ ہیں اور وہ سکون

قلب جسکا ہر شخص متلاشی ہے - کہیں نظر نہیں آتا - مادی ترقی
ہماری روحانیت پر بری طرح سے اثر انداز ہو رہی ہے - روحانیت کے
بغیر حقیقی خوشی حاصل نہیں ہوسکتی - ہمارے آباؤ اجداد روحانی طور
پر ہم سے بدرجہا بہتر تھے - اسلئے وہ حقیقی طور پر خوش تھے -

How far it is true that we are happier than our forefathers? In my opinion the question demands a long discussion. Much may be said for and against it. Those who think that their life is better than that of their forefathers look to material progress only. This progress has provided to the men of this age those amenities of life which were never enjoyed by the people in the past. Hardships of life have been reduced and many of the evils which man had to face have been conquered. Every man is becoming ease loving day by day. Life is more secure than before. In this respect we can say that we are happier than our forefathers. But happiness does not merely mean material progress. This has made the problems of our life more complicated. Our worries have increased and the peace of mind which everybody seeks is to be found nowhere. Material progress is affecting our spiritualism adversely. There can be no real happiness without spiritualism. Spiritually our fore-fathers were much better than we, therefore they were really happy.

Exercise 14

ڈاکٹر نے انگڑائی لی - صبح کے نو بج چکے تھے اور ابھی تمام
دن باقی تھا - وہ بالکل بیکار تھا - نو بجے تک وہ کئی مریض دیکھ
چکا تھا - جزیرہ پر اور کوئی ڈاکٹر موجود نہ تھا - اسلئے ہر مریض
اپنی تکلیف کے وقت اسی ڈاکٹر سے مشورہ کرنے پر مجبور تھا وہ
پندرہ سال سے اسی جزیرہ پر کام کر رہا تھا - اور آنکھوں کا ماہر ہونے
کی وجہ سے لوگوں میں کافی شہرت حاصل کر چکا تھا - کمرہ میں
چونکہ بالکل خاموشی تھی - اسلئے وہ جلدی ہی اونگھنے لگا - اچانک
اسے باتوں کی آواز سنائی دی - اس نے اپنی آنکھیں کھولیں اور اوپر
نظر اٹھائی - دیکھا تو دو سفید آدمی اس کے پاس کھڑے تھے - حیران
تھا کہ وہ کہاں سے اور کیسے آئے ہیں - ان اجنبی لوگوں کے چہرہ
سے عیاں تھا کہ وہ بھلی نیت سے وہاں نہیں پہنچے - ڈاکٹر کے دل

میں خوف تھا - لیکن اس نے اسے ظاہر نہ ہونے دیا - اور مسکراتے ہوئے انہیں خوش آمدید کہا -

The doctor yawned. It was nine o'clock in the morning and the whole day lay before him. He was absolutely idle. He had seen several patients up to nine o'clock. There being no other doctor on the island, every patient in trouble had to consult him alone. He had worked on this island for fifteen years and being an eye specialist had established sufficient reputation among the people. As there was perfect silence in the room, he soon began to doze. Suddenly, he heard the sound of footsteps. He opened his eyes and looked up and saw two white men standing by his side. He was at a loss to understand where from and how they had come. The faces of these strangers showed that they had not come there with good intention. The doctor had fear but he did not betray it and welcomed them with a smiling face.

Exercise 15

اس کے بعد معلوم نہیں کہ کیا ہؤا - جب مجھ کو ہوش آیا تو میں اپنے مکان میں چارپائی پر پڑا ہؤا تھا - میرے خاندان والے مجھے چاروں طرف سے گھیرے ہوئے تھے - میں نے چندرا کے متعلق پوچھا تو میرے ایک عزیز نے بتایا کہ اس کا جسم دریا کی لہروں کے سپرد کر دیا گیا ھے - اس کے بعد میرا دل دنیا سے سیر ہو چکا تھا - دماغ میں سوچنے کی صلاحیت باقی نہ تھی - مگر اب سوچنے کے سوا میرے پاس کوئی کام نہ رہ گیا تھا - چندرا کو مجھ سے اسلئے جدا کر دیا گیا تھا کہ وہ شودر کے گھر پیدا ہوئی تھی اور اس کو انسانوں کے زمرہ میں شامل ہونے کا کوئی حق نہ تھا - حالانکہ وہ انسانوں سے زیادہ خوبصورت تھی - میرے ظالم باپ نے اس کی جان کو اتنا کم قیمت قرار دیا تھا کہ مجھکو سدھارنے کے لئے اس کی زندگی ختم کرادی -

۱- وکیل نے کہا مجسٹریٹ کی مٹھی گرم کرو پھر کچھ بنیگا -

۲- میری بات کو آنچل میں باندھ رکھو ان میاں بیوی کی نہ نبھی ھے اور نہ نبھے گی -

۳- جب میں نے اس کو منه پر سنائیں تو غصے میں آپے سے باھر ھوگیا -

۴- انھوں نے اپنی تمام جائداد مقدمه بازی میں ضائع کر دی-

I do not know what happened after this. When I regained consciousness I found myself lying on a *charpai* in my house. My family members were encircling me. When I asked about Chandra, one of my relatives told me that her body had been thrown into the river. After this I felt disgusted with the world. My mind was incapable of thinking but there was nothing left for me except to think. Chandra was snatched away from me simply because she was born in a Shudra family and had no right to be counted among human beings in spite of the fact that she was more beautiful than they were. My cruel father had so undervalued her life that with a view to reforming my life, he put an end to her life.

1. The lawyer said, "Grease the palm of the magistrate if you want to get your work done."

2. Have my words branded on your soul; this couple has never got on together, nor they ever shall.

3. When I gave him a bit of my mind, he was beside himself with anger.

4. They lost the whole of their property in litigation.

Exercise 16

ھماری آبادی کی بہت بھاری اکثریت کا انحصار زراعت پر ھے - گویا زراعت ھمارا سب سے بڑا پیشه ھے - اس کی وجه سے ھماری آبادی دیہاتوں میں بکھری ھوئی ھے - پاکستان بننے کے بعد صنعت نے بھی کافی ترقی کی ھے اور اب لوگوں کی توجه صنعت کی طرف ھو رھی ھے - ملک میں بڑے بڑے کارخانے قائم ھو گئے ھیں - ان کارخانوں میں کام کرنے کے لئے دیہاتوں سے لوگ دھڑا دھڑ آرھے ھیں - اس سے ھماری زراعت کو کافی نقصان پہنچا ھے - لیکن پھر بھی ھم صنعت کو نظر انداز نہیں کرسکتے - کسی ملک کی ترقی کے لئے صنعتی ترقی کا ھونا نہایت ضروری ھے - جس ملک کا انحصار

محض زراعت پر ہے - اسے ترقی یافتہ ملک نہیں خیال کیا جا سکتا - اس لئے ہمیں زراعت کی طرف توجہ کرنے کے علاوہ اپنی صنعت کی طرف بھی توجہ کرنی چاہئے -

۱- میں آپ کا بہت ممنون ہوں میرے پاس شکریہ کے لئے الفاظ نہیں -

۲- وہ ایک بھدا لباس پہنے ہوئے جلسہ میں آگیا اور ہر کوئی اس کی طرف دیکھ رہا تھا -

۳- تمہارے خیال میں قصوروار کون ہے ، میں یا وہ -

۴- امتحان قریب آرہا ہے اور تم نے ابھی تک پڑھائی شروع نہیں کی -

۵- طوفان کیا تھا ، ایک قہر الٰہی تھا -

An overwhelming majority of our population depends upon agriculture which means agriculture is our main occupation. For this reason our population is scattered in villages. After Pakistan came into being, there has been enough industrial progress, and now people are giving their attention to industry. Big factories have sprung up in the country. People from villages are coming in large number to work in these factories. This has resulted in a great loss to our agriculture. But still we cannot ignore our industry. The progress of a country depends upon its industrial progress. The country which depends upon agriculture alone cannot be called an advanced country. Therefore besides directing our attention towards agriculture, we should concentrate upon industry also.

(1) I am highly indebted to you; I have no words to thank you.

(2) He came to the meeting shabbily dressed and everybody was looking at him.

(3) Who, you think, is guilty, he or I.

(4) The examination is drawing near and you have not yet started your studies.

(5) It was not a storm but a visitation of God.

Exercise 17

''کیا ہم جنگ کا خرچ برداشت کر سکتے ہیں'' ؟ یہ سوال مجھ سے اکثر پوچھا جاتا ہے - بلا شک یہ سوال کئی لوگوں کی پریشانی کا باعث بن رہا ہے - میرا جواب یہ ہے - کہ ہم جنگ کا خرچ برداشت کر سکتے ہیں - مگر ایسا کرنے کے لئے ہم کو پہلے کی نسبت زیادہ کام کرنا پڑے گا اور دوسرے ہمیں سرکاری اور ذاتی طور پر کوئی چیز ضائع نہیں کرنی ہو گی - جنگ کے دوران میں انگلستان اور دوسرے ملکوں سے جنگ کا سامان خریدنا ہوگا - اس کی قیمت کسی نہ کسی طرح ادا کرنا پڑے گی - سب سے بہتر طریقہ یہ ہے کہ اس سامان جنگ کو خریدنے کے لئے انگریزی مال کو باہر بیچ کر روپیہ وصول کیا جائے - اس لئے یہ ضروری ہے کہ جو چیزیں ہم دوسرے ملکوں میں فروخت کرتے ہیں ان کی تعداد بڑھائی جائے - کیونکہ اس طریقہ سے ہم اپنی اقتصادی طاقت کو مضبوط بنا سکتے ہیں - اور پھر یہ بات کسی کو بھولنی نہیں چاہئے کہ ہماری اقتصادی طاقت جنگ میں فیصلہ کن ثابت ہوگی - ہمیں آدمیوں اور جانوروں کے لئے خوراک درکار ہے - ہمیں کارخانوں میں کام کرنے والوں کے لئے خوراک کی ضرورت ہے - جنگ کا روزانہ اوسطاً خرچ ۶۰,۰۰,۰۰۰ پونڈ ہے -

"Can we pay for the war ?" It is a question I am often asked. It is a question that undoubtedly perplexes many minds. The answer is that we can pay for the war but to do so we must work harder, and we must avoid all waste, whether official or personal. Throughout the war we will have to make huge purchases abroad of munitions and equipment. These will have to be paid for in some way. The only sound way of making that payment is by selling English goods abroad. It is thus important that our export trade be increased, for by that means we sustain our economic strength. And let no one forget that our economic strength may eventually prove the deciding factor. We need food for men and animals. We require food for labourers who are working in factories. The average daily cost of the war is £60,00,000.

Exercise 18

پاکستان میں ایسے افراد معدودے چند ہیں جو لکھ اور پڑھ سکتے ہیں اور یہ افراد بھی ہماری سوسائٹی کے اوسط طبقے سے تعلق رکھتے ہیں ۔ ایسے افراد کیلئے لائبریری ایک نعمت کی حیثیت رکھتی ہے ۔ اگر ہم جہالت کے پردے کو چاک کرنا چاہتے ہیں اور تعلیم کو پھیلانا چاہتے ہیں ۔ تو پھر ہمیں زیادہ سے زیادہ لائبریریوں کا قیام عمل میں لانا چاہئے ۔ اس سے یہ فائدہ ہوگا کہ وہ غریب طلبا جو اپنی کتابیں نہیں خرید سکتے وہ لائبریری سے کتاب مستعار لیکر استعمال کر سکیں گے ۔ اس کے علاوہ ہر طبقہ کے لوگ لائبریری میں اکٹھے ہو سکیں گے ۔ جسکی وجہ سے ان میں عام میل جول ہو سکے گا ۔ ان ملاقاتوں سے ان کے باہمی شک و شبہ دور ہو سکیں گے اور ان میں اچھے تعلقات پیدا ہو جائیں گے ۔

بہت سے مغربی ممالک میں لائبریریوں میں ایسے شعبے بھی ہیں جو محض بچوں کے لئے ہیں ۔ ان میں ایسی کتابیں اور لٹریچر ملتا ہے جو ننھے پڑھنے والوں کیلئے دلچسپی کا سامان فراہم کرتا ہے ۔ اس طرح نہایت چھوٹی عمر میں قوم کے بچوں میں لکھنے پڑھنے کا شوق پیدا ہو جائے گا ۔

۱۔ سوکھے پتوں کے کھڑ کھڑانے کی آواز کان میں آئی ۔

۲۔ ہیڈ کلرک نے کہا کھڑکی سے پرے ہٹ کر رہو ۔

۳۔ انہوں نے اپنی تمام جائداد مقدمہ بازی میں ضائع کر دی ۔

In Pakistan the number of those who can read and write is very small indeed and these too belong to our middle class. To them the boon of a library is immense. If the shadow of ignorance that lies over the land is to be removed, then libraries ought to be established in larger numbers. Its advantages would be that the poor students who cannot buy books of their own, will be able to borrow books from the library. Besides men of all sections will be able to assemble in the library and have a constant intercourse on a common meeting ground. These meetings will dispel mutual distrust and promote better understanding between them.

In many libraries in the West there are sections exclusively meant for children. In them are to be found the kind of literature and books that will interest the younger generation of readers. In this way the children will cultivate an interest for reading at a very young age.

(1) The rustling of dry leaves could be heard.

(2) The head clerk said : "Keep off the window."

(3) They have lost the whole of their property in litigation.

Exercise 19

(الف) جناب هم اب تا حیات آپ کا ساتھ دیں گے اور آپ کے دشمنوں کو اپنا دشمن سمجھیں گے -

(ب) وکالت میں آپکو کوئی پوچھتا نہیں - ملازمت میں آپ کی دال نہیں گلتی - نتیجه یه هوگا که آپ دو برس اور والدین کا ناک میں دم رکھیں گے -

(ج) کوے چیل کی طرح تیز نہیں البته تیتر بٹیر کی طرح ضرور اڑتی تھیں - یعنی تھوڑی دور اڑیں اور پھر گر پڑتی تھیں -

(د) صبح اٹھ کر جو هم نے دیکھا تو هرے هرے جزیرے کنول کے پتوں کی طرح سمندر کی سطح پر پھیلے هوئے تھے -

چندا ماموں گھبرا کے اٹھ کھڑے هوئے اور بولے - "خدا کے لئے ایسے قصے نه سناؤ - مجھے وحشت هوتی هے - تم اسے صبر کہتے هو - میاں یه صبر نہیں سخت نا شکری هے - اس کے تو یه معنے هیں که بیمار هوئے اور بجائے علاج کرنے کے بیماری کے بڑھانے کی کوشش کرتے رهے - اسے خدا کا شکر نہیں نا شکری کہتے هیں - تندرستی سی نعمت کی پرواه نه کرنا میری رائے میں انتہا درجے کی نا شکری هے -

(*a*) Sir, we will stand by you till death, and will look upon your enemies as our personal enemies.

(*b*) You are not a success at bar, don't make much of it in service. The result will be that you will be a source of inconvenience to your parents for another two years.

(*c*) Not like the crow and the kite, but like the patridge and the quail, they flew a short distance and then came to the ground.

(*d*) As we woke up in the morning, we saw green islands scattered over the surface of the sea like lotus-leaves.

Uncle Chanda got up agitated, and said, "For God's sake don't tell me such stories, as they frighten me. You call it forbearance, but, Sir, it is not resignation but extreme ingratitude. It comes to this that as soon as you fall ill, you go on, instead of having a treatment, you aggravate your disease. This is not gratitude but ingratitude to God. Not to prize a blessing like health is, in my opinion, the height of ingratitude.

Exercise 20

روس کا شمار دنیا کے بڑے بڑے اناج اگانے والے ملکوں میں ہوتا ہے - لیکن پچھلے دنوں اس ملک نے جو ترقی کی ہے اس کا ایک خاص پہلو یہ ہے کہ وہاں کھیتی باڑی میں کلوں سے بہت کام لیا جاتا ہے - وہاں گھوڑوں کی جگہ مشینوں سے ہل چلایا جاتا ہے اور ایک ایک مشین میں بارہ ہل ہوتے ہیں - اس کے علاوہ درانتیوں کی جگہ کلوں سے فصل کاٹی جاتی ہے - فصل گاھنے کے لئے مویشی سے کام نہیں لینا پڑتا ہے - بلکہ یہ کام بھی کلیں کرتی ہیں - بہت سی کلیں بہت پیچیدہ ہوتی ہیں اور ان پر خرچ بھی بہت کرنا پڑتا ہے - لیکن روس کے مشترکہ کھیت ہیں - جس کسان کے پاس جو کچھ ہے وہ ان میں لگا دیتا ہے - یہی وجہ ہے کہ روسی کسان ان کلوں سے کام لے رہے ہیں - اس طرح روس کے بہت بڑے علاقے میں کھیتی باڑی ہو رہی ہے - جس سے بہت بڑا نفع ہو رہا ہے - اگرچہ کلیں کئی آدمیوں اور جانوروں کا کام کرتی ہیں پھر بھی ہر آدمی کو زیادہ محنت کرنی پڑتی ہے - یہی وجہ ہے کہ عورتوں کو ہل چلانے والی اور کٹائی کرنے والی مشینوں پر کام کرنے کا موقع مل گیا ہے -

Russia is one of the biggest corn-growing countries of the world, but one of the most remarkable aspects of recent deve-

lopment has been the extent to which machinery has been used for her agriculture. Motor-tractors have taken the place of horses to draw the plough. Each tractor has twelve ploughs. Harvestors are used in place of sickles. Animals are not employed for husking the corn. This work, too, is taken from machines.

Much of the machinery is complicated and expensive. Its use by the Russians has been made possible by the organisation of collective farms in which all the farmers pool together. It is only for this reason that the Russian farmers are using such machines, which have enabled them to bring large areas under cultivation with much profit. In spite of the fact that machinery can do the work of many men and animals, modern farming means more work for everyone. As a result women have had their opportunity of operating the tractors which draw the plough and harvestors.

CHAPTER X

LETTERS, APPLICATIONS AND INVITATIONS

LETTERS

Q. 1. Write a letter to your friend who is joining the first year class, telling him that he should take science instead of arts.

Ans.

Prem Nagar,
Dated, June 15, 1957.

My dear Rashid,

I am glad to know that you have been declared successful in the Matriculation Examination and have been placed in the First Division. Please accept my heartiest congratulations on your well-deserved brilliant success.

I have been told that you are shortly proceeding to Lahore where you intend joining Government College taking arts. I do not know exactly what consideration determines your choice, but personally I am opposed to the idea of taking arts. My own experience compels me to contradict you vehemently. I am an arts graduate but in spite of my best efforts, have not been able to secure any job so far. I am not the only graduate to suffer privation in spite of my best quali-

fications; there are many others who have a similar complaint to make. The fact is that there is no scope for arts graduates in our country. You are a good student. Your high first division will help you in your admission to science classes. You are intelligent and studious and can do your F.Sc. Medical or non-medical and after that you can become either a doctor or an engineer. Science will not only help you in seeking employment but will also enable you to serve your country. A student lacking intelligence and capacity for work or one with literary taste may be advised to join arts. But such advice to you will be certainly a misdirected advice. I would suggest that you should join F.Sc., Medical and try to become a doctor. There is no problem of unemployment for a qualified doctor.

I hope you will convey to me your final decision.

Yours sincerely,
M. A. HAMID.

Q. 2. Write a letter to the Deputy Commissioner of your district requesting him to ban the use of loud speaker in the local cinema.

Ans.

To

The Deputy Commissioner,
Multan.

Sir,

I beg to approach you with the following request which I hope will receive favourable consideration.

There is only one cinema in Khanewal and that too is proving a great nuisance to the public. It has three shows daily when there is recording on loud-speaker outside the cinema hall which continues for hours causing mental torture to the unwilling listeners. The first show begins at about 2 p.m. but the recording starts much earlier and maintains its highest pitch regardless of the call to "Zohar" prayer and disturbing those who can afford to enjoy siesta. Again, in the evening there is similar recording exactly at the time when the "Maghrib" prayer is being conducted. How it affects

the men in the mosque and other peaceful citizens can be well imagined. The most offensive recording comes late in the night when all excluding cinema fans are in their beds wooing sleep after day's hard labour. It is not only the vicinity of the cinema that is being disturbed by recording but the entire town is having this experience. Perhaps, we think rightly that Khanewal is the only town where loud speaker is so freely used by the cinema proprietors as a means of publicity. I understand that the use of loud-speakers is banned in other towns. It is easy to presume that the proprietors have this information, but still they persist in the use of loud speaker thereby disturbing the calm atmosphere of the town. It may be added that most of the songs are too indecent to be tolerated.

It is, therefore, requested that immediate steps may be taken to stop this nuisance.

With thanks,

I beg to remain,
Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
MUHAMMAD SHAFIQUE.

Q. 3. Write a letter to your father requesting him to allow you to join a walking expedition arranged by your College and giving him full details of the expedition.

Ans.

Sunny View,
Golf Road,
Lahore,
20th Dec., 1957

My dear father,

Your last letter reached me just at the time when I needed it most. As it is holiday today, I cannot find a better time for answering your letter. With respect to my health, I am very well, and quite cheerful. You will be glad to learn that our College has arranged a walking expedition to Murree, *via* Abbottabad. The expedition will be accompanied by a College Professor. There are about thirty boys who have already given their names and more names are pouring in.

The expedition will leave Lahore on the morning of 22nd December by train and change at Taxila for Havelian. From Havelian it is twenty minutes' drive to Abbottabad. The last time when I accompanied you to Abbottabad, I enjoyed the motor journey. The boys will stay at Abbottabad for a couple of days to see important sights there.

From Abbottabad the expedition will engage some ponies to carry the luggage and the boys will start on foot. I am told the journey is very pleasant. It is only forty miles' walking distance which the boys propose to cover in four days.

I would request you to allow me to accompany the expedition. Travelling is a part of one's education, and I hope you will allow me to avail myself of this opportunity. December is pretty cold, but I am taking my warm clothing, and satisfactory arrangement is being made for our accommodation at the wayside rest-houses. Please do send your permission. Remember me to everybody at home.

Your affectionate son,
RIAZ ASGHAR.

Q. 4. Write a letter to your cousin inviting him to seaside where you have gone.

Ans.

New Flat,
Sea Face, Karachi,
15th April, 1957.

My dear cousin,

You will probably be surprised to hear that I have come to Karachi with my brother Tufail. He had not been well for some time, and though he is better now, he has been advised to take a change of air at the seaside. So we have come here.

I think we could hardly have selected a better place than Karachi. It is a nice, neat place, with enough of cool air and pleasant life. Karachi is not the same old Karachi. It is remarkably peaceful at this time of the year.

I wish you could come and join us. Your company would be welcome to both of us, and I can assure you of a jolly time. You will enjoy a plunge into the sea and walks along the beach

will make you sigh for the place. Do come, old boy, I am waiting eagerly for your arrival.

Yours affectionately,
NASIM ANWAR

Q. 5. Write to a friend congratulating him on his success in an examination.

Ans.

23, Civil Lines,
Multan,
23rd June, 1957

My dear Majeed,

Hearty congratulations on your fine success in the B.A.

I was very much pleased to read your name in the list of successful candidates. Your high division, though not surprising does much credit to you. You must have worked hard for it. I will run down to Sargodha as soon as I can and give you a good handshake. Let me wish you the best of luck for the future.

Yours very sincerely,
ASGHAR.

Q. 6. Write a letter to the editor of a newspaper pointing out the rapid increase in the number of restaurants and dancing-halls in Lahore and their dangers to the student community.

Ans.

Rizvi Manzil,
Quetta,
18th August, 1957.

To

The Editor,
The Pakistan Times,
Lahore.

I shall feel obliged if you will allow me the use of your esteemed columns to point out the rapid increase in the number of restaurants and dancing-halls in Lahore. During my recent visit, I was surprised to find that Lahore has just doubled the number of its restaurants. The situation is still more threatening with regard to the dancing-halls. The mere recreationary aspect of these places cannot be over-emphasised, but it is a pity that we have given priority to recreation at the time of

nation building. The student community has suffered most. In almost every restaurant and dancing-hall one finds a crowd of young enthusiasts who are making the best of their time at the cost of their studies. Such a life of ease loving will tell upon the health and morals of our students who are the hope of the nation. No nation, worth the name, can allow her generation to be spoiled in this manner. Dancing is a delightful exercise, but it only helps to cultivate sickly habits and effeminate manners. We are passing through a time of storm and stress, which calls for manly habits and moral discipline.

I request you to take note of the problem editorially. I suggest that most of the restaurants and dancing-halls, which are serving no useful purpose, should be closed down.

I remain,
Yours faithfully,
SARDAR HUSSAIN.

Q. 7. (*a*) **Write a letter to the President of your Municipality, proposing a scheme for creating a body of Civic Volunteers to preserve peace and order in the event of a war.**

(*b*) **Write a letter to the editor of a newspaper suggesting that conscription (compulsory military training) should be immediately introduced in Pakistan.**

Ans. (*a*)

Grassbank Villa,
Multan Road, Lahore,
21st January, 1957.

To

The President,
Lahore Municipality,
Lahore.

Dear Sir,

Peace and tranquillity in the country is our first and foremost need in the event of a war. This letter, by no means anticipates a war in the near future, but at the same time we cannot be over-optimistic about permanent peace. A nation, that is alive to the needs of the day, cannot remain unprepared for a very long time. We have no aggressive designs against any country, but other countries have their own logic to guide them.

In case of war we shall be obliged to send every trained fighter to the front. Even our police force cannot be spared to attend to the public peace and security. Therefore it is necessary that we should have a body of trained men and women who can replace the police force with success. Men and women cannot be trained overnight, therefore it is better to start their training in good time.

I am of the opinion that a body of civic volunteers be created in each town and city, and particularly in this city which is on the border. All able-bodied young men and women should volunteer their services. They should be given training in gun-handling and A.R.P. A few important clauses of law may be taught to them. It would be better if such a body is recognised by the Provincial Government.

One hour's daily training in parade and A.R.P. will be sufficient. Each mohalla can have its own corps of volunteers, who can be trained by the instructor engaged by the mohalla. A combined rally of all the volunteers can be held at the end of every fortnight, or at the end of the month. A proper uniform of specified pattern can be proposed for the volunteers. In my opinion, white shirts and long shorts will be most suitable. The women volunteers can use a white shirt with white trousers.

This is just a brief outline of the suggestions which will be useful in creating the proposed body. I am sure, the scheme will win your approval.

Yours faithfully,
PARVEZ AKHTAR,

(*b*)

To

The Editor,
The Civil and Military Gazette,
Lahore.

Sir,

Considering the nature of times, conscription has become highly desirable. Even countries like America, which lay great stress upon individual liberty, have come to recognise its great importance. The countries which are already armed to the hilt can ignore it for the time being, but we cannot do so. The

office of the Imperial Tobacco Company. As I had to leave Delhi on account of abnormal conditions, my services naturally terminated with the Company. I will be glad to serve your firm.

I enclose herewith three testimonials regarding my ability and character.

I am a Punjabi Sheikh of Lahore, and am 30 years old. I am prepared to accept any reasonable pay which may be commensurate with my status and ability.

I shall be glad to present myself before you for a personal interview, if you so desire.

I remain,
Sir
Your obedient servant,
AYUB ASGHAR.

Q. 8. Write an application to the Principal of your College asking for a character certificate.

Ans.

The Ashiana
Murree,
28th December, 1956.

To

The Principal,
Government College,
Lahore.

Dear Sir,

I shall feel highly obliged if you would kindly send me a character certificate at your earliest convenience. I am applying for a post in the Pakistan Broadcasting Service and the last date for sending applications is 9th January, 1957.

I was a student of your College for four years, 1952—56, and passed the degree examination last year in II division. I was in Professor Qureshi's Tutorial Group.

I was one of the student-editors of the "Ravi," and edited several issues with great success. In 1951 I was the Vice-President of the College Union and won a trophy for the College in the Inter-Collegiate debate held at the Law College. I was also a member of the College Hockey Eleven.

country in our neighbourhood is already thinking of increasing her fighting forces.

Pakistan is a vast country. Its population is nearly eight crores. But it is really deplorable that Pakistan has a very small standing army. To defend the lives of 70 million people we certainly need not only a standing army, but large number of reserve forces. In the event of a war we cannot entirely depend upon a Regular Army, nor can we arrange for an immediate training of the available men and women. Therefore, if such an emergency arises we can quite easily call the reserve forces to arms. These trained young men can be used in maintaining law and order in the country and our police force can be sent to the front lines to fight for their country. Besides this, compulsory military training will make your young men strong and hardy.

I, therefore, suggest that all able-bodied young men should be given compulsory military training. I hope you will take note of this matter editorially and share upon the Provincial Government to introduce conscription at an early date.

15, Multan Road,
Lahore.

Yours faithfully,
JAMIL AHMAD.

APPLICATIONS

Q. 9. Write an application for an appointment as manager.

Ans.

Nasim Building,
Lahore.
9th March, 1957.

To

The General Manager,
M/s. Buckwell & Company,
The Mall, Lahore.

Sir,

I have been given to understand that you need a Manager for your office at Lahore. I beg to offer myself as a candidate for the same.

I passed the B.A. Examination from Punjab University with distinction in 1948. From 1st September to the end of the last year I was employed as a branch manager in the Delhi

As regards my attendance and work in the class, a reference may kindly be made to my Tutor.

Thanking you.

I am,
Yours most respectfully
NASIR HIDJAZI
c/o
Niaz Kazmi, Murree.

Q. 10. Write to a Station Master, requesting reservation of a berth in the train.

Ans.

15 Queen's Villa,
Terrace Road,
Karachi.

To

The Station Master,
Railway Station,
Karachi.

Dear Sir,

I shall be much obliged if you will reserve one second class berth from Karachi to Lahore in the Pakistan Mail leaving Karachi on Monday the 26th instant.

I am sending the reservation fee.

Yours faithfully,
G. M. CHAUDHRY.

Q. 11. Write a letter to the Vice-Chancellor of your University requesting him to preside over an Inter-Collegiate debate.

Ans.

To

The Vice-Chancellor,
University of the Punjab,
Lahore.

Dear Sir,

We are holding an inter-Collegiate debate in the College Hall on Saturday, the 25th September at 5 p.m. The subject of the debate is "In the opinion of this house Democracy is not suited to the genius of Pakistan". I beg to request you to

kindly preside over this debate and give us the benefit of your experience as an educationist. I hope you will very kindly agree and oblige.

Yours truly,
HAQ NAWAZ AKHTAR,
Secretary, College Union,
M.A.O. College,
Lahore.

INVITATIONS

EXAMPLES OF INFORMAL INVITATIONS

Q. 12. Invite informally a friend to dinner.

Ans.

Niaz Manzil,
Rajpur,
7th May, 1957.

My dear Aslam,

It would give me a great pleasure if you could come to dinner to-morrow, Wednesday, 8th May at 7-30 p.m. I am inviting some other friends too. I hope you will have a jolly time. Do make up your mind to come.

Yours sincerely,
RIAZ HAIDER,

Reply, Accepting

Golf Road, Rajpur,
7th May, 1957.

My dear Riaz,

I shall be delighted to join you at the dinner to-morrow evening. I believe, I shall be able to meet some old friends at the gathering. Good dinner and agreeable friends are my weakness.

Yours sincerely
ASLAM.

Reply, Declining

Golf Road, Rajpur,
7th May, 1957.

My dear Riaz,

I should have loved to be present at the dinner, but a previous engagement prevents me from attending to-morrow's dinner. I am very sorry to miss the pleasure of meeting some

old chaps at your house. I wish you all a happy time at the party.

Yours sincerely,
ASLAM

(*Note.*—An informal invitation is a short, friendly letter. It should be brief, pleasant and mention all particulars clearly. For example, the nature of the occasion, date and time. Its superscription and subscription are just like other friendly letters. Don't forget to mention date and your place in the right-hand corner. When accepting the invitation always retain the same person as in the invitation. It must be in the first person.)

EXAMPLES OF FORMAL INVITATIONS

Q. 13. Write a formal invitation to dinner to a friend and also write his reply declining or accepting the invitation.

Ans. Mr. Niaz Ahmad requests the pleasure of the company of Mr. Muhammad Aslam to dinner on the 30th instant at 8-30 p.m. at his residence.

R. S. V. P.
Niaz Manzil,
Rajpur, 20th January 1957.

Accepting the Invitation

Muhammad Aslam has much pleasure in accepting the kind invitation of Mr. Riaz Ahmad to dinner on the evening of the 20th instant.

49, Bunder Road,
Rajpur,
20th January, 1957

Reply, Declining

Muhammad Aslam thanks Mr. Niaz Ahmad for his kind invitation to dinner on the 20th instant, but regrets that a previous engagement prevents him from accepting it.

49, Bunder Road,
Rajpur,
20th January, 1957

(All formal invitations are written in the indirect form. The writer and the person invited are both referred to in the third person throughout. In the reply the same person and form must be retained.)

ESSAYS

1. THE VALUE OF GAMES

Games are as old as economic activities. When man could satisfy his hunger, he had to think of some recreations and invented what came to be called in-door or out-door games. Games requiring physical strength were popular among primitive people and are still played all over the world. With the progress of civilization games too have improved and today they not only require physical strength but also intelligence. The so-called rustic games too have been civilised. The most popular games today are cricket, hockey and football. There are also minor games like tennis, volleyball and badminton. In-door games have their own place and are becoming popular everywhere.

The importance of games cannot be denied. They are as necessary for life as is our daily food. In the first place they provide exercise to the body. No healthy person can do without exercise. All work and no play affects the health adversely. Games even cure some of the diseases. A man with shattered nerves can improve by taking to some light games. These games provide outlet for pent up energy. Young men having enough of energy in them must play some game to avoid deterioration in health and to save themselves from the evil ways of life. Besides, games provide opportunities to the players for showing manly qualities like courage, skill and intelligence and these qualities developed in the play ground help them in their future life. Games produce a healthy and brave race. The winners of battles had always been the winners of games.

Games are necessary not only for keeping the body fit and healthy but also for preserving mental energy. A game will refresh the mind and prepare a man for further mental work. The student who remains pouring over his books and plays no game or takes no exercise finds himself mentally bankrupt long before getting the reward of his labour. What a student needs is a healthy mind in a healthy body and that he can have through games.

Games have great educative value. They teach discipline, obedience to rule and co-operation. Every player has to keep himself disciplined in the playground. He cannot have his own way. He must play the game according to its rules and must co-operate with other players. Players develop these qualities in the playground and show the same during their lifetime. Games have moral and artistic value. The qualities they foster among the players are all moral qualities, the greatest of them being to accept defeat with a smiling face. The most pleasing aspect of the games is the skill which the players display during the game. This provides immense pleasure not only to the players themselves but also to the spectators.

Lastly, games promote friendly relations. Players from different places and different countries meet and exchange views. They are like ambassadors and serve the cause of peace. Thus games play a very important part in the life of a nation.

2. VISIT TO A PLACE OF HISTORICAL INTEREST

On a cloudy day last August some of my friends asked me to accompany them to Jahangir's tomb. There was nothing finer than this pleasant idea. I took my bike and off we were going in a moment's time. As we passed over the bridge of the Ravi it was a beautiful sight to see the young college students rowing their boats. The rainy season had set in long before and the river was almost in spate (floods) ; it was full of water to the banks. None but the experienced type could row in these days.

As we reached the Tomb there was a large crowd of men, women and children already inside, because on a fine day like this people come out to have a picnic. We entered the beautiful historical entrance which has a big iron gate. There are grassy lawns on either side of the road and rows of small rooms could be seen at the ends. There is a symmetry and proportion in the Moghal buildings which is not to be found anywhere else. Passing through another gate we were marching towards the mausoleum.

Our path now lay on a raised level and on both sides there were beautiful lawns a few feet below the road. The road was paved with small bricks of the Moghal style. They were fitted together in wavy designs or like the forks of the fish. In the middle of this road there is a tank which looks beautiful when the water flows out of it in all directions.

The mausoleum itself is a perfect sample of design and symmetry. It is built with marble and coloured stones. There are four grand minarets standing on the four corners of it, having pieces of coloured stones fitted in a wavy design. Inside the room there is a marble tomb but in a chamber below this there is the real grave which is just a piece of ordinary earth. We offered "Fateha" there for the departed soul of the once great Emperor of Hindustan. This is what remains of a mighty monarch that used to reign over a vast empire. We then climbed up the stairs and got to the roof of the building. The marble flooring on the roof is simply wonderful, especially when it has been cleaned by a rainfall. The cool breeze that blew wafted (brought) health and happiness to us.

Next we climbed up one of the minarets. One has to climb a long flight of narrow stair-cases to reach to the top. There are three storeys and there is a marble railing round a narrow passage round each of the storeys. We went round this passage and took rest for some time. Then we climbed up to the top. It was covered with the small marble dome. We all stood in the narrow space looking round the wonderful scene. The river Ravi looked like a small silvery serpent winding its way in a zig-zag path. Men and women looked like small ants and the buildings of Lahore like the toy-houses of the dolls. The Badshahi Mosque with its grand red Minars could be seen in the distance. Tradition goes that you can see only the three minars of Mosque from whichever minarets of the tomb you may see. Probably one of the minars is hidden behind the other. On the other side the deserted tomb of Nur Jahan could also be seen near the railway track. What a great mockery of fate ! The queen who used to hold such a power over the king is lying in a deserted and dilapidated (ruined) old building while the king's tomb is one of the grand monuments of Moghal architecture.

We came down the minaret and enjoyed ourselves in the lawns. Towards the afternoon we came back to the city greatly impressed by the sight of this historical monument.

3. HOBBIES

Hobbies are the index of a man's development of tastes, powers of the intellect, and in fact, the stage of culture. While a man with undeveloped powers of the mind wastes his leisure time in mere gossip or smoking of the hubble-bubble, a cultured man uses his leisure hours profitably. The useful occupations of the leisure hours which are done for the sake of satisfying our zest (keenness) for learning new things and for the enjoyment of doing them are termed hobbies. Earning of money or adding to one's income is never the aim in one's hobbies.

Gardening is one of the most pleasant hobbies, the small plot of land in front of the house or in the compound has to be properly preparea, by digging the earth and mixing up manure into it. When the beds are laid out the seeds of vegetables or of flowers of the season are put and the plot is watered immediately. It requires regular watering and weeding out the rough plants and grass, which would otherwise drain (use) away the powers of the ground. What a joy it is to look at beautiful flowers of various colours when they bloom in one's compound or in front of one's bungalow! One shares the joy of creation with God Himself about something new and beautiful in the world. The radish, the carrots, the tomatoes, give an entirely new relish when plucked up from one's own vegetable plot. They are the products of one's hard labour, nourished on clean water and good manure, instead of being the product of dirty drainage water.

Another wonderful hobby is that of photography. Many of the amateur photographers are expert as the professionals, and can take very good snapshots. Imagine the joy of slinging (hanging) the camera round one's shoulders whenever going out on a trip or excursion and bringing home many a fine snapshot to keep the memory of those places alive for years to come ! An amateur photographer keeps a

family album which records the history of the family. The photographer in it shows the various stages of the children caught in their smiling, weeping or playful moods ; the grand old personalities and groups of intimate friends. The photographs of the beautiful hill scenery, or valley, the sunrise and the sunset, the waterfalls and springs, are so delightful that they are a feast for the eye. Developing and printing is a technical job but one must learn to do it for oneself.

One of the commonest hobbies of school and college boys today is that of stamp-collecting. It is an art to remove the stamps from the mails, and to fix them up in the album on different pages reserved for different countries. It excites an interest in geography and learning the customs and manners of people of different nationalities. It is a direct incentive (inspiration) to the correlated (similar hobby of making pen-friends. Pakistani boys of cultured minds and sane (sensible) political views must make pen-friends abroad because it helps the other nations to understand Pakistan. It counteracts (fights against) the nefarious (wicked) propaganda carried on by our enemies. It will be valuable supplement to the activities of our embassies who cannot cope with the tremendous task all alone. It also fosters (encourages) international co-operation and cements the ties of mutual friendship and goodwill.

6. MY NEIGHBOURS

"*Love thy neighbour as thyself*". (*Jesus Christ*)

You have your neighbours too ; perhaps as disagreeable as mine. In those days when Jesus Christ thought of loving his neighbours, men were either not very disagreeable, or Jesus Christ was very fortunate in the matter of his neighbours. It may be quite a pleasant task to love one's neighbours, but I am of a different mind. You will decide it for yourselves. Well, let me take this opportunity to introduce you to some of them. The house right to mine is occupied by a Haji Sahib. I do not know his name, but that hardly matters. "A rose be called by any name." He has six children. All of them are almost of the same age. It may appear strange to you. But fact is always stranger than

fiction. If you pass one of these mornings you will find them either playing with dust or engaged in a weeping competition. The eldest one is first to begin : the rest of them break into a sympathetic roar and then the street becomes alive with their weeping and howling. Even at night when most of the boys are sleeping, you will find one of them weeping or making an experiment with weeping. Very often I am tired of work, I hide myself in my quilt to wander in the dreamland. But there rises the solitary (lonely) voice and brings me back to the noisy world. So very often I think of picking a quarrel with the old Haji—but don't you think it would be unneighbourly?

My other neighbour, though forunate in the matter of children, is equally noisy. His radio-set is always at your service. At all odd hours of day and night, it is broadcasting news, songs, features, talks; and if there is no other programme then it rattles and thunders. The other day when I was sleeping over my books I heard something like ching. . . .chung, ling, ting. I was almost at the point of crying when my neighbour cried from below, "Chungking calling, come on, it's nice programme." I should have thrown my book at him if I were not his neighbour. Do you ever see a person sitting up eleven in the night listening to a speech which is all Greek to him? But it all happens in my neighbourhood even in this age of progress.

Do you see that house with all windows in the east? You will sometimes see a thin man sitting in a chair pouring over a newspaper ; most probably yesterday's paper which he has read several times. He is a lawyer by profession. But the only case he got was about two years back, and that too brought him very little money. It was the case of a friend. He has quite frequently told me that better days are ahead and the time will come when he will be the leading lawyer of the city. Don't think my neighbours are such interesting people. Some of them are quite matter-of-fact. For instance, just look at the house on my left hand. He is a Muhajir (refugee) from Ambala. He is a tailor. As he is not likely to read this essay, I may just as well tell you that he is rarely honest. If you give him a coat for sewing he will tailor it in the latest style. Only it will not fit you.

But you will find it excellent for your son. That is his art. One day he told me that God made man and tailors made him a gentleman. He has many other precious ideas about his profession which he usually imports to me. He is a delightful person, and he robs you of your cloth with such a grace that you don't hate him for that. At least I don't hate him.

I wish I could tell you something about my other neighbours—especially about the Sub-Inspector of Police and his horse. But you can't handle a police official very lightly. Therefore, three cheers for him and his horse.

5. MY BEST FRIEND

Saeed is by far my best friend. He has all the qualities which make a person lovable to me. Others, too, might have these qualities, but they are either too rigid or too lax. Saeed is unlike them in this respect. There has so far not been even one occasion when I found him lacking in any respect.

He is the most amiable (good natured) person I have so far met. He remains cool even when he is provoked (excited). He never contradicts you, as if it were nothing short of a moral crime to do so. If you make any suggestion to him he accepts it without any objection. In the matter of tastes he is perfectly at my disposal. If I tell him that red is preferable to blue, he takes as readily to the suggestion as it were the most proper thing to do. He has a certain weakness for pictures but even there he is ruled by my choice. This may appear quite strange, but it happened one day. He was going to "Plaza" to see "*Gone With the Winds*," when I met him in the way. Suddenly I caught him by the lapels (front part of the collar) of his coat and took him to "Regal." He accompanied me without taking any objection to my attitude. I was so much impressed by his complete surrender that I felt like patting him on his back. But such a display of affection would look queer on the Mall, therefore I resisted the temptation and went straight to the booking window. He is remarkably gentle. Our relations so far have been the smoothest. Don't think he

is as meek as a sheep. He has his whims too. For instance, you can't keep him awake after 10 p.m. Even if you were dying he will go to sleep and then wake up early in the next morning to be first among your mourners ! He is also very strict in the matter of eating. You can't force a dish upon him which he does not like. Well every man has his peculiarities and Saeed has his peculiarities too.

Saeed is the most sympathetic listener. He always allows me to keep all the conversation to myself. This may appear rather bad, but that is my weakness. At times I talk for hours at end and he listens to my talk as attentively as if he were spell-bound. My talk varies (changes) from matrimonial (of marriage) prospects (views) to international affairs, but he has a ready ear for everything. Sometimes he makes a remark or two which is very sane and to the point. When he is listening to my never-ending talk I feel almost fascinated by the philosophic calmness and composure. His well-cut features and shining eyes lend a grace to his calmness. The most remarkable thing about him is that you can talk of all the topics in the world and can always be sure of his sympathetic listening. At times I take advantage of his weakness, but he doesn't hate me for that.

Perhaps the best reason why I am so much attached to him is that he is so selfless, so retiring, so simple in his habits. At times when I run short of money, which is very often, he comes forth with his money and gives it to me without asking back for it. I owe more money to him than I can easily pay back, but he always refuses to accept it back on the plea that he could have it when he needs it. I am sure about it that he will never need it. My weakness for borrowing has made me an outright (completely) drone (idle fellow). He is very simple in his habits. He came to Lahore some ten years back when he was a mere boy, but he remains uninfluenced by the glamour of its life. In spite of his weakness for pictures he is simple. He is not particular about the cut of his clothes. His suit reminds you of the first Indian who donned (put on) on the first suit cut after the English fashion. It is not so because he is stingly (miserly). It is quite otherwise. He is very generous in money-matters, but the greater part of his monthly allowance goes towards my equipment.

You need not conclude from this that Saeed is either a retired old man or a simpleton. He is neither of the two. The fact is that he is, in his own way, one of the most intelligent boys I have come across. He stands far above any student in our class. In the last examination he stood first in a number of subjects. Professors have great hopes of him. He is a real genius. He is not studious. When you talk to him he gives such a twist to ordinary things that makes them extremely funny. Compared with his unassuming (simple) appearance and his dreamy eyes his humours strike one all the more. He is genuinely humorous. He laughs with you but never laughs at you. He hates a sarcastic (ironical) remark, because he knows that nothing is more painful than ridicule.

He is a good writer. Some of his articles that have appeared in the College Magazine give a very high estimate of his literary capabilities (powers). His articles on serious topics are handled in such a light and intelligent manner that even the dullest topic becomes a pleasant reading. He is a strange combination of light-hearted seriousness.

Saeed has his defects too. The one great fault that I find in him is his liberality. I wouldn't mind it if he were generous only to me. But his generosity is without limits and extends to a number of his class-fellows. Sometimes boys take undue advantage of his goodness. The other day a boy came to him with a pulled-down face and told him of his financial difficulties. Saeed, all of a sudden, melted and offered him all the money that he had with him at that time. The boy went away pleased at his own cleverness. When Saeed came to know about the cleverness of the boy he broke out into laughter—a laughter that ridiculed the poor wretch who tried to be clever with him. I have come to believe that Saeed is a real jewel. No test is too great to measure his kindness or honesty. All things considered, I can safely say that he is my best friend.

6. MY FRIEND

I am not one of those who exaggerate the qualities of their friends and present them as supermen. I would like to describe my friend as he is without being partial to him. He

is a human being after all and has his weaknesses. But in spite of these weaknesses, he is very dear to me—dearer than anybody else in the world.

My friend Iftikhar comes of a noble family. His father is a Government employee with brilliant record of service. Iftikhar is a promising young man with bright future before him. We have been friends for three years and have studied each other from close quarters. I remember the day when he was first introduced to me. He then looked shy and reserved, but as our friendship grew I began to find in him a charming conversationalist. He still impressses me with his talk and whatever he says is meaningful. He does not believe in idle talk and prefers silence to silly and meaningless talk. This does not mean that he is austere (strict) and stern. He is often very jolly and some of his jokes are highly appreciated. He is witty and humorous and wins easy victory over his adversaries (enemies) in battles of wit.

What drew me towards my friend was his sincerity and firm loyalty. I have had to part through many ordeals (tests) and would have collapsed (failed) if he were not there to support and encourage me. He has stood by me through thick and thin and my confidence in him can never be shaken. He is surprisingly honest and straightforward and sometimes I wonder how he will fare in the world where there is so much dishonesty and hypocrisy. He has the courage of conviction and does not mind criticism however pungent (biting) it may be.

Iftikhar is still a student and has the reputation of being one of the best students. He has special aptitude (talents) for literature and an unconquerable aversion (strong dislike) for science and mathematics. His literary taste has already manifested (shown) itself in some of the stories that he has written and contributed to some of the most leading papers. He is sure to be counted as one of the great story writers if he continues his practice and finds opportunities for self-expression. Although silent and reserved by nature. Iftikhar is a very good public speaker. He has participated in a number of debates where he always acquitted (did well) himself creditably. He has won several prizes as a speaker

and has established his reputation among colleges of the province.

What I do not like in my friend is his credulous (easily believing) nature. He will treat every man who greets him with a smiling face, as his friend. Experience has not taught him so far that all that glitters is not gold. Then he is very moody. You will find him very happy and cheerful today and tomorrow sullen (unfriendly) and peevish (easily angered). There come moments in his life when he does not spare anyone. But he is still a man to be loved, honest and sincere, bold and upright and with a personality that has great charms.

7. MY FAVOURITE HERO

I am by nature a hero worshipper. In my boyhood, when I knew very little about great politicians and statesmen, I worshipped my cousin who was senior to me by a couple of years. When he went to the college, he rose considerably in my estimate. I used to talk so often about him that my class-fellows began to feel tired of my hero-worship. When I left the school my mental horizon widened. I began to admire men like *Hitler* aud *Stalin.* A dictator with a roaring voice and stiff neck became my beau (best) ideal. But soon I began to feel tired of warmongering dictators. At this time a greater star swam into my ken (knowledge). It was Qaid-i-Azam Mohammad Ali Jinnah.

I have admiration for many other historical personages, such as Hazrat Umar and Mohammad bin Qasim. They were the great leaders of Islam and always fought for the just cause. The young man of seventeen years who conquered Sind makes a very great appeal to my imagination. But at the same time I want to admire my contemporary heroes. Of all the great Musalmans of our age no one can equal the great Qaid who fought single-handed against the forces of reaction and finally succeeded to carve a new nation and a new country.

What attracts me most about the great Qaid is that he was a great warrior-hero. He fought the most intelligent, the most peaceful battle against two enemies—the Hindu Nationalist and the British Imperialist. Those people who

called him a visionary and a dreamer were soon convinced of his logic. He struck to his guns in spite of oppostion. His foolish co-religionists abused him, his political opponents tried to run him down by calling him a "reactionary" and a "toady", but he went on pushing forward with a remarkable courage. At times his own followers began to feel discouraged but he remained cool and indomitable. Even his strongest enemies were impressed by his ability and courage. Mr. T. R. Venkatarama Sastri wrote about him : "Mr. Jinnah is the greatest and the most powerful creative genius of our time."

Mr. Jinnah was a complete antithesis (exact opposite) of Mahatma Gandhi. Gandhi was a mystic, a Mahatma, but Jinnah was a plain, unadorned (simple) man. The one went about in loin cloth reciting "ram-ram," the other wore an English suit of the latest cut. His politics was as direct and plain as his manners or dress. Mahatma Gandhi tried to deceive people by his confused thought, but Qaid-i-Azam was always above-board. He hated foul-play. This was the most lovable feature of his personality. His leadership was striking and steadily unerring. He knew what was his goal and pushed on to it without making the least mistake.

I admire Qaid-i-Azam for his transparent honesty. He was a politician but he was above the petty faults of a professional politician. He was a lawyer but he never uttered a lie or falsehood. He was a staunch advocate of his own nation, but he never condemned other nations. He asked for his due share which the Hindu, who had assumed the role of the elder brother, refused to yield. He told them in the clearest terms, "We are a nation of a hundred million. We are a nation with our distinctive culture and civilization, art, architecture....and moral codes, customs, history, traditions, aptitudes (natural tendencies) and ambitions." But the elder brother refused to accept this simple statement. Not once in his political career he tried a trick or told a lie. This may seem strange to most people, but it did happen in this age of political lies and trickery. Some of the English writers like Beverley Nichols, have paid very high tributes to him for his incorruptibility and honesty.

Qaid-i-Azam was the first Muslim who brought political consciousness among the Indian Musalmans. He put a new life into them and inspired confidence into millions of Musalmans who had lost their noblest heritage of culture and traditions. It was through his efforts that the Indian Musalmans rallied (re-assembled) round the banner of the Muslim League and asked for a separate homeland. It was through his unique efforts that Musalmans were saved from a total annihilation (complete destruction). He was incorruptible. Even the heaviest price failed to win him over. Our enemies tried to induce him by offering offices and money, but the great Qaid remained unshaken. To me, he seems a great pillar of unshakable faith and untainted (spotless) honesty. He was the only Musalman who could not be bought.

Above all he was the man who realized that India could be partitioned into two independent states. Men like Iqbal visualized such a partition, but they did not work for the achievement of this Ideal. It was Qaid-i-Azam alone who made this idea practicable and today we are living in that land which was once called a mere dream.

This, then, is the man who is my favourite hero. Look at him from whatever point of view you like, you will find him great. He was a great statesman, one who felt the pulse of his people and inspired them with great courage and confidence. He was a great warrior, because he fought a single-handed battle against two formidable (strong) enemies and finally won the battle. He was a great economist because he believed that Pakistan was economically solid, when other people thought it otherwise. He was a great leader of men, and even to-day when he is dead we look forward to his steps for guidance.

8. THE POET I ADMIRE MOST

I am a great admirer of Iqbal. He is not only a great poet but also a great philosopher. He is commonly known as the philosopher-poet of Asia. As a matter of fact he deserves this title.

He was born at Sialkot at the end of the last century. He received his early education at his native town. After

passing his Intermediate examination from Murrary College he came to join Government College, Lahore. He got his M.A. in Philosophy with distinction and joined the Government College staff. But soon he went over to England, where he did law. When he came back, he settled down as a practising lawyer, but never felt keenly eager for the profession. He had a higher calling. At this time his first book, *Bang-i-Dara* appeared. It contains some poems of his early youth. There are other poems which are different in matter and tone than most of the poems which were popular in his own days. There are many poems in this collection which give expression to his nationalistic feelings. At the time when those poems were written there was a great movement in India working for inter-communal unity. Iqbal was very much impressed by it. But soon he realised that narrow nationalism or patriotism was against the teachings of Islam, Islam does not believe in territorial loyalties. Its message is for all people in all countries of the world. This brought a great change in his thoughts—the same Iqbal who had once sung the praises of the Himalayas and the Ganges became a poet of inter-nationalism.

After *Bang-i-Dara*, Iqbal began to write in Persian. The best of his works is contained in his Persian poems. But soon he realised that the common man in India could not understand Persian, therefore he began to write in Urdu again. His Urdu works that followed *Bang-i-Dara* are comparatively more difficult in expression and more thoughtful in matter. These books set a new standard of literary excellence which none can match. Even those who have tried to imitate his style have badly failed. Iqbal is matchless.

What attracts me most about Iqbal and his poetry is the great message of life that is contained in almost every poem of the Poet. When he began to write, Islam was passing through the most critical of her phases. In India, the Muslims were being rapidly dominated by the Hindus. He foresaw our downfall very clearly and warned us against the far-reaching consequences. In other parts of the world Musalmans were in no better condition. Turkey and Egypt, Persia and Afghanistan were Muslim states only in name. Their politics, their economy, their education, and above all, their religious ideas were greatly influenced by thoughts prevailing in the

West. He foresaw all these things like a clear-sighted prophet and warned us against the cultural suicide which we were deliberately committing. He called the Muslim youth back to the Holy Quran and Hadith and placed before him Islamic philosophy in a new light. His famous series of lectures on different aspects of Islamic philosophy which he delivered at Madras, created a revolution in the minds of the people. Iqbal was the first man who visualised Pakistan and in his Presidential Address at the All-India Muslim League Conference at Allahabad, he pointed out clearly to the partition. His poems expressed this idea in a very forceful manner. He put a new life into the youth of his nation and they began to look forward to a new age of great achievements.

He was not only a great poet, but also a great leader of thought. He placed before us his philosophy of self-realization (*khudi*) which means realizing all the capacities of one's soul. His poetry is full of vigour and confidence. It inspires us to a life of struggle against all forces of evil and reaction. It encourages us to seek new realms of thought and of political influence.

His poems are beautiful and matchless for their beauty of words and phrases. After Hali he was the first Urdu poet to revolt against the old methods of expression. He used his poetry as a means to express patriotic and nationalist sentiments. Very few poems, which have been written in praise of one's country, can equal the grace of these lines :

> Of all the countries our India is best.
> We are its nightingales and it is our rose-garden.
> The highest mountain, neighbour to sky,
> It is our sentinel and guardian.

There is hardly one poet in the whole range of Urdu literature who can stand equal to him. He has become our national bard (poet) with an international appeal. Now when we have to come to have a country of our own, it is our moral duty to give due publicity to his message. He has become our hero, and that is, indeed, a very great honour for a poet. He is to us, what Shakespeare is to an Englishman.

9. A STRANGE EXPERIENCE IN MY LIFE

There are certain events in our life which appear quite strange to us ever afterwards, either because they are very amusing or because they inspire a sense of awe and horror. To the latter category belong those events during which it seemed that our life hung in a balance. One wonders to think by what slender (thin) threads our life is held. I had an experience of the same kind last year which still sends a shudder through my frame and makes me feel its intensity to the marrow of my bones.

We had spring vacations in April last year when a party of a few friends set out for a trip to the hills some miles away from Rawalpindi. There are foothills before we reach the high mountains of Murree range, and hill streams pass through those hillocks making a loud noise in the rainy season. We had elaborate arrangements for a fine picnic party and after enjoying our lunch on top of a hillock we broke up into small parties to explore the geography of the place. We had found a sufficiently flat space on top of one of the hills and a hill-stream passed quite a big depth below it. We were a party of three that stood on the edge of the hill. My two other friends went further, but I insisted on remaining at that spot a little longer to enjoy that sight.

It was a beautiful scene, no doubt, which kept me spell-bound for some minutes. Then I do not know how, I leaned forward to see something that came rolling down the cataract of water. Perhaps it was the dead body of some animal. But I lost my balance and the next instant I was coming down through the air towards the pebbly hill-stream quite a few hundred feet below.

It was a terrible situation. I am not conscious of any thoughts or feelings of the moment. It was an instant of death in life ; a few seconds that might be well reckoned to be outside the pale of human existence. By an instinctive impulse to save life I stretched out my arms and fortunately I caught hold of a bush that was growing on the side of the hill. I grasped it with both my hands and was suspended by it in the air. I exerted with my legs to find a foothold but this part of the hill was quite perpendicular. Then, I began to shout and

shriek. My two friends were attracted to the spot where I had stood a moment before. They fell in a nervous fit as they saw my terrible position. They hurriedly looked round for something by which they could drag me up, but they could not find anything. Gone are the days when people used to wear turbans and could make up a sufficiently long rope by combining two or three of them. In the fifties of the twentieth century every progressive young man wants to go bareheaded.

One of my friends ran forwards the picnic camp asking the other to stay behind. Another few minutes passed and the strength of my arms and fingers seemed to give way. I clenched the roots mechanically fearing lest the branches should give way. But thank God, a party of my friends was now running up towards me. They tied down a few clothes and let it down to me, I clasped it with trembling hands and half a dozen sturdy fellows pulled me up. My heart was thumping, my limbs were trembling and my mind was giddy with the prospect of death that I had so narrowly escaped. I could not walk back with them. They put a volley of questions to me which I could not answer. One of the wisest of them suggested that I should not be worried and they brought me back to the camp on their shoulders. I was given a hot cup of milk and when I fully came to myself I related to them how it happened. There was not much to relate and they all wondered. Whenever I think of the event my hair stand on their ends. I am terribly afraid of standing on the edge of a wall, even though a few feet high.

10. DESCRIBE THE HOUSE YOU LIVE IN

Every person loves his own house and so do I. There is no peculiar reason for loving it but you can love a thing without any reason. I know a friend who talked of his house in the most superlative (highest) terms. One day he told me of his drawing room, his study and his well-furnished sleeping rooms. I was so much impressed by his description that I almost began to feel jealous of him. But I was perfectly disillusioned when I saw his "magnificent house." There was only one room which contained a bed, a broken-down table and a curious collection of second-hand books. This is all

that it contains. But my house is bigger than his and my household effects are quite enough to meet my requirements. You would, perhaps, like to see it well, you are welcome, provided you do not become critical of it.

It is a small, neat house. It was built in the days of my grandfather, who was a bit of an artist. He tried to make it convenient and beautiful at the same time, but had a moderate success in his ambitions. The rooms became too small to hold our big family. My father made a few alterations in accordance with his own taste. He added a small bath-room at one corner and built a set of rooms at the other end. The result being that it became a strange building half Moghul, half American and something like classical. I do not know what should I call it. It is just a house built in no particular fashion and according to no special scheme. In spite of our best efforts the rooms are as small as they were fifty years back. We have opened a few windows and a few ventilators in some of our walls, but they lend no space to the rooms. The only difference is that we have more of light and air than my grandfather used to have. How fortunate ! If our love for windows retains its eagerness for a few years more, you will find more of space and little of rooms, I am sorry, I forgot to mention the compound. It is triangular in shape. I do not know what kind of a triangle it is. But I am certain, its two angles are bigger than the third. Just at the centre of the compound there is a tree. It used to be respectable-looking in the days of my childhood, but now it is in a poor state. It has few leaves and two or three branches that afford a joy-ride to our children. The bigger branch kneels down in a humble way. Well, that is the way of all old things. I pity it.

I am sure you must be getting curious about the house. You would like to know the number of rooms. The rooms —there are only a dozen of them. But there is one room more which is often locked. There is something really serious about it ; my grandmother died in it. People think it is haunted by the ghost of my grandmother. But no one has seen it. This story was told to us when we were boys. One day I forced the door open and found to my great surprise that it was more of a sweetmeat-room and less of a haunted room. After this happy incident I told the same story to other

children but entered it now and then when the children were away. Yes it is haunted.

My house is electrified. That appears rather strange. At night when the oddly decorated walls of many-roomed house gleam in the electric light, I am drawn between two ages—the old mysterious past and the well-lighted present. If my grandfather were to see it in its modern shape with its serial and tiny electric-bulbs he will perhaps not believe his eyes. It is so changed.

Here is my room. I use it as a drawing-room during the day-time. At night, all of a sudden, it becomes a sleeping room. When I want to read a book it transforms (changes) itself into a small study room, where I read less and doze more. It is a wonderful room which opens on a busy street. At times when women in the neighbourhood are having a quarrel, I become a passive listener to their broil (quarrel). Sometimes the street becomes too noisy for my nervous frame, but noise is better than nothing. Sometimes a boy passes singing a familiar tune from some film. I also break into a singing mood and never finish it till my father gives out a warning cough. My room has a few pictures too. One of them is a group-photograph. The other is a cheap print of an old master. It is remarkably beautiful in spite of its cheapness. My own photograph hangs upside down in one corner. I like this posture very much.

I am afraid people will not like our old type latrines and bath-room. But people have their own likes and dislikes. I have my own. A latrine with "flush system" looks anything but a latrine. I take objection to all such places which deceive other people. Similarly I don't like spray-baths and porcelain tubs. They smell of a spoilt taste. In such bath-rooms you don't really enjoy the bath. The floors are so slippery that a headlong fall is anything but a rare privilege. I like ordinary bath-rooms with no tub, no soap and no water, if possible.

So this is my house. How do you like it?

11. ONE UNIT

Like the 14th August, 14th October is also a landmark in the history of Pakistan. It was on this day in 1955 that the

province of West Pakistan came into existence. The barriers which had been created by the alien rulers in our country dividing one brother from another were razed to the ground. The unification of the erstwhile provinces of the Punjab, Sindh, the Frontier, Baluchistan and the princely States of Kalat, Khairpur, Bhawalpur and the Tribal Area of N.W.F.P. was the outcome of a spirit of national unity and solidarity which found its first expression in the creation of Pakistan in 1947. We achieved our independence from the foreign rule in 1947 and consolidated this independence in 1955 by removing the artificial walls which had estranged us for so long.

Before the establishment of the one unit, there were about ten administrations in this area with a population of about 3½ crores. On the other hand East Pakistan with a population of 4¼ crores was one single administrative unit without any artificial boundaries dividing its people.

Really speaking, there was no natural basis for these units, particularly so many princely States in West Pakistan region, to exist. These provinces and States were the outcome of the politics of a colonial power. These small units had no linguistic, cultural or racial basis. Even geographically speaking West Pakistan is a compact region extending from Korakorram and Hindukush in the North to the Persian Gulf and Arabian Sea in the South. The Indus Valley is indeed an indivisible and compact whole. Its forests and mineral wealth is located in the mountainous regions and the agricultural wealth in the plains. The agricultural economy of W. Pakistan is dependent on the same water resources and the economics of the various administrative units are inter-dependent.

The population of these erstwhile units in W. Pakistan represented an admixture of the same tribal groups dispersed all over the regions. In no province or state was there a vast majority of any one tribal group over the rest. The same was the position with regard to languages. For example one third of the people living in the former Frontier province have Punjabi as their mother tongue. In the city of Peshawar a majority of the people speak Punjabi. Similarly in Sind, Sindhi was the mother-tongue of only two-thirds of people living there. In the Punjab too there was no one Punjabi language which could be understood throughout the province.

Thus one particular language was not the exclusive language of any one province in West Pakistan.

The pattern of our economy is similar and our resources are so distributed that we could live together only in close inter-dependence. It is only one Government which could distribute the water resources of a single system of rivers leading to the prosperity of the whole region. In the matter of food, for example, we know that food was scanty and costly in the former N.W.F.P. and districts of Campbellpur, Mianwali. etc. Only 'Sind' and 'Punjab' had surplus food. But without one Government it would not have been possible to distribute the food all over the regions. In the matter of industry, too, if we had left the development to diflerent provinces a balanced development of industries would not have been possible.

From the point of view of history too, West Pakistan region has been one ever since the days of Indus valley civilisation, the traces of which can still be found in the ruins of Mohenjodaro, Harappa and Taxila. The age old unity of the Indus Valley or the present West Pekistan was broken by the British rulers in pursuance of their policy of "Divide and Rule". Indeed it was during the British rule that the former provinces and states took their shape. For instance the 'Frontier' and the 'Punjab' were one province before 1901. In 1901 Lord Curzon separated them in order to consolidate the military strength in the Frontier. At one time the British rulers also thought of uniting Punjab and Sind. In 1877 a scheme was put forward to unite the areas of the Frontier and Sind and the district of D. G. Khan. In 1888 Lord Lansdown advocated a scheme to unite the areas of the Frontier, Sind and Punjab to form one unit. But the imperial considerations prevailed and Sind was annexed to Bombay with which it had no connection and the Frontier was separated from the Punjab and deprived of all the benefits which it could have derived by its union with a richer area.

It is our misfortune that in spite of historical, geographical, linguistic and racial unity of the area of West Pakistan we remained divided into so many small provinces and states. The unit of West Pakistan with a population of 3½ crores remained divided into ten administrations while other units like the Ben-

gal and U. P. with a population of more than five crores each remained single provinces. Indeed even if the whole of West Pakistan were to become one unit during the British period it would still remain, in population, one of the smallest units in Indo-Pakistan sub-continent. After the establishment of Pakistan we could not afford to indulge in the luxury of maintaining ten units for this area. The whole situation seemed to be a great obstruction in the way of our national progress. The different political units gave rise to parochial differences and provincial prejudices which were fanned by the selfish politicians for their own ends. If this provincialism was allowed to prosper it would have proved extremely dangerous for the solidarity of the country.

The establishment of one unit aims not only at economy in administration, pooling of all our resources for the development of our country and removing the maladjustments but also at creating a broader national outlook and attitude towards life.

The integration will result in administrative economy. The maintenance of a large number of administrative units in a new born and under-developed country like ours was a regular drain on our economy. Now the administrative talent of the whole area would be brought forward to serve the country. This would ultimately do away with the narrowness of outlook among the masses. The power-resources of the country would be developed not for the benefit of a particular region, but of all the people in this area. The water-resources would also be utilized for the whole region under the supervision of one government. The food, for example, was cheaper in the former provinces of the Punjab and Sind and scarce in Baluchistan and N.W.F.P. Now that the integration has taken place these maladjustments would disappear. The benefits of a welfare state would be equally shared by all areas backward or forward. The mineral resources of the under-developed areas like Baluchistan which could not be developed by the government of that small unit would now be developed by our total resources. The integration of West Pakistan would ultimately help create a broader outlook. The forces of progress in all parts which remain divided will now be able to join hands for the walfare of the poor masses everywhere in the integrated province of West Pakistan.

12. TRAVELLING IN A THIRD CLASS COMPARTMENT

Travelling in a third class compartment has never been a picnic in our country. It became a definite torture in the days of war. In those days it meant a real trial of strength if one entered the compartment. Sometimes a compartment, actually meant for thirty passengers, contained as many as ninety or even more. Those who managed to escape safe after a long journey were considered very fortunate and often recommended for a merit certificate for their remarkable toughness. Things have improved a little since those days of trial. But it is far from being satisfactory.

The first thing that one has to face is the possibility that one may not be able to travel at all. For it is easier to break through a line of enemies than to break through the resistance of the occupants of the compartment who would not allow any one else to come in. The moment you advance towards the compartment with your leg hoisted upon your head, there is a spontaneous outbreak of "no room" from inside. If you try to persuade them, they become all the more stiff in their resistance. Force sometimes succeeds, but needs superior force. Very often the solitary passenger outside the compartment receives most of it and retires honourably to find out another compartment where the whole procedure is repeated in the same order. If you approach the railway authorities, they treat you as lightly as the passengers do. A little bribe now and then acts like "open sesame" and the authorities become a little kind and sympathetic.

If you are fortunate enough to get into the compartment there you find a strange display of human figures. Some of them are sitting on berths and looking as miserable as if they were waiting for their death ! Others are standing. There are others who are drawn in all possible postures. All kinds of postures are tried to find out convenience, but convenience is the last thing in a third class compartment. At times men and packages are mixed so indiscriminately that it is really difficult to distinguish the one from the other. If you are fortunate to have lady passengers in the same compartment,

then it becomes all the more inconvenient. Children with their musical cries add to the confusion of the compartment.

In summer the suffering is almost indescribable. Noise and heat join together to create a veritable (real) hell. The poor passenger, most possibly stuck between two rivals, feels himself like a sinner in hell. Sweat tickles down the brow and is lost in the folds of his shirt. He tries to find out his handkerchief, but his pocket is either in the possession of his fellow-passengers or somewhere lost under his own bedding, which is supported on his back ! Even in winter passengers often perspire, herded as they are like cattle. But it is not half so inconvenient as in summer.

When we are packed like sardines (a small fish sold in tins) in a third class compartment, going out or coming back to one's seat is a serious problem. At times one cannot get one's luggage down. If one manages to get near it, it becomes difficult to extricate (set free) it from other men's luggage. The third class passengers are so careful about their possessions that they do not like them to be placed in the luggage van. Some of them travel with all their household effects, and insist upon keeping them as near as possible. If you have to get down at some intermediary station then it is another problem. If you have managed to recover yourself, it is difficult to recover your luggage. If somebody helps you in this too, then the doors and windows are so stuffed with luggage that you cannot get out. It is very rarely that you drop at the right station.

But travelling in a third class compartment has its joys too. The people are generally good-tempered and communicative. If they allow you to come in, which is very rarely the case, then they become your friends. They take you into their confidence and tell you everything from their cattle to their sons. They are not sophisticated (worldly-wise) people. They dislike the idea of standing on ceremony. If they are smoking a "huqqa" they will turn the nozzle to you and offer you a hearty puff. If you are political minded, they will tell you strange news. If you happen to carry a newspaper (never mind, how old it is) you will become the centre of interest. All of a sudden you will become their guide and hero. Third class compartment provides you with real

opportunities to meet men who are the sons of the soil. They are as simple and uncorrupted as they were on the first day of their birth. Only they have become a little dirty and ugly. But that matters little to a real observer of men and things. Third class compartment is the soul of our country. It is ill-kept, poor, dirty like every other thing in our country. But with all this it is real and to travel in it is a joy.

13. TRAVELLING ABROAD

Travelling has been considered a part of one's education at all times. After completing one's academic career the young men of aristocratic families are often sent abroad to get a training in life.

Travelling affords the first-hand knowledge which books can in no way supply. "Books are a mighty bloodless substitute for life," says Stevenson, and they can only impart (give) a second-hand knowledge at best. One gets accustomed to bear hardships or inconveniences and one learns the lessons of self-dependence and self-confidence. It gives an excellent training to one's character.

Travelling broadens our outlook, removes false prejudices and encourages healthy competition. As Kipling says:

What do they know of England
Who only England know

One may have wrong ideas in the mind about the culture and civilization of other countries, which can only be corrected by travelling abroad. Also, we come to know the greatness or defects of our own nation when we make a comparison with others. The Scotch poet Robert Burns says:

"O Wad some power giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us."

(O God, some power should give us the gift so that we may be able to see ourselves as others see us.)

Travelling brings about better understanding between nations and links them together in close cultural relations. The world is like one family today. On account of the convenience and speed of the means of travel goodwill missions of one country visit another country. Many such missions

have come to Pakistan in recent years from the Islamic countries such as Iran; Saudi Arabia, Egypt and Turkey, etc.

Travelling serves as a true test of one's strength of character. Our motives to good actions or abstention (keeping off) from bad deeds are the public praise and blame. There is the check of the elders and either out of fears of elders or due to social sanctions (checks) we regulate our conduct in accordance with the dictates of decency. These factors are absent in a foreign country where no one knows us. Thus, if we can show fellow-feeling, courage, generosity, a hatred of indecency and love of goodness while we are among the strangers it means we really possess a sterling (good) character.

The world's greatest travellers have been men of great renown throughout the ages—men like Marco Polo, Columbus and Saadi Shirazi, etc. They gained so rich a knowledge of life and turned into discoverers, poets and experienced men of the world.

14. THE FIRST HALF HOUR IN MY EXAMINATION CENTRE

It was a Jesus Christ who said something of examination. I do not remember it, but he did say something nearly condemning examinations. Examinations are always bad, and they become still more unpleasant if they take you by a surprise. Personally, I hate nothing more than an examination. Last year when I sat for my Matriculation examination, I escaped a nervous collapse just by a stroke of good fortune. But I wonder, if fortune can be so particularly good to me at all occasions.

Today, I am sitting once again in the Examination Hall. There is pin-drop silence in the hall, so much so that I wonder if any one of the examinees is living. The Superintendent sits on the dais as motionless as a statue. Even when he moves, he moves so mechanically that I begin to pity him. The invigilators are moving along the rows of silent boys like human machines, that just move and move till they drop dead into a vacant chair.

I am sitting silent in my seat just like other boys, who

are either writing or stealing glances at the boys sitting in their front. I am also trying to survey stealthily the answer-books of other boys, but without much success. I have attempted a number of questions, but somehow or other my knowledge fails me in the middle of the question. I look up and down, right and left to gather my wits, but it no use. Suddenly I think of the result and I begin to shiver in spite of the sultry (hot) weather. Then I turn to another question with the eagerness of an intellectual giant, but all questions are equally bad. I wonder at the hard-heartedness of paper-setters who only set such questions which we do not know. That is the vanity (show) of learning. At this time I remember the words of a famous sage who said that all life was vanity of vanities.

Tired of my fruitless attempts I try to nudge (elbowed) the boy in my front. He whispers something. The Superintendent who was sitting silent like a dead person, all of a sudden comes to life and roars in his unsympathetic voice: "No whispers, please." A fairly heavy abuse sticks to my throat at this time, I begin to turn my question paper once again and read it with a certain feeling of concern. But all questions are Greek to me. The boy sitting at my back cries: "Paper please." This surprises me. I have hardly finished one sheet and that too contains no sense.

The Superintendent once again comes to life and speaks in his whistling voice, "Half an hour is over." I heave a sigh of relief.

15. COLLEGE POLITICS

There was a time when students took more interest in their books but now the old fashion has changed. It is a happy sign, though parents believe that it is anything but a change for the good. Parents have their own way of looking at things and in ninety cases out of every hundred they are on the wrong track. Politics is the fashion of the day. Students who are most actively alive to the needs of the time cannot safely remain aloof from the tendencies of the age. There was a time when people thought that active politics is bad for students. Then, there came other political thinkers, who thought that if students wanted to escape a

tragedy they must take to active politics. This appealed to the minds of the students and they threw away their books into the gutter, or sold them at half price, and ran eagerly into the political arena. They organised their own parties and got themselves affiliated to the major political organisations in their country. Those who agreed with the policy of the Congress had a Students' Federation, and the Muslim students who could not see eye to eye with such boys had their own body, commonly known as the Muslim Students' Federation.

Such parties became most active during the days when the Punjab University promised diplomas and degrees on the basis of national service. Some students who had become national enthusiasts overnight rushed to the Refugee camps to lend a helping hand; other boys stayed at home mourning over the great loss of men and property in the East Punjab; there were still others who did publicity work either at the Home Front or among the friends. When they had finished the period of National Service they turned to the College to seek admission into the higher classes. This is just one phase of the College politics.

Now students are becoming more conscious of their political rights. They ask for proper representation on every panel. Almost every society in the college has its election. And the election is run on the basis of the provincial election Every student is eligible to cast more than one vote. Very often he tries to please both the parties in a very clever way. He shouts with one party and votes for the other. I wonder, if girl students are as shrewd as their brothers in the colleges. And when the election is over, the honourable president or vice-president goes about strutting in the college lane. All of a sudden he finds himself raised to the status or stature of his professor and talks in a very obliging tone. It is very rarely that he comes to the classroom. After a week or so he calls his cabinet and arrives at very important decisions. For instance, it is in the interest of boys that they should be allowed to make noise in the working hours; or all weak students should be exempted from December test because they are likely to fail. If the college authorities fail to see

any sense in these most reasonable demands, they are threatened with a strike.

Sometimes the college politics become a little disturbed when there is a clash between two parties. Such clashes are inevitable. Only this year such a clash occurred in our college. In the presidential election of the Muslim Students Federation two candidates fought for the office. In the beginning they fought with votes. But when votes could not decide the issue they had an actual fight. The fatter candidate won the election. It was quite natural.

College politics is a curious collection of many interests. Some times it is used to win over the admiration of the Principal, at other times it is shrewdly used to get through the examination. In many cases it serves really useful purpose. Boys are trained for many political activities such as elections and organization of political bodies. In the days before Partition students of the colleges went out into the countryside to make a propaganda in favour of the Muslim League and the demand for Pakistan. In the clash between the Muslim League and Khizar Ministry in 1947 the students played an important role. It was a result of the training which they had received at college.

16. THE LIFE OF A COLLEGE PROFESSOR

Every College teacher, irrespective of his rank, is called a professor and he loves to be called by this name. Professor is a big word and is originally applied to Heads of Departments in a University or in Colleges and they are men with scholarship having seniority over other members of the teaching staff. But the word is misused and every lecturer is known as a professor.

A College Professor is supposed to be a scholar and one who really deserves this name is seen with a bundle of books under his arm. He is often seen in the library casting his greedy look on the piles of books there. He reads till late hours at night much to the annoyance of his wife who is jealous of his contact with imaginary people. An ideal professor always aims at scholarship. He loves knowledge

more than anything else and his desire for knowledge remains unsatisfied throughout his life.

A College professor is always overworked. Besides doing extra study and sometimes even research work, he has to prepare lessons for various classes. This is indeed a very painful task. He spends hours in preparing class notes. How great is his chagrin when he finds that his students either do not take down the notes that he prepares after a hard labour or do not preserve them for their examination ! Nothing can be more annoying to a professor than students' indifference towards his lectures. Very often he has to bring himself down to the intellectual level of the students which affects his own knowledge adversely.

He is the most well-dressed person. What the students like in him is not his knowledge or character but his personality and dress. A shabbily dressed professor is often victimised by the students. A good appearance and friendly treatment with his students will secure for him a good reputation. Students will not like him if he is a hard task master.

Every professor, besides teaching work, has to supervise or conduct extramural activities. In fact only that professor can win the favour of his boss who proves himself a good organiser and can give publicity to his activities. His scholarship and efficiency as a teacher alone will not make his position secure in the College. He should do whatever he can to please his boss. A professor is expected to be very sociable. He is required to prove in every society that he is really a scholar. In spite of his pay and education, a professor's position in the society is not very enviable. He is regarded as a mere teacher who has no powers to exercise and no influence to command respect. Still he is happy because he does his work honestly.

17. LIFE IN A COLLEGE HOSTEL

Life in a college hostel is always very pleasant. Here boys from different parts of the country come and live together like members of a big family. They have different habits, different manners and different tastes and learn a lot from one another. They all live like brothers sharing each

other's joys and sorrows. There is equality, fraternity (brotherhood) and even liberty among the hostel residents which make their life enviable. The son of the rich have to come down to the level of other residents and there is no distinction of rank or wealth.

Hostel residents have all the advantages of corporate group life. In fact hostel is a world in itself and one learns a lot during one's stay in the hostel. Hostel rules are like laws which must be obeyed. Those who violate the hostel rules suffer just as the law-breakers suffer in actual life. Then there are several organisations run by the students. They manage their own affairs and in this way get valuable training for future life. Thus hostel life teaches independent thinking and self-reliance. It is here that one gets oneself introduced to democratic traditions (ways of life).

Students have their differences in the hostel, they have their quarrels too but they do not last long. Quarrels are soon forgotten and friendly relations are restored easily. It is here in the hostel that lifelong friendships are made. We think of these friends wherever we may be and their memory is always dear to us.

Hostel is always meant for students. There exist many educational facilities which are not available elsewhere. Corporate life in itself has great educative value. Common Room, Reading Room and Dining Hall, all have these advantages. Here boys gather and exchange views or discuss problems. The hostel atmosphere is always very favourable for studies. Here we have fixed study hours when even the most careless of the students have to do some study. There are also very goods students in the hostel who are always seen pouring over their books. They stimulate activity among other students by their studious habits. There is a spirit of competition among the students.

Hostel life, although it has many charms and advantages, is not without ugly features. Some of the students actually get spoiled. Some love show and grandeur and waste their parents' money without any acheivement. In spite of supervision, some of the residents waste the most precious years of their life and they go back to their homes without refinement

or improvement. This, however, does not mean that hostel is a hell for every student. It is a place worth living and affords many opportunities for intellectual development.

18. STYLES IN MEN'S CLOTHING

Polonius the old prime minister of Denmark in Shakespeare's Hamlet advised his son Laertes when he was about to start for France in these words :—

> Costly as thy habit as thy purse can buy,
> But not express'd in fancy ; rich nor gaudy ;
> For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

There is a good deal of truth in the words of old Polonius. A man is always judged by the clothes he wears. If we meet a stranger at a hotel or on board a steamer or in a railway carriage we read his character either from his face or judge him by his clothes. If a man is dressed in an old fashioned suit we suddenly jump to the conclusion that either he is very conservative (man of old views) in his tastes or he is poor enough to keep pace with the changing fashions. Women are more shrewd than men in this respect. They judge one of their sex almost always by what she wears. Therefore, fashion is more important in the matter of women.

Styles in men's clothing don't change as rapidly as they do in women's clothing. They almost remain the same except for a few minor alterations. The English suits that were worn about a quarter of a century back are still worn almost in the same fashion. Only the coats have become a little longer and pants have become a little narrow. There are people who go in expensive suits with their ties and shoes matching with the suits, but there are a very few of such dandies (well-dressed people). In summer men usually wear ordinary cotton suits or at the most they use some more expensive fabric like summer cloth. In winter flannels are the common wear. English tweeds have, of late come into fashion. The most popular style is a low tweed coat with a worsted pant of steel colour.

There is another class of stylish people who wear "achkan". The modern "achkan" is not worn low as it was done a few years back. They have become tight. The strip-

ed cloth is now preferred to plain cloth of sombre (dark) colour. Padded shoulders impart a Herculian grace to the wearer.

Ties and scarfs are becoming more colourful and elaborate in their designs. A few years back ties were selected for the sobriety (simplicity) of their colour and the simplicity of their pattern. But styles are always changing and you can't account for the change. Now the market is flooded with American ties of showy colours. Ties with floral design are almost the rage (are very popular) of the day.

Shoes and boots are almost changing with the changing notions of dress. Shoes with leather sole are not much in demand. Crepe sole is the style of the day. Even ladies go about in walking shoes with fairly thick sole. If the styles go on changing with this rapidity, women shall have to become more masculine in taste and *vice versa*.

19. WOMAN'S PLACE IN OUR SOCIETY

With the birth of Pakistan as an independent state, many problems have come to the forefront. The place of woman in our society is one of those ticklish (difficult) problems. We can no longer keep women in the old condition of servitude (slavery) but at the same time we cannot allow them to ask for unchartered (unlimited) freedom. Liberty without moral obligations (binding) will ruin them. In countries like America and England women ask for equal rights and equal opportunities. It is a just demand, but they fail to understand the serious implications (indirect problems) of such a demand. The question is: "Are they strong enough to perform all the duties which are now performed by men?" No doubt, they can make a speech, teach a class, work a machine and even pilot a modern aircraft; but are they strong enough to accept all the rigorous duties of a soldier's life? Will they be able to fight in the field or sit for hours in a trench covered with snow? I for one cannot agree with champions of women's rights in this respect. Women are made of too fine a material to perform such hard duties. In the last Sino-Japanese War the Chinese raised a batalion of women, but soon it proved a disastrous experiment. Many of them were killed, the rest of them were captured and

molested by the Japanese brutes. Women can play an important role in our society, but there are certain spheres in which their services will tend to unsex them.

Quite recently women have come to take more and more prominent part in all spheres of life. In some respects they have excelled men. In sports, in intellectual and artistic pursuits, in offices and industry, they have set a new record of honesty and efficiency. They have succeeded marvellously as teachers and nurses. But this does not prove that they are suitable for any office and any job. We should show proper consideration towards their right place in our society. It is inhuman to use them as slave ; it is foolish to use them as mere toys. We should give them more of freedom and enlighten them on the subject of their obligations.

To my mind the greatness of a woman lies in heɹ role as a mother. It is rightly said: "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." The mother who can bring up right sort of children is really a great benefactor of society. The pity is, that the modern woman has come to shun (avoid) the responsibilities of motherhood and seeks a life of adventure. You can't grudge (be unwilling to allow) her adventures. But the question is, how far such type of mental attitude will lead to our greatness? Our country has its peculiar needs. We want women of character and moral greatness. We allow them all facilities to read and write and choose a suitable career for them. But we cannot allow them to philander and coddle (make love). They should rise to the occasion and become a source of guidance and inspiration to us. Woman enjoys a very respectable position in Islamic society. The Holy Prophet said: "Verily the paradise lies under the feet of your mother." What a noble tribute! and it is as a mother that she can best serve the nation.

Before she comes to determine her position in our society she must keep two things in view. First, there is bound to be equality of the two sexes. Secondly, equality must not be understood to mean that the tasks of the two sexes are alike. Man is the hewer of wood and drawer of water, woman is a fine piece of art. Therefore she must not claim it as her right to do the hard labour that falls to man's lot. Her

task is that of building the nation, and that is, by all mean's a very great task.

20. THE FLOODS

The floods which were quite a rare phenomenon in the pre-Partition days, have now become a regular feature, rather an annual function in the Indo-Pakistan sub-continent. We have witnessed four grim floods since the establishment of Pakistan. The first flood that visited the province came in 1947, immediately after the Partition. We in our newly established state had not yet set our house in order and the poor refugees were still lying on the road sides crying for food and shelter when unprecedented floods gave a staggering blow to our already hard-hit economy and destroyed standing crops, live-stock and property on a vast scale. Never before in the living memory had the flood waters inundated such vast areas and cause destruction to life and property to such an extent. But only three years after the 1947 floods the rivers again ran amuck and over-flooded vaster areas and wrought more havoc than they had done in 1947. In 1950 the floods attacked the province twice in a fortnight. Flood sufferers in the low-lying areas had hardly recovered from the blows of the angry waters and had just returned to their houses and cleared them of silt and mud when the rivers again over-flowed their banks and overwhelmed large areas and caused more devastation. In 1954 there was again an outburst of riverine fury on quite a large scale. Sixteen inches of rain in Lahore during twenty-four hours created flood conditions and caused a great deal of loss to property and disruption in communications. The damaged property and breached roads, in the province had not been fully repaired when after a year the inadequately tamed rivers of the province again broke their bounds in 1955 and caused a greater loss to life and property than they had done in any of the previous floods.

This time the discharge of the Ravi Mukesar was more than 600,000 cusecs while in 1950 it was not not more than 300,000 cusecs. At the Shahdara bridge the water level rose upto about 22 feet while in 1950 the level was not more than 18 feet. Thus the floods in 1955 devastated larger number of villages and inundated vaster areas than any of the previ-

ous floods. This time the loss to human life and livestock was very heavy. Thousands of cattle heads were swept away. Property worth crores of rupees was ruined. This time the floods attacked the low-lying areas all of a sudden. Even the people living in the suburbs of Lahore did not receive any warning. If the people had been warned in time and preparatory measures had been undertaken, such a heavy loss to human life could have been averted. People living in the low-lying areas received a warning only when the water had already entered their houses. On the morning of the 6th October when the children had been sent to schools and the elder male members of the families had left for their places of duty or were about to leave, the flood waters came rushing through the breaches made in the protection bund round Lahore. The water came at a terrible speed and within a couple of hours inundated almost all the low-lying areas. The members of the families who had left their houses in the morning remained cut off from their families for a number of days. The marooned people got perched on the roofs of their houses with their goods and other valuables which they could salvage from the fast rising water. The water rose at a speed of one foot per hour and in some localities it rose upto 12 feet. After about ten hours it began to recede at a very slow speed, *i.e.* about an inch an hour. Throughout the night the noises of the crashing of old houses and collapsing of kacha huts and cries of flood victims created a pandemonium. The immeasurable watery expanse all round with these noises and cries seemed to be an awful visitation of God. The stranded people remained on the roofs of their houses for about four days. Many of them could not get food and drinking water. They drank the muddy and dirty flood water after boiling it. A small quantity of drinking water was considered a very precious thing in those days,

After the recession of water it became possible for the local authorities to find access to the flood victims. Boats carrying food and medicines began to reach the stranded people. Relief work was organised and necessary things were distributed among the indigent and needy, in the affected areas. After the water had receded suction pumps were also set up to pump out the accumulated water from the depressions of low-lying areas.

Though a number of houses collapsed and many were damaged by the fury of the floods in Lahore and other cities, the loss of life and property in the cities was negligible as compared with the havoc wrought in the countryside. In many villages the flood waters attacked the houses at night. Most of villagers could not escape the ravages of the floods. The houses in the villages are usually mud-built and single storeyed. In the darkness of the night the villagers took shelter either on the village-mounds, or on the roofs of their kacha houses or in some cases even on the trees. But these kacha houses and even the trees could not stand against the terrible onslaught of water. Thus many unfortunate persons who had taken shelter on the trees and on the roofs of the houses were drowned. So great was the destruction that some of the villages were completely washed away along with their population. Thus the sufferings and the destruction wrought by the treacherous rivers in the countryside was immense.

Crops were destroyed, cattle swept away and communications in some areas were completely dislocated. The roads from Lahore to Gujranwala, Sheikhupura, Lyallpur and Sialkot were completely breached at different places and were rendered unfit for traffic for months together. The railway line, too, was badly damaged. In some places it was completely washed away. The bridges under the railway line in many places were destroyed and the heavy girders, and iron pillars were carried far away by the rushing waters. The calamity was indeed unprecedented. The loss to property, private and Government and crops can be estimated in terms of crores of rupees, besides the invaluable loss of human life the price of which cannot be calculated. Thousands of cattle heads were washed away. Lakhs of acres of crops were destroyed. Thousands of villages were damaged and washed away. Cotton and fodder crops were lost. Sugarcane was spoiled. More costly than this was the loss to roads, railway tracks and canal waters.

A poor country like Pakistan can hardly afford to waste crores worth of property, crops, livestock and human life every year. In the four floods during the last eight years, we have suffered lesses of billions of rupees, besides the most tragic and incalculable loss of human life. Something should

be done immediately to save the country from this terrible loss. After the 1950 floods, a national Commission of experts formed plans to save the country from the flood havoc. But we have not yet implemented the recommendations of the Flood Commission. It would no doubt cost some crores of rupees to implement those recommendations but these few crores would be nothing as compared to the immense loss suffered by us, in view of the floods becoming a natural occurrence. The real answer to meet the problem is in the catchment areas. This can be done with the combined efforts of India and Pakistan. Possibilities of a joint Indo-Pakistan approach and the problem of control should be explored as early as possible. If we build an efficient system of dams, catchment lakes, dykes and diversionary channels, we can save the country from the ravages of floods in future.

21. NEWSPAPERS CAN DO A LOT OF GOOD AS WELL AS HARM

Newspapers have become an essential part of our life. The very first thing that we ask for in the morning is a newspaper. There are some people, who feel almost morally dead if they do not read their morning paper. The poor people who cannot afford to buy a newspaper satisfy their curiosity by asking other people about the "fresh-news". Sometimes such people become a social nuisance, but you have to put up with them. Their love for newspapars shows that newspapers constitute (form) an important part of the common man's life.

Newspapers do a lot of good to us, because they give us fresh up-to-date news gathered from the four corners of the world. Great news agencies like Reuters, Associated Press of Pakistan and Star have their correspondents all over the world who send the latest news by the quickest means available. The radio has diminished the distance so much so that a thing happening in the farthest corner of the world is brought to us within a few seconds. But radio lacks the detail which we find in a newspaper. Newspapers keep us in close touch with the rest of the world. In this way newspapers perform the part of a friendly agent among the different nations of the world. Newspapers have brought us so close that the world

has become one vast family with its members spread in different parts.

The modern age is an age of competition. It is becoming increasingly difficult to sell an article, unless it is properly advertised. Traders use the services of newspapers to advertise their goods and thus find out their customers. Sometimes a shrewd advertiser succeeds in deceiving the simple purchasers by bolstering up (pushing up) his useless goods but that is no sin of newspapers. Newspapers are innocent vehicles (means) of advertisement which can be used any way—good or bad. The modern trader who must keep himself well-informed learns about the market-rates and quotations from newspapers. In one way it helps the customer also. He comes to know about the rates current in the market and thus escapes the tricks of a clever dealer.

Newspapers are a means of expressing the public opinion. And sometimes when the public has some grievances against a local body or against the government the newspapers act as a link between the either party. If the public grievances are just then newspapers act as the champions of popular rights and liberties. There have been occasions in the history of nations when newspapers criticised bitterly the policy of the government. In a country like England, where the popular opinion is very much respected, newspapers hold an important position. If on the one hand, they criticise the government policy, on the other, they go a long way to mould the popular opinion. Our opinions on politics, economics and sociology are considerably influenced by newspapers.

But this is just one side of the picture, the other side is not very bright.

Sometimes, and very often in our own days newspapers become a party organ and indulge in a very unhealthy propaganda. The newspaper of one party runs down the rival parties. The result being that it creates a gulf between different parties. In our country there are very few impartial (fair and just) newspapers. Every newspaper is attached to one party or the other. One newspaper throws mud on the other party and *vice versa*. The public mind, which is peculiarly sensitive to this propaganda, becomes influenced in an evil

way by wrong views and news. A country which has bad newspapers consequently becomes bad in her internal and external policy.

Another evil that the newspapers at times do is that they very often circulate wrong news, correctness of events is sacrificed on the altar of sensation. The false news, which appears innocent on the surface produces far-reaching results. Late Dr. Goebbles was matchless in the art of inventing false news. The Nazi newspapers gave a wide currency to such news. In the years preceding partition when the communal hatred reached its highest point in India, our newspapers did the greatest disservice to their country by indulging in malicious (mischievous) propaganda. The seed that was sown by the "Tribune" and the "Milap" was reaped by the innocent non-communal persons.

Today when we need most of love and mutual understanding, our newspapers are actively engaged in creating an inter-party strife. This is dangerous for any country and much more dangerous for a country like ours which is faced with a host of serious problems.

Newspapers can only serve the need of a country if they are independent, impartial and truthful. A good newspaper should have the courage to tell the truth even in the face of great risk and difficulties. It is only then and then alone that it can serve the public well.

22. THE INFLUENCE OF CINEMA ON THE PUBLIC TASTE

The cinema is a cheap and popular form of entertainment in the modern days and it is exercising a powerful influence on our life. Films have captivated the public mind more than any other form of recreation. Young and old, rich and poor, educated and illiterate. vulgar and cultured, all have got enamoured of films and the craze is increasing. In Lahore alone there are more than a dozen cinema houses showing English and Urdu pictures. In the evening these cinemas are packed with the movie-goers from all walks of life. Students from colleges and schools form a considerable part of the audience, particularly in the English pictures.

The popularity of the films is due to the fact that they present human feeling and sentiments on the screen in a life-like manner. This effect is enhanced by songs and music. The subject presented and the lesson taught by the films is driven home to the minds of the people more easily and effectively than through books and lectures. Cinema has, thus, a far-reaching effect on the minds of the people. Films can be used as a vehicle for public education and the uplift of the common man. Films representing social vices can help in reforming the society. Historical films can revive the dead past for us and we can see the important historical events happening before our eyes. We can witness the Siege of Troy, the Wanderings of Odysseus, the Marches of Alexander, the Murder of Caesar, the Crusades, the Fall of Granada, and the Battle of Waterloo. We can also see the remarkable incidents of modern times. In some pictures we can see the life, manners and customs of people living in different countries. Educational films can help the students a lot in their studies. Good films can indeed help us a great deal in broadening our outlook and expanding our mental horizon. They can have a harmonizing effect on the public tastes, manners and morals.

But there are very few pictures shown in our country which conform to this standard. Most of the pictures shown in our cinema houses are either love pictures or crime pictures or both. Such pictures have captivated the imagination of our young people and adversely affected their tastes and morals. The crime pictures showing the dare-devil dacoits and robbers committing the most daring crimes in the most ingenius manners have corrupted the impressionable minds of young men. The 'scientific' methods used by the vagabonds in the West in committing heinous crimes cannot but have an unhealthy effect. Some youngsters begin to imitate these gangsters and follow their technique in cycle or car lifting, breaking into houses or banks, pick pocketing, swindling and pilfering with other people's goods in the most 'artistic ways'. The robberies committed in broad day light at the point of pistol can be easily traced to the crime films shown in the city.

The love pictures have no less affected the minds of

young persons particularly college students. The amorous pictures showing young lovers, undertaking impossible adventures for the sake of love, make our young men foolishly romantic. Love is the common theme of almost all the films local or foreign. But some of the foreign films exhibit scenes of illicit love making in all their obscenity. The standard of morality and sex relations shown in these films is very much different from ours. In these films woman is displayed as a showy trinket, a charming bauble to be admired and played with in public. Scantily clad glamour girls moving about in all their charms of sex and beauty, semi-nude dances, passionate embraces and smacking kisses have laid bare before us the western sex-morality in its true colours. Such scenes tend to deprave and corrupt the minds of the young people particularly the adolescent. They look upon the obscene life presented at the cinema screen as an ideal life and regard the film stars as paragons of perfection and beauty. The local fimls presenting a rather conservative and modest attitude towards love are looked upon as dull and colourless as compared with these glamorous films.

These pictures are introduced to the movie goers through advertisements in newspapers etc. Some of these advertisements are highly provocative and immoral. They are meant to attract the attention of the young men who cannot resist the temptation to see such 'wonderful' pictures. These advertisements are sometimes more harmful than the pictures themselves. Sometimes they represent the essence of these obscene pictures and some of them are really in a very bad taste. They are bound to corrupt the minds of even those who do not go to the pictures.

There is no restriction either on the exhibition of such pictures. Students from colleges and schools are free to go to cinemas whenever they like. Not to speak of any restrictions they are encouraged to see these pictures by means of concession tickets. Most of them have become habitual movie fans. They don't go merely for the sake of entertainment or for learning any thing. They are so fond of films that they become habitual cinema-goers. They cannot resist the temptation to see the films. The lure of the screen makes them leave aside their work, get money for the tickets

somehow or other and see the picture at all costs. They waste their money and time and neglect their studies. They appreciate the actors and try to imitate them in their dress and behaviour. They waste their money not only on seeing pictures so frequently but also on dressing themselves elegantly like the actors. Students, both male and female have become victims of a mania to copy the actors or actresses. The style of their hair, the cut of their clothes, indeed their manners, tones, gestures and movements show how they are living under the spell of 'the stars'. They take more interest in the film magazines, sex-literature and love stories. The lessons and lectures in the colleges appear dull and colourless as compared with the technicolor films and glamorous stars. In such an atmosphere the interest in studies is bound to lag and the cause of education is bound to suffer. This morbid craze for films is to a large extent responsible for deterioration in the standard of education and mass failures in the examinations.

The moral tone of the films should be improved. Obscene and immoral films should be banned or at least the undesirable portions in them should be strictly censored and cinema should be utilized as a healthy form of recreation and a pleasant means of instruction. Instead of corrupting the morals of the youth and ruining their lives, it should be made to serve as a vehicle of public education. In this way it can correct the tastes and morals of people and serve as a great reformer for the uplift of the masses.

23. BROADCASTING AS A MEANS OF EDUCATION

Of recent times the interest in broadcasting has become universal and broadcasting has now been taken up with enthusiasm by almost all the countries. Today, there is hardly any country in the world which has not a powerful transmitter and a receiving station. Even Pakistan, which is still in her infancy, has set up powerful stations at Karachi, Lahore, Rawalpindi, Dacca, Quetta, and Hyderbad. There are as many as six broadcasting stations in this newly established state. This shows that broadcasting plays a very important part in the national life of a country.

The radio-set is not only a source of entertainment but

also a potential (powerful) means of education. The news items, views, feature programmes, and talks which are broadcast daily amuse as well as instruct countless people all over the country. The village uplift programmes which are broadcast daily in the evening instruct a number of ignorant peasants who can neither read nor write.

Broadcasting is the ideal medium for removing illiteracy. It is superior to all other methods of education. The usual method of instruction is to lay down some prescribed texts, build schools and employ teachers. But instruction by broadcasting is simple. You do not require elaborate (detailed) syllabus, nor well-paid teachers. Just a number of radio-sets installed at suitable places are enough to teach a countless number of illiterate, uneducated and superstitious people. Moreover, it combines entertainment and instruction and above all it makes an appeal to the mind. You learn while listening to the programme. Radio helps to evolve (develop) a common language which is the crying need of every country.

The education imparted by broadcasting is superior to the education imparted by usual means. The atmosphere of the class-room is suffocating. The uniformity of lessons encourages dullness. The result being that the boy begins to shun the school. Most of our students fail to grasp the subject because it lacks interest and at the same time it is presented in a very uninteresting manner. Another defect of the usual education is that it is more interested in dull facts and comes very rarely near to life. Whereas in broadcasting there is a variety of subjects dealt with in an interesting manner by such men who are most eminently suited to deal with the subjects.

There are various programmes throughout the day. In the afternoon there is a programme which provides an entertaining hour of gramophone records and film songs. At the end we have the summary of the news. The evening programme starts with music. It is followed by rural programme. After this comes a talk on some important subject which gives useful information on education, health, agriculture, village welfare, nation-building and other items

that are of first importance to all listeners. At night we have full news in Urdu and English.

It is in view of its appeal that in many schools in Europe and America the cinema has become a part of education and boys spend a part of their day in the school cinema. What cinema does for the students in the school, broadcasting does the same thing for a crowd of listeners who are educated by listening to entertaining talks which are at the same time very instructive. When listening to a radio-set we hear songs, news and learn what is happening in other parts of the world. It is an instrument which holds out immense educational and cultural possibilities.

24. THE PLEASURES OF READING

The reading of books is always enjoyable except when they are read for the sake of examination. The very idea of examination takes away something from the pleasure which books are capable of affording to their readers. Those who read for the sake of reading derive real pleasure from books. There is a pleasure in reading a book that supplies us the information that we seek. But a book of knowledge seldom attracts the lovers of books. It can only inform us but cannot appeal to our emotions. Only books having literary value can give us pleasure. They describe our own experiences and state facts which we recognise as true and undeniable.

Why should we read books? We should read them to find escape from the ugly realities of life. We have our worries and disappointments. We find misery and injustice in the world. These and other such evils shock us. We wish to avoid them and want an ideal world where we may not suffer. While reading books we find ourselves in such a world. There may be misery in the world of books but it does not touch us. There we find a war being waged against all ills of life. It is a world where poetic justice prevails. While reading a novel we come in contact with men of different natures. We love the good and virtuous and hate evil persons. We find the hero struggling against unfavourable circumstances and fighting against evil. Our sympathies

are with him. Such books awaken our sensibilities, and enlarge our moral capacities. While reading such books we forget our physical existence. They keep our feelings alive. Books of literature have a permanent value. Every time we read them, we derive pleasure from them. Biographies too have their own charms. We have a certain amount of curiosity about other people. We read biographies to satisfy this curiosity and feel pleasure when it is satisfied. Even worthless books serve some purpose. They place at our disposal certain forgotten facts. Similarly we derive great pleasure when we read books of poetry. We find therein experiences which appear to be our own expereinces. Such books have great emotional appeal.

The study of books brings us in contact with great men of the past. We converse with them and learn wisdom from them. Books take us back to the past and events of the past come before our eyes. They transport us to foreign lands. Thus in books we come in contact with men of all ages and all countries and we come to know that they also feel and think like us.

Books are our greatest friends. When everybody leaves us, we find solace in their company. They cheer us in our adversity and guide us when we need guidance. Therefore they are always a source of pleasure for us.

25. THE MEDIUM OF INSTRUCTION

Lord Macaulay was a wise legislator. When he came to India he thought over the desirability of obtaining cheap clerks. English soon became an important language in schools. After a few decades Persian which was once the court language, was replaced by English. People who were eager to get into Government service began to learn English with a certain keenness. With the advance of time the English hold became stronger and the East India Company was followed by the British rule in India. The Moghul Empire which had already disintegrated (broken up into pieces) passed into the hands of the British Governor-General. The old culture and the old traditions were completely banished. People began to look upon the English and their ways as the only way to salvation. Our education also could

not keep aloof from the rush of new ideas and new modes of expression. English became the most important language and the only medium of instruction in colleges and universities. Urdu was shown some consideration in primary and secondary schools, but her position always remained second to English.

Today we have entered a new phase of our national life. The Englishman who patronised his language is gone for good. As a matter of fact, his manners and ways should also go with him. But that needs mature deliberation (careful consideration) before we launch (start) a campaign against everything that bears the English label. A hasty step is always dangerous and it is many times more dangerous in the matter of education. We cannot manage to banish English until we have a language that can take its place. We have great love for Urdu and many of her admirers believe that it can take the place of any advanced language of the world. I fear, there is more of sentiment (feelings) and less of reason in such a belief. Urdu is, no doubt, more advanced than any other native tongue, but she cannot aspire to replace English with credit. For a very long time it has suffered neglect at the hands of our rulers and consequently at our hands. The result has been anything but favourable to the proper cultivation of Urdu as a suitable medium of instruction in higher education.

Many of our text-books, and especially books in higher education, are written in English. Our minds have become so familiar with the terms and phrases that occur in scientific studies that we take almost naturally to them. When the same subject is taught or translated into Urdu or any other native language the difficulty becomes twofold—the difficulty of the subject as well as that of the technical phrases that appear curious in their translation.

The other difficulty is that we employ Arabic equivalents to render (translate) technical phrases. Now Arabic is not our native tongue. It is as foreign to us as English. The only difference is that our attitude is reverential to Arabic, whereas it is hostile towards English. If we consider both

the languages impartially we will find that English is simpler, wider and more comprehensive than Arabic. It will be no use to banish English and bring Arabic or Persian to take her place. Arabic, on the whole, is more abstract and difficult than English.

You may say that it is not a real difficulty. If we spend the same amount of time on Arabic as we spend on learning English, we will acquire perfect mastery over the language. It may be true, but what about the books in advanced learning on all subjects ? This is a real problem, and no person, who is sincerely interested in the welfare of Pakistan, can ignore it. Books on chemistry, physics, metallurgy, aeronautics, geology, psychology, indeed, all scientific subjects are only available in English. And sciences are advancing so rapidly that you cannot keep pace with them with your translations. At the same time it is difficult to attain the same accuracy of phrases in a translation.

A few years ago the Punjab University raised Urdu to the status of an elective subject in colleges. This is a move in the right direction. After some years students will begin to think in Urdu. It is high time our men of letters who are familiar with both the languages, Urdu and English, should devote their time and energies to translations from English into Urdu. This will add to our literature and in some cases open a new field of research for our keen students.

I am one of those who are deeply interested in the welfare of Urdu, but at the same time I dislike their experimentation which will not lead to any useful end. We should wait till such time as is proper for the translation from one language to another. Urdu has remarkable capacities. It can become one of the leading languages of the world, but that, too, needs time and effort.

For the time being, it is proper that teaching in all scientific subjects must be carried on in English. After a decade (a period of ten years) or so when Urdu becomes as wide and comprehensive (covering everything) as English, we will use it as a medium of instruction and do away with English, which has ruled us for a very long time.

26. ADULT FRANCHISE

"Democracy is the government of the people, by the people and for the people", as Abraham Lincoln defined it. It rests upon the fundamental assumption (supposition) that all people in the country have an equal right in the governing of their country. The people elect their representatives and they frame the laws and direct the policy.

In most of the democratic countries it has been considered advisable to give the right of voting to a certain percentage of people and to lay down the qualifications of these voters on the basis of education or property. The higher the standard of qualifications the narrower the circle of voters will be. Hence there is a cry for adult franchise, *i.e.*, all the adult population, men and women, should have the right to vote. For a long time women were debarred from this privilege but in most of the modern countries this distinction has been abolished.

Adult franchise is a good measure in principle but it is unwise in actual practice. If all the voters in a country are educated or possess a political sense to elect the right type of representatives then, and then only, the experiment of adult franchise can prove a success. But in backward countries like India and Pakistan where a small fraction of the people are educated it often means a misuse of the right of voting. The people are led by considerations of party factions (party spirit), tribal adherence (loyalty to tribe) or influence on account of property, rather than the fitness for the assemblies. The man who can bribe the maximum number of voters or can hire the riff-raff element to intimidate (frighten) the inhabitants of the area, stands the best chance of winning the election.

Strange tactics (tricks) are played during the election campaign to defeat the opponents, and the candidates or their voters have no scruples (pricks) of conscience, or standards of political honesty. Wine is freely served and dinners are given many days before the election. Thus there is the least chance for the able, experienced, and intelligent type of candidate who has no money to waste. It is on account of these things that the method of government by

representation was condemned by philosophers and poets like Plato, Carlyle and Iqbal. Çarlyle called it as counting the heads of cattle. A majority is not necessarily wiser than the minority of intelligent heads in the country.

In Pakistan a very hig percentage of the voters lives in the villages. If the right of voting is given to every man and woman the rich landlord will continue to monopolise (take a sole possession of) the ballet box.

But if only the educated people or owners of small property enjoy this privilege there is a greater chance of judicious (wise) use of the vote. Before the experiment of adult franchise can be fruitful it is necessary to complete the process of adult education. "Let us educate our masters" should be the cry of the day.

27. THE FUTURE OF AVIATION

The history of aviation is very brief, but very interesting. To-day when we see an aeroplane flying in the air, we do not show any surprise, but about half a century back no one could imagine such a miracle of speed and efficiency. The ancient man looked at birds and tried to imitate them. He made huge wings and tried to fly in the air, but the experiment did not succeed. Some of the early inventors tried balloons, which succeeded to a certain extent. But the flights were usually small. It is only in modern times that the long cherished dream of flying in the air like the birds has been realized. Aviation is no longer a fairy-like dream; it has become a reality.

But for the petrol-driven engine the only kind of engine that is light enough to be used in the aeroplane, the invention of the aeroplane would have been an impossibility. Experiments in aeronautics have been continued since the early eighties of the last century. Hargue, an Australian began a series of experiments with box-kites, and went on to build little flying machines driven successively by clock-work, rubber bands, compressed air and steam. Clement Ader was the real pioneer of aeroplane flight. He built a real aeroplane with funds furnished by the French Government. The machine rose and flew for a distance of 164 feet. The

Wright Brothers fitted a motor into one of their machines. In 1903, they launched their motor-driven glider, and with it made four flights. The modern aeroengine worked by petrol owes its existence to Daimler. From 1911 to 1914 progress in aeroplane construction was fostered (encouraged) by the various governments.

The Great War of 1914 gave a tremendous (great) impetus (encouragement) to aircraft production. Improved machines and trained pilots became a deciding factor in the last Great War. It was not only for dropping bombs that the aeroplanes came into use but also for scouting and taking photographs of ammunition factories and military objectives. The Germans used their air-ships, commonly known as Zeppelins, for night air-raids on London. Soon aeroplane came into use for non-stop flights and commercial aviation.

In the World War II, aeroplane played an important role in deciding the issues of victory. The war which was formerly fought on land was transferred to air. Germany's "Blitz" technique employed the "Luftwaffe" as its main weapon. During the war many types of fighting and bombing aeroplanes have been produced. British fighters like Defiant, Spitfire, Hurricane, and German bombers like Stuka J.U.-87, Junker's 88 and Messerschmitt are some of the most deadly agents of distruction.

Now when war is over, these powerful agents of death and destruction are employed in facilitating quick means of transport. Commercial aviation is being developed in Europe and America at a tremendous speed. The work of aerial photography, mail and passenger traffic, map-making, and throwing of artificial manure is being taken from aeroplanes. The distance between countries has considerably diminished and it affords more and more opportunities of mutual understanding and consequently of better relations.

The future of aviation is very bright. Our trade and commerce have become so brisk that old means of transport like merchant-ships, goods trains and motor-trucks cannot keep pace with it. Hence the need for a quicker method of transfer. Aeroplanes will play a very great role in the

wars of future. Bombers which were used in the World War II to carry huge bombs, explosives and thermites to be thrown on military objectives and industrial centres will be re-employed to carry still more deadly weapons of destruction. It is with man to make a proper use of this remarkable invention. He may use it to carry his goods or rush help to the drowning man, or he may use it to sink ships and burn cities. In both respects there is a great future for aviation. New flying instruments, wonderful and quick wireless sets and map-making equipments are likely to open a new chapter in our lives. Let us wait for the consequences.

28. ON NEED OF SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION IN PAKISTAN

Science plays the most important role in the life of a modern man. In fact the modern world is a scientific world, where everything is fashioned or influenced by scientific thought. Our electric light, our radio-sets, our motor-cars our fans and heaters, almost everything that we use in day-to-day life is a miracle of scientific inventions. Our society is so much influenced by science that we cannot live for a day without acknowledging our debt to the modern inventors. The importance of science becomes all the more manifest when we consider its part in the modern warfare. In the days of our forefathers we had simple weapons of war like arrows, spears or simple muskets. But that was an age of "ignorance" therefore one of bliss. But in the twentieth century when the great powers of the world are equipped with destructive weapons of war, no nation can afford to fall back upon pre-hostoric weapons of defence. Such an indifference is nothing short of wholesale suicide. You can't fight an atomic bomb or a V-2 merely with swords and spears.

Science, therefore, has a direct influence on the social, economic and strategic structure of our society. Our capitalist is indebted to his big industrial plants ; our politician wields (exercises) influence on the score of his wealth that he earns through machinery, and our soldier depends entirely upon scientific weapons. But it is not merely in the social, economic and political spheres that science has its say, its influence in the moral and intellectual spheres is even more

marked. The common man in the street is not the common man of two centuries back. His mental outlook is so much influenced by the scientific spirit that he has thrown off the old superstitions, and with that his old "belief" also. His faith in religion is entirely shaken. In place of looking up to God and Angels, he looks up to the great scientists. In short, the whole outlook of mankind is entirely changed.

It is commonly believed that scientific education means a knowledge of scientific discoveries and inventions. But that is wrong. Scientific discoveries and inventions form only a part of the education which may be properly called scientific. A man who knows all the important developments in the domain (field) of science and is subjective in his outlook, is the most unscientific man. Strictly speaking, scientific education means the cultivation of an objective outlook—an outlook on life and things, which is not influenced by our feelings and prejudices. We look at things as they are and not as we desire them to be.

A scientific education, therefore, in the very nature of things, is most essential to us. In the new-born state of Pakistan, we are confronted (faced) with a number of problems and old ideas. We can only face these difficulties if we look at them objectively and try to find out a matter-of-fact solution. If we keep ourselves busy with old loyalties then there is no way to carve a prosperous future for ourselves.

Pakistan has vast resources. In material, men, intelligence—in every direction Pakistan is well fitted to develop into a first rate power. Our rivers and mountains are a source of wealth; our land is ready to yield its gold, but for the magic-hand of a properly trained person. For centuries they have been waiting for an opportunity and now when the much-awaited opportunity has come, it is in the fitness of things that we should exploit these material resources and turn them to our own use. In this purpose we need a vast number of technical experts who can help us to avail ourselves properly of our unexplored resources. We need more engineers, more technicians and more mechanics. We need real scientists who can make new discoveries for us. At the same time we need trained men who can apply these

discoveries in actual practice. There was a time when the most scientifically-advanced countries of the world were ignorant and backward. Their ways of life were not worthy of a decent nation. In the Middle Ages, Europe was lamentably poor. Even the commonest facilities of life were not available. But there came an awakening and it changed the entire shape of things. People began to think scientifically and the result being that they made great progress. The same thing is true about us. We have passed through an age of ignorance and servitude (slavery). The British rule in India has been one of exploitation. Now when that age is past, let us begin anew. We should overhaul our life, our outlook, almost everything that binds us to the past age.

For reconstruction in our country, it is essential that an average Pakistani should have more of scientific education. It will help us to develop our material resources and at the same time it will change our mental outlook. We will come to realise our great potentialities (possibilities) and thus find a suitable place for ourselves in the comity (circle) of nations. It does not necessarily mean that we will become materialistic in our outlook. Materialism is ugly. It breeds competition and consequently war. It is against the noble ideals of Islam. What we want is prosperity plus faith which is built upon good sense and reason. Science will help us to attain these objectives (purposes).

The question of defence is also an important one. We are surrounded on all sides by a number of enemies. We can only fight them if we are properly equipped. Our outmoded (old) weapons are not enough for this purpose. We can only meet them if we are armed to the teeth. I, personally, won't mind it much, if I were to leave some of my faith, and turn into a mere mechanical beast to defeat the unprincipled enemy. "Might till right is established" is the motto of a just man. Such motto can be practically realized only when we have scientific outlook, scientific education and above all scientific inventions.

29. INDUSTRIALISATION OF PAKISTAN

Pakistan is the granary of the world and in addition to fulfilling her own requirements of food she has a considerable

surplus af grains. She has also got cotton, jute and oil-seeds to export. But if she continues to play the role of a supplier of raw material to the foreign countries it will not be good to her in the long run. We must utilize our raw material in the country itself and convert it into finished products. For our electric energy we have so far been dependent upon the Jogindernagar electric plant in the Indian Dominion, and they have not only enhanced (increased) the rate but occasionally threatened to stop the supply altogether. So, Pakistan should not remain merely an agricultural country for long.

Realizing this urgent need the Pakistan Government has been alive to the industrial planning of the country and has already launched (started) on huge schemes. The greatest difficulty was that of obtaining machinery and technical staff. During past few years huge plants for the various mills have been imported and scholars have been sent abroad for technical training. Some of the mills are already well established. A sugar mill has been established at Mardan in the Frontier Province which is the biggest mill of its kind in the whole of Asia.

Textile mills have been opened at Karachi, Lyallpur and Khanewal, etc. Since this has been done millions of yards of coarse and medium quality cloth are available for consumption. The Malakand Hydroelectric scheme is an ambitious project and is producing electric energy sufficient for the needs of a vast area of the Punjab.

The discovery of Sui Gas is another appreciable step in this direction. It is expected to help further industrialisation of the country.

For the defence of the country we need a well-fitted arms and ammunition factory and a number of ordnance factories. The government has prepared a plan costing several crores of rupees to establish these somewhere in Pakistan. The ammunition factory at Wah has already started its work and will expand further in the near future.

Side by side with surveying and testing work is going on to tap the natural resources of the country for obtaining coal, iron, sulphur, silica and several other chemicals. Valuable beds have recently been discovered in the N.W.F.P. and

Baluchistan from where some of these articles will be obtained and purified. Pakistan has got another useful raw material, *i.e.*, the hides and skins which are exported to foreign countries at present. If we can develop tanning industry it will be a source of great wealth to the country.

Eastern Pakistan is so rich in jute that 80 per cent of the world's jute is produced there. But the mill area round Calcutta has gone over to the Indian Dominion. A jute mill has been installed in the East Pakistan which is converting a fair percentage of raw jute into the finished product. P.I.D.C. is also planning to set up another jute mill in that wing. The Government is developing the port of Chittagong in order to cope with the heavy demands of import and export.

Thus, Pakistan is taking rapid strides in the direction of industrialisation and one can reasonably expect that it will become self-sufficient in many respects in the course of next few years.

30. IF YOU WANT PEACE, BE PREPARED FOR WAR

It is acknowledged (admitted) by all that war is one of the worst possible ways of settling our disputes and its horrors are too well-known to be mentioned, but under certain special circumstances war is a necessary evil. In saying this we admit that it is an evil, but when nothing else avails, it may be the only method open to us in self-defence. When wars are fought for extension of territories, for personal aggrandisement (power) and for usurping (seizing) the rights of weaker nation, they must be condemned as strongly as possible. A majority of the wars have been fought in the world for these reasons. That is why war is the blackest demon, the most deadly scourge (suffering) that visits mankind. It lets loose all the bestial (beastly) qualities and human beings cease to be human beings under its foul influence. But what if one nation wants peace and another mad with the lust of power wants to unleash (let loose) the dogs of war? You may have the most pious ambitions, the most noble set of rules for your guidance but unless you can vindicate (justify) your rights they are absolutely useless. They will remain merely

pious dreams unless you can show to others that if you are compelled under the force of emergency you are capable of defending them with your life's blood.

These are the days when the neutrality of the small states is not respected by the aggressors when it suits their purpose. During the World War I Germany violated the neutrality of Belgium and declared her non-aggression treaty as a mere scrap of paper. There were many such scraps of paper flying in the stormy atmosphere of World War II. But there was one country that stood firm like a rock in the very heart of the storm, and that was Turkey. Neither the Axis Powers nor the Allies dared to pass their armies through her territories because they knew that Turkey was a hard nut to crack.

The eternal law of evolution lays it down that there is perpetually (constantly) going on all around us the struggle for existence, and only the fittest deserve to live. If we do not give our justification to live we have no right to live. The poet of the East, Allama Iqbal, also declares that weakness is a crime. If the neighbouring powers know that you cannot defend your hard-won freedom you will fall an easy prey to them. The ancient history of Greece and Rome Illustrates this point very well. The Greeks were the greatest artists, greatest philosophers and greatest sculptors that the world had ever seen. Though they were at the height of culture they shut their eyes ostrich-like to the defences of their country. The result was that they fell an easy victim to the Roman barbarians.

Human nature being what it is the wars will not be absolutely abolished for some time to come. After the World War I, the League of Nations strove hard to banish wars and to award justice round the Conference table rather than at the point of the sword. It achieved a small success and then it broke down under the stress and storm of events. Its improved successor, the United Nations Organisation is doing noble work, no doubt. But there is a feeling already that the smaller nations do not get full justice and power politics guide its deliberations (discussions). It requires one nation to violate peace, but it requires all to preserve peace. If there is one foul fish in the pond, it makes the whole water dirty ; a single sinner sinks the boat. Hence,

the best precaution against war is to remain fully prepared for it so that no aggressor should have evil designs.

All the world's great politicians are thinking in terms of this maxim nowadays. A few years back President Truman said, "We are trying to establish peace by building up our strength." In his New Year's message on the 1st of January, 1952, Mr. Churchill said that Britain's first task in 1952 must be to win peace through a policy of strength. He further added, "The liberties which we prize and which our ancestors won for us in the struggle of many centuries are threatened by an alien (strange) doctrine which is quick to exploit weakness but pauses before strength." The Chief Minister of the Punjab said in a public meeting on the same date, that it was not a wise policy to wait for a catastrophe (great disaster) and then start preparations. The country should be ready to face all eventualities (situations). "The country should be made so strong as not only to repel any foreign attack but also instil awe and fear in the enemies so that they should never dream of encroaching (setting foot) on our territory." The youth of Pakistan must therefore come forward to take an active part in the defence of their motherland. This is the only guarantee for peace, and it is the most effective guarantee.

31. COMPULSORY MILITARY EDUCATION

War, as a German thinker said, is a necessary evil. The only way to meet this evil properly is to fight it out. Now that there is a constant danger of war, the subject of compulsory military education is of great importance to us. Now and then our political leaders have insisted upon the desirability of such an education which will train our youth to fight in the event of a war.

A few years back, almost all important countries in Europe had adopted the system. There wss compulsory military education in Russia, Germany, France, Italy and several other European states. England came to realize the importance of such an education during the war. In our country, we have a regular detachment of U.O.T.C. attached to every college, but it is too small to meet the increasing requirements of our defence. Just a handful of trained youth is no